THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOV. 25, 1916 5cts. THE COPY

PAINTED BY
C. WARDE TRAVER

Mary Roberts Rinehart H. G. Wells—Maximilian Foster—Edwin Lefèvre
Helen Van Campen—Will Payne—George Pattullo—Maude Radford Warren

Buick

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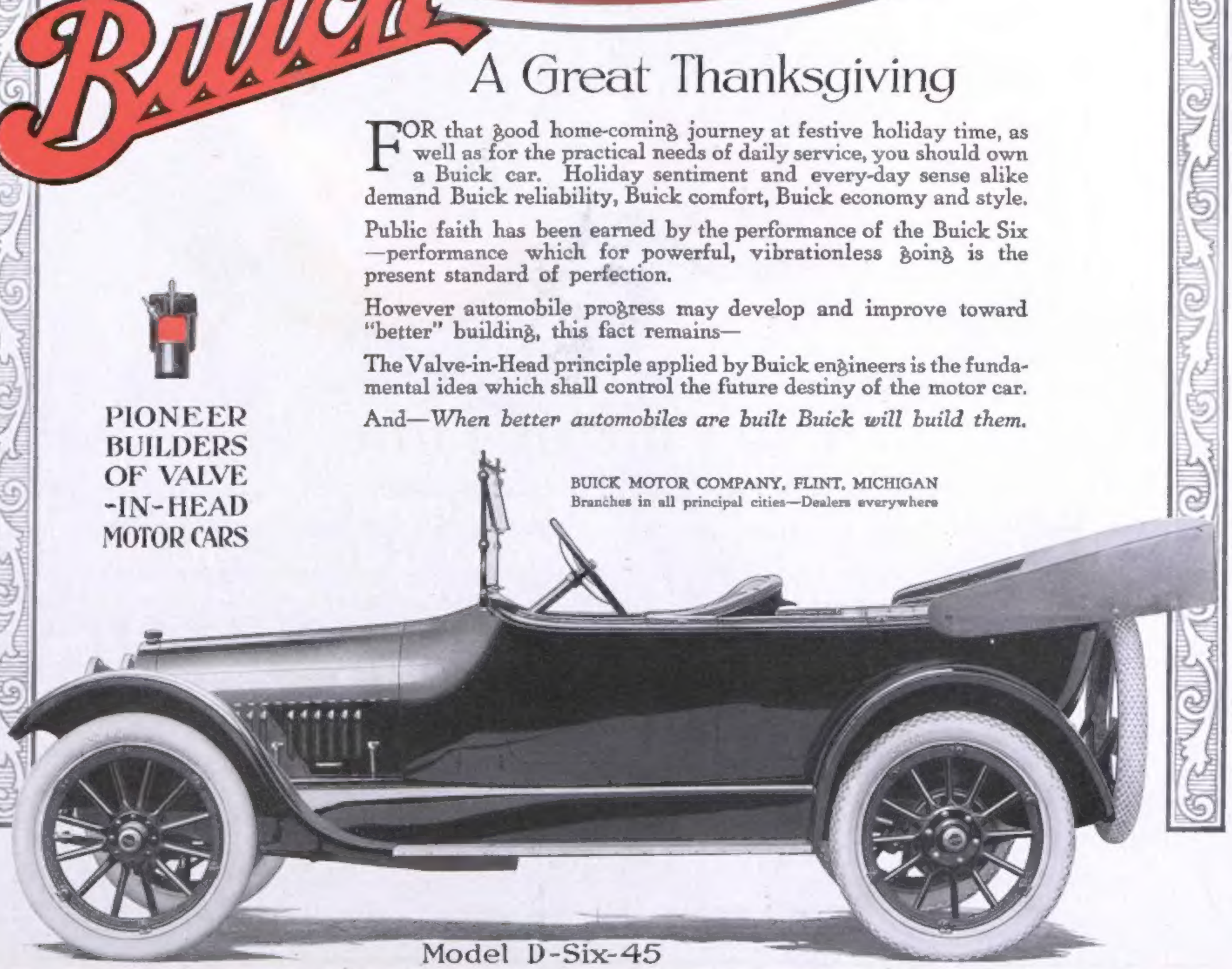

Model D-Six-45

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4 a.m.—

The Gift of Time

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Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout and Ironclad

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The lapped, interlocking edges of Erector Girder (an exclusive patented feature) enable you to build four-sided and square columns.

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Every essential engineering part.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 189 *PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1916* *Number 22*

THEME: THE CELEBRITY

A Sub-Deb Story—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WE HAVE been requested to write, during this vacation, a true and varacious account of a meeting with any Celebrity we happened to meet during the summer. If no Celebrity, any interesting character would do, excepting one's own familey.

But as one's own familey is neither celebrated nor interesting, there is no temptation to write about it.

As I met Mr. Reginald Beecher this summer, I have chosen him as my Subject.

Brief history of the Subject. He was born in 1890 at Woodbury, N. J. Attended public and High Schools, and in 1910 graduated from Princeton University.

Following year produced first Play in New York, called Her Soul. Followed this by the Soul Mate, and this by The Divorce.

Description of Subject. Mr. Beecher is tall and slender, and wears a very small dark Mustache. Although but twenty-six years of age, his hair on close inspection reveals here and there a Silver Thread. His teeth are good, and his eyes amber, with small flecks of brown in them. He has been vacinated twice.

It has always been one of my chief ambitions to meet a Celebrity. On one or two occasions we have had them at school, but they never sit at the Junior's table. Also, they are seldom connected with either the Drama or The Movies (a slang term but aparently taking a place in our Literature).

"You're a Very Young Lady, Miss Barbara, to be Carrying a Flask About With You"

It was my intention, on being given this subject for my midsummer theme, to seek out Mrs. Bainbridge, a lady Author who has a cottage across the bay from ours, and to ask the privelege of sitting at her feet for a few hours, basking in the sunshine of her presence, and learning from her own lips her favorite Flower, her favorite Poem and the favorite child of her Brain.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
Duke of Buckingham

I had meant to write my Theme on her, but I learned in time that she was forty years of age. Her work is therfore done. She has passed her active years, and I consider that it is not the past of American Letters which is at stake, but the future. Besides, I was more interested in the Drama than in Literature.

Posibly it is owing to the fact that the girls think I resemble Julia Marlowe, that from my earliest years my mind has been turned toward the Stage. I am very determined and fixed in my ways, and with me to decide to do a thing is to decide to do it. I am not of a romantic Nature, however, and as I learned of the dangers of the theater, I drew back. Even a strong nature, such as mine is, on occassions, can be influenced. I therefore Decided to change my plans, and to write plays instead of acting in them.

At first I meant to write Comedies, but as I realized the graveity of life, and its bitterness and disapointments, I turned naturaly to Tragedy. Surely, as dear Shakspeare says:

The world is a stage
Where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

This explains my sinsere interest in Mr. Beecher. His Works were all realistic and sad. I remember that I saw the first one three years ago, when a mere Child, and became violently ill from crying and had to be taken home.

The school will recall that last year I wrote a Play, patterned on The Divorce, and that only a certain narowness of view on the part of the faculty prevented it being the Class Play. If I may be permited to express an opinion, we of the class of 1917 are not children, and should not be treated as such.

Encouraged by the Aplause of my class-mates, and feeling that I was of a more serious turn of mind than most of them, who seem to think of pleasure only, I decided to write a play during the summer. I would thus be improving my Vacation hours, and, I considered, keeping out of mischeif. It was pure idleness which had caused my Trouble during the last Christmas holidays. How true it is that the Devil finds work for idle Hands!

With a Play and this Theme I beleived that the Devil would give me up as a totle loss, and go elsewhere.

How little we can read the Future!

I now proceed to an account of my meeting and acquaintence with Mr. Beecher. It is my intention to conceal nothing. I can only comfort myself with the thought that my Motives were inocent, and that I was obeying orders and secureing material for a theme. I consider that the atitude of my Familey is wrong and cruel, and that my sister Leila, being only twenty months older, although out in Society, has no need to write me the sort of letters she has been writing. Twenty months is twenty months, and not two years, although she seems to think it is.

I returned home full of happy plans for my vacation. When I look back it seems strange that the gay and inocent young girl of the train can have been I. So much that is tradgic has since happened. If I had not had a cinder in my eye things would have been diferent. But why repine? Fate frequently hangs thus on a single hair—an eye-lash, as one may say!

Father met me at the train. I had got the aformentioned cinder in my eye, and a very nice young man had taken it out for me. I still cannot see what harm there was in our chating together after that, especialy as we said nothing to object to. But father looked very disagreeable about it, and the young man went away in a hurry. But it started us off wrong, although I got him—father—to promise not to tell mother.

"I do wish you would be more careful, Barbara," he said with a sort of sigh.

"Careful!" I said. "Then it's not doing Things, but being found out, that matters!"

"Careful in your conduct, Bab."

"He was a beautiful young man, daddy," I observed, sliping my arm through his.

"Barbara, Barbara! Your poor mother ——"

"Now look here, daddy," I said. "If it was mother who was interested in him it might be troublesome. But it is only me. And I warn you, here and now, that I expect to be thrilled at the sight of a Nice Young Man right along. It goes up my back and out the roots of my hair."

Well, my father is a real Person, so he told me to talk sense, and gave me twenty dollars, and agreed to say nothing about the young man to mother, if I would root for Canada against the Adirondacks for the summer, because of the Fishing.

Mother was waiting in the hall for me, but she held me off with both hands.

"Not until you have bathed and changed your clothing, Barbara," she said. "I have never had it."

She meant the whooping cough. The school will recall the epademic which ravaged us last June, and changed us from a peaceful institution to what sounded like a dog show.

Well, I got the same old room, not much fixed up, but they had put up diferent curtains anyhow, thank goodness. I had been hinting all spring for new Furnature, but my Familey does not take a hint unless it is cloroformed first, and I found the same old stuff there.

They beleive in waiting until a girl makes her Début before giving her anything but the necessarys of life.

Sis was off for a week-end, but Hannah was there, and I kissed her. Not that I'm so fond of her, but I had to kiss sombody.

"Well, Miss Barbara!" she said. "How you've grown!"

That made me rather sore, because I am not a child any longer, but they all talk to me as I were but six years old, and small for my age.

"I've stopped growing, Hannah," I said, with dignity. "At least, almost. But I see I still draw the nursery."

Hannah was opening my suitcase, and she looked up and said: "I tried to get you the Blue room, Miss Bab. But Miss Leila said she needed it for house Parties."

"Never mind," I said. "I don't care anything about Furnature. I have other things to think about. Hannah, I want the school room Desk up here."

"Desk!" she said, with her jaw drooping.

"I am writing now," I said. "I need a lot of ink, and paper, and a good Lamp. Let them keep the Blue room, Hannah, for their selfish purposes. I shall be happy in my work. I need nothing more."

"Writing!" said Hannah. "Is it a book you're writing?"

"A Play."

"Listen to the child! A Play!"

I sat on the edge of the bed.

"Listen, Hannah," I said. "It is not what is outside of us that matters. It is what is inside. It is what we are, not what we eat, or look like, or wear. I have given up everything, Hannah, to my Career."

"You're young yet," said Hannah. "You used to be fond enough of the Boys."

Hannah is mother's maid, and has been with us for years. So she gets rather talkey at times, and has to be sat upon.

"I care nothing whatever for the Other Sex," I replied hautily.

She was opening my Suitcase at the time, and I was surveying the chamber which was to be the seen of my literary life, at least for some time.

"Now and then," I said to Hannah, "I shall read you parts of it. Only you mustn't run and tell mother."

"Why not?" said she, pearing into the Suitcase.

"Because I intend to deal with Life," I said. "I shall deal with real Things, and not the way we think them. I am young, but I have thought a great deal. I shall minse nothing."

"Look here, Miss Barbara," Hannah said, all at once, "what are you doing with this whiskey Flask? And these socks? And—you come right here, and tell me where you got the things in this Suitcase."

I stocked over to the bed, and my blood frose in my vains. *It was not mine.*

Words cannot fully express how I felt. While fully convinsed that there had been a mistake, I knew not when or how. Hannah was staring at me with cold and accusing eyes.

"You're a very young Lady, Miss Barbara," she said, with her eyes full of Suspicion, "to be carrying a Flask about with you." I was as puzzled as she was, but I remained calm and to all appearances Spartan.

"I am young in years," I remarked. "But I have seen Life, Hannah."

Now I meant nothing by this at the time. But it was getting on my nerves to be put in the infant class all the time. The Christmas before they had done it, and I had had my revenge. Although it had hurt me more than it hurt them, and if I gave them a fright I gave myself a worse one. As I said at that time:

Oh, what a tangeled web we wieve,
When first we practice to decieve.
Sir Walter Scott.

Hannah gave me a horrafied Glare, and dipped into the Suitcase again. She brought up a tin box of Cigarettes, and I thought she was going to have delerium tremens at once.

Well, at first I thought the girls at school had played a Trick on me, and a low down mean Trick at that. There are always those who think it is funny to do that sort of thing, but they are the first to squeel when anything is done to them. Once I put a small garter Snake in a girl's muff, and it went up her sleave, which is nothing to some of the things she had done to me. And you would have thought the School was on fire.

Anyhow, I said to myself that some Smarty was trying to get me into trouble, and Hannah would run to the Familey, and they'd never beleive me. All at once I saw all my cherished plans for the summer gone, and me in the Country somewhere with Mademoiselle, and walking through the pasture with a botany in one hand and a folding Cup in the other, in case we found a spring a cow had not stepped in. Mademoiselle was once my Governess, but has retired to private life, except in cases of emergency.

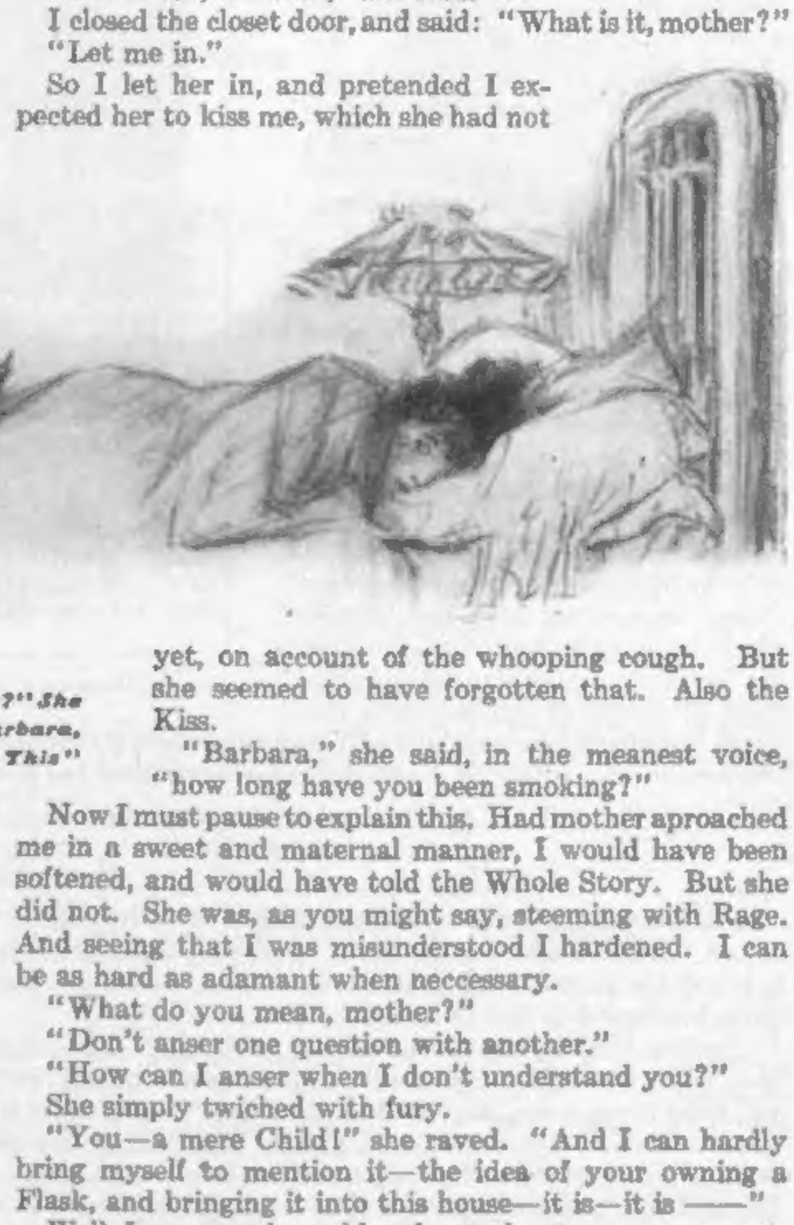
I am naturaly very quick in mind. The Putnams are all like that, and when once we decide on a Course we stick to it through thick and thin. But we do not lie. It is ridiculous for Hannah to say I said the cigarettes were mine. All I said was:

"I suppose you are going to tell the Familey. You'd better run, or you'll burst."

"Oh, Miss Barbara, Miss Barbara!" she said. "And you so young to be so wild!"

This was unjust, and I am one to resent injustice. I had returned home with my mind fixed on serious Things, and now I was being told I was wild.

"If I tell your mother she'll have a fit," Hannah said, evidently drawn hither and thither by emotion. "Now see here, Miss Bab, you've just come Home, and there was trouble at your last vacation that I'm like to remember to my dieing day. You tell me how those things got there, like a good girl, and I'll say nothing about them."



"Who Was Shut With You in That Closet?" She Demanded in a Shaking Voice. "Barbara, There is Another Wrecked Man in All This"

I am naturaly sweet in disposition, but to call me a good girl and remind me of last Christmas holidays was too much. My natural firmness came to the front.

"Certainly *not*," I said.

"You needn't stick your lip out at me, Miss Bab, that was only giving you a chance, and forgetting my Duty to help you, not to mention probably losing my place when the Familey finds out."

"Finds out what?"

"What you've been up to, the stage, and writing plays, and now liquor and tobacco!"

Now I may be at fault in the Narative that follows. But I ask the school if this was fair treatment. I had returned to my home full of high Ideals, only to see them crushed beneath the heal of domestic tyranny.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves.—William Pitt.

How true are these immortal words.

It was with a firm countenance but a sinking heart that I saw Hannah leave the room. I had come home inspired with lofty Ambition, and it had ended thus. Heart-broken, I wandered to the bedside, and let my eyes fall on the Suitcase, the container of all my woe.

Well, I was surprised, all right. It was not and never had been mine. Instead of my blue serge sailor suit and my *robe de niut* and kimona etc, it contained a checked gentleman's suit, a mussed shirt and a cap. At first I was merly astonished. Then a sense of loss overpowered me. I suffered. I was prostrated with grief. Not that I cared a Rap for the clothes I'd lost, being most of them to small and patched here and there. But I had lost the plot of my Play. My Career was gone.

I was undone.

It may be asked what has this Recitle to do with the account of meeting a Celebrity. I reply that it has a great deal to do with it. A bare recitle of a meeting may be News, but it is not Art.

A theme consists of Introduction, Body and Conclusion. This is still the Introduction.

When I was at last revived enough to think I knew what had happened. The young man who took the Cinder out of my eye had come to sit beside me, which I consider was merly kindness on his part and nothing like Flirting, and he had brought his Suitcase over, and they had got mixed up. But I knew the Familey would call it Flirting, and not listen to a word I said.

A madness siezed me. Now that everything is over, I realize that it was madness. But "there is a divinity that shapes our ends etc." It was to be. It was Karma, or Kismet, or whatever the word is. It was written in the Book of Fate that I was to go ahead, and wreck my life, and generaly ruin everything.

I locked the door behind Hannah, and stood with tradgic feet, "where the brook and river meet." What was I to do? How hide this evidence of my (presumed) duplicaty? I was inocent, but I looked gilty. This, as everyone knows, is worse than gilt.

I unpacked the Suitcase as fast as I could, therfore, and being just about destracted, I bundeled the things up and put them all together in the toy Closet, where all Sis's dolls and mine are, mine being mostly pretty badly gone, as I was always hard on dolls.

How far removed were those Inocent Years when I played with dolls!

Well, I knew Hannah pretty well, and therfore was not surprised when, having hidden the trowsers under a doll buggy, I heard mother's voice at the door.

"Let me in, Barbara," she said.

I closed the closet door, and said: "What is it, mother?"

"Let me in."

So I let her in, and pretended I expected her to kiss me, which she had not yet, on account of the whooping cough. But she seemed to have forgotten that. Also the Kiss.

"Barbara," she said, in the meanest voice, "how long have you been smoking?"

Now I must pause to explain this. Had mother aproached me in a sweet and maternal manner, I would have been softened, and would have told the Whole Story. But she did not. She was, as you might say, steeming with Rage. And seeing that I was misunderstood I hardened. I can be as hard as adamant when neccessary.

"What do you mean, mother?"

"Don't anser one question with another."

"How can I anser when I don't understand you?"

She simply twiched with fury.

"You—a mere Child!" she raved. "And I can hardly bring myself to mention it—the idea of your owning a Flask, and bringing it into this house—it is—it is ——"

Well, I was growing cold and more hauty every moment, so I said: "I don't see why the mere mention of a Flask upsets you so. It isn't because you aren't used to one, especialy when traveling. And since I was a mere baby I have been acustomed to intoxicants."

"Barbara!" she intergected, in the most dreadful tone.

"I mean, in the Familey," I said. "I have seen wine on our table ever since I can remember. I knew to put salt on a claret stain before I could talk."

Well, you know how it is to see an Enemy on the run, and although I regret to refer to my dear mother as an Enemy, still at that moment she was such and no less. And she was beating it. It was the referance to my youth that had aroused me, and I was like a wounded lion. Besides, I knew well enough that if they refused to see that I was practicaly grown up, if not entirely, I would get a lot of Sis's clothes, fixed up with new ribbons. Faded old things! I'd had them for years.

Better to be considered a bad woman than an unformed child.

"However, mother," I finished, "if it is any comfort to you, I did not buy that Flask. And I am not a confirmed alcoholic. By no means."

"This settles it," she said, in a melancoly tone. "When I think of the comfort Leila has been to me, and the anxiety you have caused, I wonder where you get your—your *Devilry* from. I am posatively faint."

I was alarmed, for she did look queer, with her face all white around the Rouge. So I reached for the Flask.

"I'll give you a swig of this," I said. "It will pull you around in no time."

But she held me off fierceley.

"Never!" she said. "Never again. I shall empty the wine cellar. There will be nothing to drink in this house from now on. I do not know what we are coming to."

She walked into the bathroom, and I heard her emptying the Flask down the drain pipe. It was a very handsome Flask, silver with gold stripes, and all at once I knew the young man would want it back. So I said:

"Mother, please leave the Flask here anyhow."

"Certainly not."

"It's not mine, mother."

"Whose is it?"

"It—a friend of mine loned it to me."

"Who?"

"I can't tell you."

"You can't *tell* me! Barbara, I am utterly bewildered. I sent you away a simple child, and you return to me—what?"

Well, we had about an hour's fight over it, and we ended in a compromise. I gave up the Flask, and promised not to smoke and so forth, and I was to have some new dresses and a silk Sweater, and to be allowed to stay up until ten o'clock, and to have a desk in my room for my work.

"Work!" mother said. "Career! What next? Why can't you be like Leila, and settle down to haveing a good time?"

"Leila and I are diferent," I said loftily, for I recented her tone. "Leila is a child of the moment. Life for her is one grand, sweet Song. For me it is a serious matter. "Life is real, life is earnest, and the Grave is not its gaol," I quoted in impasioned tones.

(Because that is the way I feel. How can the Grave be its gaol? *There must be something beyond.* I have thought it all out, and I beleive in a world beyond, but not in a hell. Hell, I beleive, is the state of mind one gets into in this world as a result of one's wicked Acts or one's wicked Thoughts, and is in one's self.)

As I have said, the other side of the Compromise was that I was not to carry Flasks with me, or drink any punch at parties if it had a stick in it, and you can generally find out by the taste. For if it is what Carter Brooks calls "loaded" it stings your tongue. Or if it tastes like cider it's probably Champane. And I was not to smoke any cigarettes.

Mother was holding out on the Sweater at that time, saying that Sis had a perfectly good one from Miami, and why not wear that? So I put up a strong protest about the cigarettes, although I have never smoked but once as I think the School knows, and that only half through, owing to getting dizzy. I said that Sis smoked now and then, because she thought it looked smart; but that, if I was to have a Career, I felt that the soothеing influence of tobaco would help a lot.

So I got the new Sweater, and everything looked smooth again, and mother kissed me on the way out, and said she had not meant to be harsch, but that my great uncle Putnam had been a notorious drunkard, and I looked like him, although of a more refined tipe.

There was a dreadful row that night, however, when father came home. We were all dressed for dinner, and waiting in the drawing room, and Leila was complaining about me, as usual.

"She looks older than I do now, mother," she said. "If she goes to the seashore with us I'll have her always taging at my heals. I don't see why I can't have my first summer in peace." Oh, yes, we were going to the shore, after all. Sis wanted it, and everybody does what she wants, regardless of what they prefer, even Fishing.

"First summer!" I exclaimed. "One would think you were a teething baby!"

"I was speaking to mother, Barbara. Everyone knows that a débutante only has one year nowadays, and if she doesn't go off in that year she's swept away by the flood of new Girls the next fall. We might as well be frank. And while Barbara's not a beauty, as soon as the bones in her neck get a little flesh on them she won't be hopeless, and she has a flipant manner that Men like."

"You'd Better Come Down Now," He Said. "I Was Afraid to Warn You Until I Saw You Climbing the Latice"

"I intend to keep Barbara under my eyes this summer," mother said firmly. "After last Christmas's happenings, and our Discovery today, I shall keep her with me. She need not, however, interfere with you, Leila. Her Hours are mostly diferent, and I will see that her friends are the younger boys."

I said nothing, but I knew perfectly well she had in mind Eddie Perkins and Willie Graham, and a lot of other little kids that hang around the fruit Punch at parties, and throw the peas from the Croquettes at each other when the footmen are not near, and pretend their allowed to smoke, but have sworn off for the summer.

I was naturaly indignant at Sis's words, which were not filial, to my mind, but I replied as sweet as posible.

"I shall not be in your way, Leila. I ask nothing but Food and Shelter, and that perhaps not for long."

"Why? Do you intend to die?" she demanded.

"I intend to work," I said. "It's more interesting than dieing, and will be a novelty in this House."

Father came in just then, and he said:

"I'll not wait to dress, Clara. Hello, children. I'll just change my coller while you ring for the Cocktails."

Mother got up and faced him with Magesty.

"We are not going to have any," she said.

"Any what?" said father from the doorway.

"I have had some fruit juice prepared with a dash of bitters. It is quite nice. And I'll ask you, James, not to explode before the servants. I will explain later."

Father has a very nice disposition but I could see that mother's manner got on his Nerves, as it got on mine. Anyhow there was a terific fuss, with Sis playing the Piano so that the servants would not here, and in the end father had a Cocktail. Mother waited until he had had it, and was quieter, and then she told him about me, and my having a Flask in my Suitcase. Of course I could have explained, but if they persisted in mis-understanding me, why not let them do so, and be miserable?

"It's a very strange thing, Bab," he said, looking at me, "that everything in this House is quiet until you come home, and then we get as lively as kittens in a frying pan. We'll have to marry you off pretty soon, to save our piece of mind."

"James!" said my mother. "Remember last winter, please."

There was no Claret or anything with dinner, and father ordered mineral water, and critisized the food, and fussed about Sis's dressmaker's bill. And the second man gave notice immediately after we left the dining room. When mother reported that, as we were having coffee in the drawing room, father said:

"Humph! Well, what can you expect? Those fellows have been getting the best half of a bottle of Claret every night since they've been here, and now it's cut off. Damed if I wouldn't like to leave myself."

From that time on I knew that I was watched. It made little or no diference to me. I had my Work, and it filled my life. There were times when my Soul was so filled with joy that I could hardly bare it. I had one act done in two days. I wrote out the love seens in full, because I wanted to be sure of what they would say to each other. How I thrilled as each marvelous burst of Fantacy flowed from my pen! But the dialogue of less interesting parts I left for the actors to fill in themselves. I consider this the best way, as it gives them a chance to be originel, and not to have to say the same thing over and over.

Jane Raleigh came over to see me the day after I came home, and I read her some of the love seens. She posatively wept with excitement.

"Bab," she said, "if any man, no matter who, ever said those Things to me, I'd go straight into his arms. I couldn't help it. Whose going to act in it?"

"I think I'll have Robert Edeson, or Richard Mansfield."

"Mansfield's dead," said Jane.

"Honestly?"

"Honest he is. Why don't you get some of these moveing picture actors? They never have a chance in the Movies, only acting and not talking."

Well, that sounded logicle. And then I read her the place where the cruel first husband comes back and finds her married again and happy, and takes the Children out to drown them, only he can't because they can swim, and they pull him in instead. The curtain goes down on nothing but a few bubbles rising to mark his watery Grave.

Jane was crying.

"It is too touching for words, Bab!" she said. "It has broken my heart. I can just close my eyes and see the Theater dark, and the stage almost dark, and just those bubbles comeing up and breaking. Would you have to have a tank?"

"I daresay," I replied dreamily. "Let the other people worry about that. I can only give them the material, and hope that they have Inteligence enough to grasp it."

I think Sis must have told Carter Brooks something about the trouble I was in, for he brought me a box of Candy one afternoon, and winked at me when mother was not looking.

"Don't open it here," he whispered.

So I was forced to controll my impatience, though pasionately fond of Candy. And when I got to my room later, the box was full of cigarettes. I could have screamed. It just gave me one more thing to hide, as if a man's suit and shirt and so on was not suficient.

But Carter paid more attention to me than he ever had before, and at a tea dance sombody had at the Country Club he took me to one side and gave me a good talking to.

"You're being rather a bad child, aren't you?" he said.

"Certainly not."

"Well, not bad, but—er—naughty. Now see here, Bab, I'm fond of you, and you're growing into a mighty pretty girl. But your whole Social Life is at stake. For heaven's sake, at least until you're married, cut out the cigarettes and booze."

That cut me to the heart, but what could I say?

Well, July came, and we had rented a house at Little Hampton and everywhere one went one fell over an open trunk or a barell containing Silver or Linen.

Mother went around with her lips moving as if in prayer, but she was realy repeating lists, such as sewing basket, table candles, headache tablets, black silk stockings and tennis rackets.

Sis got some lovely Clothes, mostly imported, but they had a woman come in and sow for me. Hannah and she used to interupt my most prescious Moments at my desk by running a tape measure around me, or pinning a paper pattern to me. The sowing woman always had her mouth full of Pins, and once, owing to my remarking that I wished I had been illagitimate, so I could go away and live my own life, she swallowed one. It caused a grate deal of excitement, with Hannah blameing me and giving her vinigar to swallow to soften the pin. Well, it turned out all right, for she kept on living, but she pretended to have sharp pains all over her here and there, and if the pin had been as lively as a tadpole and wriggled from spot to spot, it could not have hurt in so many Places.

Of course they blamed me, and I shut myself up more and more in my sanctuery. There I lived with the creatures of my dreams, and forgot for a while that I was only a Sub-Deb, and that Leila's last year's tennis clothes were being fixed over for me.

But how true what dear Shakspeare says:

dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain.
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

I loved my dreams, but alas, they were not enough. After a tortured hour or two at my desk, living in myself the agonies of my characters, suffering the pangs of the wife with two husbands and both living, struggling in the water with the children, fruit of the first union, dying with number two and blowing my finle Bubbles heavenward—after all these emotions, I was done out.

Jane came in one day and found me prostrate on my couch, with a light of sufering in my eyes.

"Dearest!" cried Jane, and gliding to my side, fell on her knees.

"Jane!"

"What is it? You are ill?"

I could hardly more than whisper. In a low tone I said:

"He is dead."

"Dearest!"

"Drowned!"

At first she thought I meant a member of my Familey. But when she understood she looked serious.

"You are too intence, Bab," she said solemly. "You suffer too much. You are wearing yourself out."

"There is no other way," I replied in broken tones.

Jane went to the Mirror and looked at herself. Then she turned to me.

"Others don't do it."

"I must work out my own Salvation, Jane," I observed firmly. But she had roused me from my apathy, and I went into Sis's room, returning with a box of candy some one had sent her. "I must feel, Jane, or I cannot write."

"Pooh! Loads of writers get fat on it. Why don't you try comedie? It pays well."

"Oh—*money!*" I said, in a disgusted tone.

"Your *forte*, of course, is love," she said. "Probably that's because you've had so much experience." Owing to certain reasons it is generaly supposed that I have experienced the gentle Passion. But not so, alas! "Bab," Jane said, suddenly, "I have been your friend for a long time. I have never betrayed you. You can trust me with your Life. Why don't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"Somthing has happened. I see it in your eyes. No girl who is happy and has not a tradgic story stays at home shut up at a messy desk when everyone is out at the Club playing tennis? Don't talk to me about a Career. A girl's Career is a man and nothing else. And especialy after last winter, Bab. Is—is it the same one?"

Here I made my fatle error. I should have said at once that there was no one, just as there had been no one last Winter. But she looked so intence, sitting there, and after all, why should I not have an amorus experience? I am not ugly, and can dance well, although inclined to lead because of dansing with other girls all winter at school. So I lay back on my pillow and stared at the cieling.

"No. It is not the same man."

"What is he like? Bab, I'm so excited I can't sit still."

"It—it hurts to talk about him," I observed faintly.

Now I intended to let it go at that, and should have, had not Jane kept on asking Questions. Because I had had a good lesson the winter before, and did not intend to decieve again. And this I will say—I really told Jane Raleigh nothing. She jumped to her own conclusions. And as for her people saying she cannot chum with me any more, I will only say this: If Jane Raleigh smokes she did not learn it from me.

Well, I had gone as far as I meant to. I was not realy in love with anyone, although I liked Carter Brooks, and would posibly have loved him with all the depth of my Nature if Sis had not kept an eye on me most of the time. However ——

Jane seemed to be expecting something, and I tried to think of some way to satisfy her and not make any trouble. And then I thought of the Suitcase. So I locked the door and made her promise not to tell, and got the whole thing out of the Toy Closet.

"Wha—what is it?" asked Jane.

I said nothing, but opened it all up. The Flask was gone, but the rest was there, and Carter's box too. Jane leaned down and lifted the trowsers, and poked around somewhat. Then she straitened and said:

"You have run away and got married, Bab."

"Jane!"

She looked at me, peircingly.

"Don't lie to me," she said accusingly. "Or else what are you doing with a man's whole Outfit, including his dirty coller? Bab, I just can't bare it."

Well, I saw that I had gone too far, and was about to tell Jane the truth when I heard the sowing Woman in the hall. I had all I could do to get the things put away, and with Jane looking like death I had to stand there and be fitted for one of Sis's chiffon frocks, with the low neck filled in with net.

"You must remember, Miss Bab," said the human Pin cushon, "that you are still a very young girl, and not out yet."

Jane got up off the bed suddenly.

"I—I guess I'll go, Bab," she said. "I don't feel very well."

As she went out she stoped in the Doorway and crossed her Heart, meaning that she would die before she would tell anything. But I was not comfortable. It is not a pleasant thought that your best friend considers you married and gone beyond recall, when in truth you are not, or even thinking about it, except in idle moments.

The seen now changes. Life is nothing but such changes. No sooner do we alight on one Branch, and begin to sip the honey from it, but we are taken up and carried elsewhere, perhaps to the Mountains or to the Sea-shore, and there left to make new friends and find new methods of Enjoyment.

The flight—or journey—was in itself an anxious time. For on my otherwise clear conscience rested the weight of that strange Suitcase. Fortunately Hannah was so busy that I was left to pack my belongings myself, and thus for a time my gilty secret was safe. I put my things in on top of the masculine articles, not dareing to leave any of them in the closet, owing to housecleaning, which is always done before our return in the fall.

On the train I had a very unpleasant experience, due to Sis opening my Suitcase to look for a magazine, and drawing out a soiled gentleman's coller. She gave me a very peircing Glance, but said nothing and at the next opportunity I threw it out of a window, concealed in a newspaper.

We now approach the Catastrofe. My book on playwriting devides plays into Introduction, Development, Crisis, Dénouement and Catastrofe. And so one may devide life. In my case the Cinder proved the Introduction, as there was none other. I consider that the Suitcase was the Development, my showing it to Jane Raleigh was the Crisis, and the Dénouement or Catastrofe occured later on.

Let us then procede to the Catastrofe.

Jane Raleigh came to see me off at the train. Her Familey was coming the next day. And instead of Flowers, she put a small bundel into my hands. "Keep it hiden, Bab," she said, "and tear up the card."

I looked when I got a chance, and she had crocheted me a wash cloth, with a pink edge. "For your linen Chest," the card said, "and I'm doing a bath towle to match."

I tore up the Card, but I put the wash cloth with the other things I was trying to hide, because it is bad luck to throw a Gift away. But I hoped, as I seemed to be getting more things to conceal all the time, that she would make me a small bath towle, and not the sort as big as a bed spread.

Father went with us to get us settled, and we had a long talk while mother and Sis made out lists for Dinners and so forth.

"Look here, Bab," he said, "something's wrong with you. I seem to have lost my only boy, and have got instead a sort of tear-y young person I don't recognize."

"I'm growing up, father," I said. I did not mean to rebuke him, but ye gods! Was I the only one to see that I was no longer a Child?

"Sometimes I think you are not very happy with us."

"Happy?" I pondered. "Well, after all, what is happiness?"

He took a spell of coughing then, and when it was over he put his arms around me and was quite afectionate.

"What a queer little rat it is!" he said.

I only repeat this to show how even my Father, with all his afection and good qualities, did not understand and never would understand. My Heart was full of a longing to be understood. I wanted to tell him my yearnings for better things, my aspirations to make my life a grate and glorious thing. *And he did not understand.*

He gave me five dollars instead. Think of the Tragedy of it!

As we went along, and he pulled my ear and finaly went asleep with a hand on my shoulder, the bareness of my Life came to me. I shook with sobs. And outside somewhere Sis and mother made Dinner lists. Then and there I made up my mind to work hard and acheive, to become grate and powerful, to write things that would ring the Hearts of men—and women, to, of course—and to come back to them some day, famous and beautiful, and when they sued for my love, to be kind and hauty, but cold. I felt that I would always be cold, although gracious.

I decided then to be a writer of plays first, and then later on to act in them. I would thus be able to say what came into my head, as it was my own play. Also to arrange the seens so as to wear a variety of gowns, includeing evening things. I spent the rest of the afternoon manacuring my nails in our state room.

Well, we got there at last. It was a large house, but everything was to thin about it. The School will understand this, the same being the condition of the new Freshman dormitory. The walls were to thin, and so were the floors. The Doors shivered in the wind, and palpatated if you slamed them. Also you could hear every Sound everywhere.

I looked around me in dispair. Where, oh where, was I to find my cherished solatude? Where?

On account of Hannah hateing a new place, and considering the house an insult to the Servants, especialy only one

What Was Food to Me Compared With Such a Conversation?

bathroom for the lot of them, she let me unpack alone, and so far I was safe. But where was I to work? Fate settled that for me however.

There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on Kings.
J. Shirley; Dirge.

Previously however, mother and I had had a talk. She sailed into my room one evening, dressed for dinner, and found me in my *robe de nuit*, curled up in the window seat admiring the view of the ocean.

"Well!" she said. "Is this the way you intend going to dinner?"

"I do not care for any dinner," I replied. Then, seeing she did not understand, I said coldly. "How can I care for food, mother, when the Sea looks like a dying ople?"

"Dying pussycat!" mother said, in a very nasty way. "I don't know what has come over you, Barbara. You used to be a normel Child, and there was some accounting for what you were going to do. But now! Take off that nightgown, and I'll have Tanney hold off dinner for half an hour."

"If you insist," I said coldly. "But I shall not eat."

"Why not?"

"You wouldn't understand, mother."

"Oh, I wouldn't? Well, suppose I try," she said, and sat down. "I am not very inteligent, but if you put it clearly I may grasp it. Perhaps you'd better speak slowly, also."

So, sitting there in my room, while the sea throbed in tireless beats against the shore, while the light faded and the stars issued, one by one, like a rash on the Face of the sky, I told mother of my dreams. I intended, I said, to write Life as it realy is, and not as supposed to be.

"It may in places be ugly," I said, "but Truth is my banner. The Truth is never ugly, because it is real. It is, for instance, not ugly if a man is in love with the wife of another, if it is real love, and not the passing fansy of a moment."

Mother opened her mouth, but did not say anything.

"There was a time," I said, "when I longed for things that now have no value whatever to me. I cared for clothes and even for the attentions of the Other Sex. But that has passed away, mother. I have now no thought but for my Career."

I watched her face, and soon the dreadfull understanding came to me. She, to, did not understand. My literary Aspirations were as nothing to her!

Oh, the bitterness of that moment. My mother, who had cared for me as a child, and obeyed my slightest wish, no longer understood me. And sadest of all, there was no way out. None. Once, in my Youth, I had beleived that I was not the child of my parents at all, but an adopted one—perhaps of rank and kept out of my inheritance by those who had selfish motives. But now I knew that I had no rank or Inheritance, save what I should carve out for myself. There was no way out. None.

Mother rose slowly, stareing at me with perfectly fixed and glassy Eyes.

"I am perfectly sure," she said, "that you are on the edge of something. It may be tiphoid, or it may be an elopement. But one thing is certain. You are not normle."

With this she left me to my Thoughts. But she did not neglect me. Sis came up after Dinner, and I saw mother's fine hand in that. Although not hungry in the usual sense of the word, I had begun to grow rather empty, and was nibling out of a box of Chocolates when Sis came.

She got very little out of me. To one with softness and tenderness I would have told all, but Sis is not that sort. And at last she showed her clause.

"Don't fool yourself for a minute," she said. "This literary pose has not fooled anybody. Either you're doing it to apear Interesting, or you've done somthing you're scared about. Which is it?"

I refused to reply.

"Because if it's the first, and you're trying to look literary, you are going about it wrong," she said. "Real Literary People don't go round mooning and talking about the ople sea."

I saw mother had been talking, and I drew myself up.

"They look and act like other people," said Leila, going to the bureau and spilling Powder all over the place. "Look at Beecher."

"Beecher!" I cried, with a thrill that started inside my elbows. (I have read this to one or two of the girls, and they say there is no such thrill. But not all people act alike under the influence of emotion, and mine is in my Arms, as stated.)

"The playwright," Sis said. "He's staying next door. And if he does any languishing it is not by himself."

There may be some who have for a long time had an Ideal, but without hopeing ever to meet him, and then

(Continued on Page 33)

THE PASSING OF THE EFFIGY

By H. G. WELLS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ONE of the minor peculiarities of this unprecedented war is the Tour of the Front. After some months of suppressed information—in which even the war correspondent was discouraged to the point of elimination—it was discovered on both sides that this was a struggle in which Opinion was playing a larger and more important part than it had ever done before. This wild spreading weed was perhaps of decisive importance; the Germans, at any rate, were attempting to make it a cultivated flower. There was opinion flowering away at home, feeding rankly on rumor; opinion in neutral countries; opinion in the enemy country; opinion getting into great tangles of misunderstanding and incorrect valuation between the Allies. The confidence and courage of the enemy; the amiability and assistance of the neutral; the zeal, sacrifice and serenity of the home population—all were affected.

The German cultivation of opinion began long before the war; it is still the most systematic and, because of the psychological ineptitude of Germans, it is probably the clumsiest. The French Maison de la Presse is certainly the best organization in existence for making things clear, counteracting hostile suggestion and propagating good understanding. The British official organizations are comparatively ineffective; but what is lacking officially is very largely made up for by the good will and generous efforts of the English and American press.

An interesting monograph might be written upon these various attempts of the belligerents to get themselves and their proceedings explained, because there is perceptible in these developments, quite over and above the desire to influence opinion, a very real effort to get things explained. It is the most interesting and curious—one might almost write, touching—feature of these organizations that they do not constitute a positive and defined propaganda such as the Germans maintain. The German propaganda is simple, because its ends are simple—assertions of the moral elevation and loveliness of Germany, of the insuperable excellencies of German *Kultur*, of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and so on; abuse of the "treacherous" English, who allied themselves to the "degenerate" French and the "barbaric" Russians; nonsense about "the freedom of the seas"—the emptiest phrase in history; childish attempts to sow suspicion between the Allies, and still more childish attempts to induce neutrals and simple-minded pacifists of allied nationality to save the face of Germany by irritating peace negotiations. But, apart from their steady record and reminder of German brutalities and German aggression, the press organizations of the Allies have none of this definiteness in their task.

The aim of the national intelligence in each of the allied countries is not to exalt one's own nation and confuse and divide the enemy, but to get to a real understanding with the peoples and spirits of a number of different nations; an understanding that will increase and become a fruitful and permanent understanding between the allied peoples. Neither the English, the Russians, the Italians nor the French—to name only the bigger European Allies—are concerned in setting up a legend, as the Germans are concerned in setting up a legend of themselves to impose upon mankind. They are reality dealers in this war, and the Germans are effigy mongers.

Practically the Allies are saying each to one another: "Pray come to me and see for yourself that I am very much the human stuff that you are. Come and see that I am doing my best—and I think it is not so very bad a best. . . ." And with that is something else still more subtle, something rather in the form of: "And please tell me what you think of me—and all this."

So we have this curious byplay of the war; and one day I find Mr. Nabokoff, the editor of the Retch, and Count Alexie Tolstoi, that writer of delicate short stories, and Mr. Chukovsky, the subtle critic, braving the wintry seas to see the British fleet; and Mr. Joseph Reinach presently upon the same errand; and then appeared photographs of Mr. Bennett wading in the trenches of Flanders; then Mr. Noyes is discreetly indiscreet about submarines; and Mr. Hugh Walpole catches things from Mr. Stephen Graham in the Dark Forest of Russia.

All this is quite over and above such writing of facts at first hand as Mr. Patrick Gill and a dozen other real experiencing soldiers—not to mention the soldiers' letters Mr. James Milne has collected, or the unforgettable and immortal Prisoner of War of Mr. Arthur Green—or such admirable war correspondents' work as Mr. Philip Gibbs or Mr. Washburne has done. Some of us writers—I can answer for one—have made our Tour of the Forces with a very understandable diffidence. For my own part, I did not want to go.

I evaded a suggestion that I should go in 1915. I travel badly, I speak French and Italian with incredible atrocity, and am an extreme pacifist. And, also, I did not want to write anything "under instruction."

It was largely owing to a certain stiffness in the composition of General Delmé-Radcliffe, the British military attaché at the Italian Comando Supremo, that I was at last dislodged upon this journey. General Delmé-Radcliffe is resolved that Italy shall not feel neglected by the refusal of the invitation of the Comando Supremo by anyone who, from the perspective of Italy, may seem to be a representative of British opinion. If Herbert Spencer had been alive General Radcliffe would have certainly made him come, traveling hammock, earclips and all—and I am not above confessing that I wish that Herbert Spencer was alive—for this purpose.

I found Udine warm with memories of Mr. Belloc, Lord Northcliffe, Colonel Repington and Dr. Conan Doyle, and anticipating the arrival of Mr. Harold Cox. So we pass, mostly in automobiles that bump tremendously over war roads, a cloud of witnesses, each testifying after his manner. Whatever else has happened, we have all been photographed with invincible patience and resolution, under the directions of Colonel Barberich, in a sunny little court in Udine.

My own manner of testifying must be to tell what I have seen and what I have thought during this extraordinary experience. It has been my natural disposition to see this war as something purposeful and epic; as something fundamentally as splendid as it is great; as an epoch; as "the war that will end war"—but of that last, more anon. I do not think I am alone in this inclination to a dramatic and logical interpretation. The caricatures in the French shops show civilization—and particularly Marianne—in conflict with a huge and hugely wicked Hindenburg Ogre.

Well, I come back from this tour with something not quite so simple as that. If I were to be tied down to one word for my impression of this war, I should say that this war is queer! It is not like anything in a really waking world, but like something in a dream. It has not exactly that clearness of light against darkness or of good against ill; but it has the quality of wholesome instinct struggling under a nightmare. The world is not really awake. This vague appeal for explanations to all sorts of people, this desire to exhibit the business, to get something at present missing, is extraordinarily suggestive of the efforts of the mind to wake up that will sometimes occur at a dream crisis.

My memory of this tour I have just made is full of puzzled-looking men. I have seen thousands of *poilus* sitting about in cafés, by the roadside, in tents, in trenches, thoughtful. I have seen Alpini sitting restfully and staring with speculative eyes across the mountain gulfs toward unseen and unaccountable enemies. I have seen trainloads of wounded staring through the ambulance-train windows as we passed. I have seen these dim intimations of questioning reflection in the strangest juxtapositions—in Malasgny soldiers resting for a spell among the big shells they were hoisting into trucks for the front; in a couple of khaki-clad Maoris sitting upon the step of a horse van at Amiens.

It is always the same expression one catches—rather weary; rather sullen; inturned. The shoulders droop. The very outline is a note of interrogation. They look up as the privileged Tourist of the Front, in the big automobile or the reserved compartment, with his officer or so in charge, passes—importantly. One meets a pair of eyes that seem to say:

"Perhaps you understand! . . . In which case ——"

It is a part, I think, of this disposition to investigate that makes everyone collect "specimens" of the war. Everywhere the souvenir forces itself upon the attention. The home-coming *permissionnaire* brings with him invariably a considerable weight of broken objects—bits of shell, cartridge clips, helmets; it is a peripatetic museum. It is as if he hoped for a clue. It is almost impossible, I have found, to escape these pieces in evidence.

I am the least collecting of men, but I have brought home Italian cartridges, Austrian cartridges, the fuse of an Austrian shell, a broken Italian bayonet, and a note that is worth half a franc within the confines of Amiens. But a large, heavy piece of exploded shell that had been thrust very urgently upon my attention upon the Carso I contrived to lose during the temporary confusion of our party

by the arrival of another prospective souvenir in our close proximity. And two really very large and almost complete specimens of some species of ammonites unknown to me, from the hills to the east of the Adige, partially wrapped in a back number of the Corrière della Séra, which were pressed upon me by a friendly officer, were unfortunately lost on the line between Verona and Milan, through the gross negligence of a railway porter. But I doubt that they would have thrown any very conclusive light upon the war.

I avow myself an extreme pacifist. I am against the man who first takes up the weapon. I carry my pacifism far beyond the ambiguous little group of British and foreign sentimentalists who pretend so amusingly to be socialists in the Labour Leader, whose conception of foreign policy is to give Germany now a peace that would be no more than a breathing time for a fresh outrage upon civilization, and who would even make heroes of the crazy young assassins of the Dublin crime. I do not understand those people. I want to nail down war in its coffin.

Modern war is an intolerable thing. It is not a thing to trifle with in this way; it is a thing to end forever. I have always hated it—so far, that is, as my imagination has enabled me to realize it; and, now that I have been seeing it, sometimes quite closely, for a full month, I hate it more than ever. I never imagined a quarter of its waste, its boredom, its futility, its desolation. It is merely a destructive and dispersive, instead of a constructive and accumulative, industrialism. It is a gigantic, dusty, muddy, weedy, bloodstained silliness. It is the plain duty of every man to give his life, and all that he has, if by so doing he may help to end it.

I hate Germany, which has thrust this experience upon mankind, as I hate some horrible infectious disease. The new war, the war on the modern level, is her invention and her crime. I perceive that on our side, and in its broad outlines, this war is nothing more than a gigantic and heroic effort in sanitary engineering; an effort to remove German militarism from the life and regions it has invaded, and to bank it in and discredit and enfeeble it, so that never more will it repeat its present preposterous and horrible efforts.

All human affairs and all great affairs have their reservations and their complications; but that is the broad outline of the business as it has impressed itself on my mind, and as I find it conceived in the mind of the average man of the reading class among the allied peoples, and as I find it understood in the judgment of neutral observers.

A War Without a Hero

IT IS my unshakable belief that essentially the Allies fight for a permanent world peace; that primarily they do not make war, but resist war. That has reconciled me to this not very congenial experience of touring as a spectator, all agog to see, through the war zones. At any rate, there was never any risk of my playing Balaam and blessing the enemy. This war is tragedy and sacrifice for most of the world; for the Germans it is simply the catastrophic outcome of fifty years' elaborate intellectual foolery. Militarism, *Weltpolitik*—and here we are! What else could have happened, with Michael and his infernal War Machine in the very center of Europe, but this tremendous disaster!

It is a disaster. It may be a necessary disaster; it may teach a lesson that could be learned in no other way; but for all that, I insist, it remains waste, disorder, disaster.

There is a disposition, I know, in myself as well as in others, to wriggle away from this verity; to find so much good in the collapse that has come to the mad direction of Europe for the past half century as to make it, on the whole, almost a beneficial thing. But, at most, I can find in it no greater good than the good of a nightmare that wakens a sleeper in a dangerous place to a realization of the extreme danger of his sleep. Better had he been awake—or never there.

In Venetia, Captain Pirelli, whose task it was to keep me out of mischief in the war zone, was insistent upon the way in which all Venetia was being opened up by the new military roads; there has been scarcely a new road made in Venetia since Napoleon drove his straight, poplar-bordered highways through the land. Mr. Joseph Reinach, who was my companion upon the French Front, was equally impressed by the stirring up and exchange of ideas in the villages, due to the movement of the war. Charles Lamb's story of the discovery of roast pork comes into one's head with an effect of repartee. More than ideas are exchanged in the war zone, and it is doubtful how far the sanitary precautions of the military authorities avail against a considerable propaganda of disease.

A more serious argument for the good of war is that it evokes heroic qualities in common people. There is no denying that it has brought out almost incredible quantities of courage, devotion and individual romance that did not show in the suffocating peacetime that preceded the war. The reckless and beautiful zeal of the women in the British and French munition factories, for example; the gayety and fearlessness of the common soldiers everywhere—these things have always been there—like champagne sleeping in bottles in a cellar. But was there any need to throw a bomb into the cellar?

I am reminded of a story—or, rather, of the idea for a story—that I think I must have read in that curious collection of fantasies and observations, Hawthorne's Note Books. It was to be the story of a man who found life dull and his circumstances altogether commonplace. He had loved his wife; but now, after all, she seemed to be a very ordinary human being. He had begun life with high hopes—and life was commonplace. He was to grow fretful and restless. His discontent was to lead to some action, some irrevocable action; but upon the nature of that action I do not think Hawthorne was very clear. It was to carry him to the burning of his house. It was to carry him in such a manner that he was to forget his wife. Then, when it was too late, he was to see her at an upper window, stripped and firelit, a glorious thing of light and loveliness and tragic intensity.

The elementary tales of the world are very few, and Hawthorne's story and Lamb's story are, after all, only variations upon the same theme. But can we poor human beings never realize our quality without destruction?

One of the larger singularities of this great war is its failure to produce great and imposing personalities, mighty leaders, Napoleons, Cæsars. I would, indeed, make that the essential thing in my reckoning up of the war. It is a drama without a hero; with countless incidental heroes, no doubt, but no star part. Even the Germans, with a national predisposition for hero cults, and living still in an atmosphere of Victorian humbug, can produce nothing better than that timber image, Hindenburg.

It is not that the war has failed to produce heroes so much as that it has produced heroism in a torrent. The great man of this war is the common man. It becomes ridiculous to pick out particular names. There are too many true stories of splendid acts in the past two years ever to be properly set down. The V. C.'s and the palms do but indicate samples. One would need an encyclopedia, a row of volumes, of the gloriousness of human impulses. The acts of the small men in this war dwarf all the pretensions of the great man. Imperatively these multitudinous heroes forbid the setting up of effigies. When I was a young man I imitated Swift and posed for cynicism; I will confess that now, at fifty and greatly helped by this war, I have fallen in love with mankind. But if I had to pick out a single figure to stand for the peculiar fine quality of the Allies' war, I should, I think, choose the figure of General Joffre. He is something new in history. He is leadership without vulgar ambition. He is the extreme antithesis to the imperial boomster of Berlin. He is, as it were, the ordinary common sense of men, incarnate. He is the antithesis of the Effigy.

By great good luck I was able to see him. I was delayed in Paris on my way to Italy, and my friend, Captain Millet, arranged for a visit to the French Front at Soissons and put me in charge of Lieutenant de Tessin, whom I had met in England studying British social questions long before this war. Afterward Lieutenant de Tessin took me to the great hotel—it still proclaims "Restaurant" in big black letters on the garden wall—which shelters the General Headquarters of France, and here I was able to see and talk to Generals Pellé and Castelnau, as well as to General Joffre.

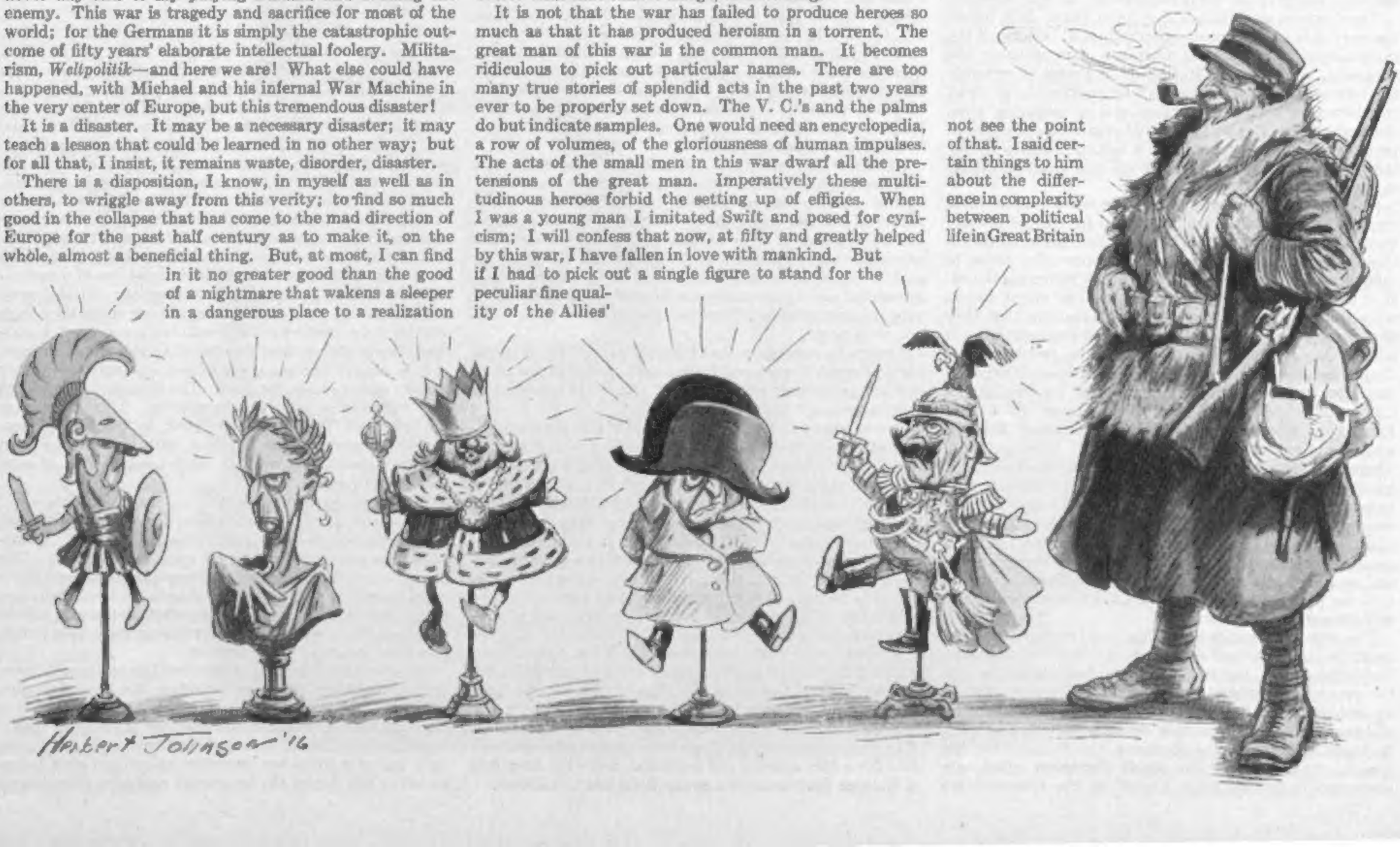
They are three very remarkable and very different men. They have at least one thing in common—it is clear that not one of them has spent ten minutes in all his life in thinking of himself as a Personage or Great Man. They all have the effect of being active and able men, doing an extremely complicated and difficult but extremely interesting job to the very best of their ability. With me they all had one quality in common—they thought I was interested in what they were doing, and they were quite prepared to treat me as an intelligent man of a different sort, and to show me as much as I could understand. . . .

The Poses of Personages

LET me confess that De Tessin had to persuade me to go to Headquarters. Partly that was because I did not want to use up even ten minutes of the time of the French commanders; but much more was it because I have a dread of personages.

There is something about these encounters with personages—as if one were dealing with an effigy, with something tremendous, put up to be seen. As one approaches they become remoter; great unsuspected crevasses are discovered. Across these gulfs one makes ineffective gestures. They do not meet you; they pose at you enormously. Sometimes there is something more terrible than dignity: there is condescension. They are affable. I had but recently had an encounter with an imported colonial statesman who was being advertised, like a soap, as the coming savior of England. I was curious to meet him.

I wanted to talk to him about all sorts of things that would have been profoundly interesting—as, for example, his impressions of the Anglican bishops. But I met a hoarding. I met a thing like a mask; something surrounded by touts, that was dully trying—as we say in London—to "come it" over me. He said he had heard of me. He had read Kipps. I intimated that, though I had written Kipps, I had continued to exist; but he did not see the point of that. I said certain things to him about the difference in complexity between political life in Great Britain



and in the Colonies that he was manifestly totally incapable of understanding. But one could as soon have talked with one of the statesmen at Madame Tussaud's. An antiquated figure!

The effect of these French commanders upon me was quite different from my encounter with that last belated adventurer in the effigy line. I felt, indeed, that I was a rather idle and flimsy person coming into the presence of a tremendously compact and busy person; but I had none of that unpleasant sensation of a conventional rôle, of being expected to play the minute worshiper in the presence of the Great Image. I was so moved by the common humanity of them all that, in each case, I broke away from the discreet interpretations of De Tessin and talked to them directly in the strange dialect I have inadvertently made for myself out of French, a disemboweled speech of epicene substantives and verbs of incalculable moods and temperaments—*entente cordiale*. They talked back as if we had met in a club.

General Pellé pulled my leg very gayly with some quotations from an article I had written upon the conclusion of the war.

I think he found my accent and my idioms very refreshing. I had committed myself to a statement that Bloch has been justified in his theory that, under modern conditions, the defensive wins. There were excellent reasons, and General Pellé pointed them out, for doubting the applicability of this to the present war.

Both he and General Castelnau were anxious that I should see a French offensive sector as well as Soissons. Then I should understand. And since then I have returned from Italy and I have seen, and I do understand. The Allied offensive is winning—that is to say, it is inflicting far greater losses than it experiences; it is steadily beating the spirit out of the German Army and shoving it back toward Germany. Only a very unexpected peace can prevent the western war ending in Germany. And it is the Frenchmen mainly who have worked out how to do it.

But of that I shall write later. My present concern is with General Joffre as the antithesis of the Effigy. The Effigy—

Thou Prince of Peace;
Thou God of War—

as Mr. George Sylvester Viereck called him, prances on a great horse, wears a Wagnerian cloak, sits on thrones, and talks of shining armor and *Unser Gott*. All Germany gloats over his Jovian domesticities. When I was last in Berlin the postcard shops were full of photographs of a sort of procession of himself and his sons, all with long, straight noses and sidelong eyes. It is all dreadfully old-fashioned.

General Joffre sits in a pleasant little sitting room in a very ordinary little villa conveniently close to Headquarters. He sits among furniture that has no quality of pose at all, that is neither magnificent nor ostentatiously simple and hardy. He has dark, rather sleepy eyes under light eyelashes; eyes that glance shyly and a little askance at his interlocutor, and then, as he talks, away—as if he did not want to be preoccupied by your attention. He has a broad, rather broadly modeled face; a soft voice—the sort of persuasive reasoning voice that many Scotchmen have. I had a feeling that if he were to talk English he would do so with a Scotch accent. Perhaps somewhere I have met a Scotchman of his type. He sat sidewise to his table, as a man might sit for a gossip in a café.

Joffre the Frontispiece of the War Book

HE IS physically a big man, and in my memory he grows bigger and bigger. He sits now in my memory in a room like the rooms that any decent people might occupy; like that vague room which is the background of so many good portraits—a great blue-coated figure, with a soft voice and rather tired eyes, explaining very simply and clearly the difficulties that this vulgar imperialism of Germany, seizing upon modern science and modern appliances, has created for France and the spirit of mankind.

He talked chiefly of the strangeness of this confounded war. It was exactly like a sanitary engineer speaking of the unexpected difficulties of some particularly nasty inundation. He made little stiff horizontal gestures with his hands. First, one had to build a dam and stop the rush of it—so; then one had to organize the push that would send it back. He explained the organization of the push. They had an organization now that was working out most satisfactorily. Had I seen a sector? I had seen the sector of Soissons. Yes; but that was not now an offensive sector. I must see an offensive sector; see the whole method. Lieutenant de Tessin must see that that was arranged. . . .

Neither he nor his two colleagues spoke of the Germans with either hostility or humanity. Germany for them is manifestly a merely objectionable Thing. It is not a nation, not a people, but a nuisance. One has to build up this great counterthrust bigger and stronger until they go back. The war must end in Germany. The French generals have no such delusions about German science or foresight or capacity as dominate the smart dinner chatter of England. One knows so well that detestable type of English folly and its voice of despair: "They plan everything. They foresee everything."

This paralyzing Germanophobia is not common among the French. The war, the French generals said, might take—well, it certainly looked like taking longer than the winter. Next spring, perhaps! Probably, if nothing unforeseen occurred, before a full year has passed the job might be done. Were any surprises in store? They did not seem to think it was probable that the Germans had any surprises in store. . . . The Germans are not an inventive people; they are merely a thorough people. One never knew for certain.

Is any greater contrast possible than between so implacable, patient, reasonable and, above all things, capable a being as General Joffre and the rhetorician of Potsdam, with his talk of "German Might," of "Hammer Blows," and "Hacking Through"? Can there be any doubt of the ultimate issue between them?

There are stories that sound pleasantly true to me about General Joffre's ambitions after the war. He is tired; then he will be very tired. He will, he declares, spend his first free summer in making a tour of the waterways of France in a barge. So I hope it may be. One imagines him as sitting quietly on the crumpled remains of the last and tawdriest of Imperial traditions, with a fishing line in the placid water and a large buff umbrella overhead, the good ordinary man, who does whatever is given him to do—as well as he can. The power that has taken the great Effigy of German imperialism by the throat is something very composite and complex; but if we personify it at all it is something more like General Joffre than any other single human figure I can think of or imagine.

If I were to set a frontispiece to a book about this war, I should make General Joffre the frontispiece.

As we swung back along the dusty road to Paris at a pace of fifty miles an hour and upward, driven by a helmeted driver with an aquiline profile fit to go upon a coin, whose merits were a little flawed by a childish and dangerous ambition to run over every cat he saw upon the road, I talked to De Tessin about this big blue-coated figure of Joffre—which is not so much a figure as a great generalization of certain hitherto rather obscured French qualities—and of the impression he had made upon me. And from that I went on to talk about the superman; for this encounter had suddenly crystallized out a set of realizations that had been for some time latent in my mind.

How much of what follows I said to De Tessin at the time I do not clearly remember, but this that follows is what I had in mind:

The idea of the superman is an idea that has been developed by various people ignorant of biology and unaccustomed to biological ways of thinking. It is an obvious idea that follows in the course of half an hour or so upon one's realization of the significance of Darwinism. If man has evolved from something lower—or, at least, something different—he must now be evolving onward into something sur-human. The species in the future will be different from the species of the past. So far, at least, our Nietzsches and Shaws, and so on, went right.

But, being ignorant of the elementary biological proposition that modification of a species means really a secular change in its average, they jumped to a conclusion—to which the late Lord Salisbury also jumped years ago at a very memorable British Association meeting—that a species is modified by the sudden appearance of eccentric individuals here and there in the general mass, who interbreed preferentially. Helped by a streak of antic egotism in themselves, they conceived of the superman as a posturing personage, misunderstood by the vulgar, fantastic, wonderful. But the antic Personage, the thing I have called the Effigy, is not new, but old—the oldest thing in history—the departing thing. It depends not upon the advance of the species, but upon the uncritical hero worship of the crowd. You may see the monster drawn twenty times the size of common men upon the oldest monuments of Egypt and Assyria.

The Coming of the Superman

THE true superman comes not as the tremendous personal entry of a star, but in the less dramatic form of a general increase of good will and skill and common sense. A species rises not by thrusting up peaks, but by brimming up as a flood does. The coming of the superman means not an epidemic of personages, but the disappearance of the personage in a measured ascent. That is the point overlooked by the megalomaniac school of Nietzsche and Shaw.

And it is the peculiarity of this war—it is the most reassuring evidence that a great increase in general ability and critical ability has been going on throughout the last century—that no isolated great personages have emerged. Never has there been so much ability, invention, inspiration, leadership; but the very abundance of good qualities has prevented our focusing upon those of any one individual. We all play our part in the realization of God's sanity in the world; but, as the strange, dramatic end of Lord Kitchener has served to remind us, there is no single individual of all the allied nations whose death can materially affect the great destinies of this war.

In the last few years I have developed a religious belief that has now become to me as real as any commonplace fact: I think that mankind is still, as it were, collectively dreaming and hardly more awakened to reality than a very young child. It has these dreams that we express by the flags of nationalities and by strange loyalties, and by irrational creeds and ceremonies; and its dreams at times become such nightmares as this war. But the time draws near when mankind will awake and the dreams will fade away; and then there will be no nationality in all the world but humanity, and no king, no emperor, no leader but the one God of mankind. This is my faith. I am as certain of this as I was in 1900 that men would presently fly. To me it is as if it must be so.

So that, to me, this extraordinary refusal of the allied nations, under conditions that have always hitherto produced a Great Man, to produce anything of the sort, anything that can be used as an effigy and carried about for

(Continued on Page 69)

LEEZIE, THE CITY SLICKER

By GEORGE PATTULLO

Morales Came In at Sundown, With the Prisoner Beside Him

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Mr. Semple: You have been wondering why I did not write and why you have not heard from me on this trip. But, Mr. Semple, I have a reason. I eat something that made me deathly sick. It is the truth! I have been laying on my back three whole days; but now I am some better and will get on the job sure enough.

It is all because I eat something that made me deathly sick. Forgive me this time and it will not occur again. yrs truly, J. DABNEY DRAKE.

P. S.—Please phone my wife what I said, and stick to it, no matter what, Mr. Semple.

WHEN the senior member of Semple & Russ picked this communication out of the morning mail he fairly frothed at the mouth.

"Now what do you know about that sucker?" he bellowed at his partner, banging the desk with his fist. "Can you beat it? Not only does he go and get pickled on us, but he wants that I should lie him out of it with his wife also."

"But maybe Dab was really sick, Sam. Ptomaine poisoning, Sam, is liable to hit anybody, you might say. Don't you remember how my wife's brother, Pete ——"

"Your wife's brother Pete ain't either here or there, Russ!" was the scathing reply. "And what's more, he always was a bum."

"What! A nice, well-behaved young feller like him ——"

"I'm talking about Drake," bawled Semple. "What're we going to do about it? This is the third time in ten months that big loafer's gone to work and eat something what made him deathly sick, and we'd ought to learn him once for all he can't get away with it."

A look of apprehension appeared on his partner's face and he cleared his throat.

"But what can we do, Sam? We daren't fire ol' Dab. He's too valuable."

"There you go again! No matter what he went and done, you'd want that we should lump it, Russ. But I tell you it's got to stop for good and all. He needs a lesson."

"But we don't need to bounce him to do it, Sam," Russ argued earnestly. "There're other ways than that. And besides, Sam, maybe he did eat something. I remember once my wife's brother, Pete ——"

"Zowie!" cried his partner, helplessly flapping his hands. "Tell that to the shipping room! I'm not caring a damn about your wife's brother, Russ! And what's more, there's work to be done round this place. Somebody's got to do it; so I reckon it'll be me."

He rose lumberingly and started out of the office toward the sample room.

"Wait a minute, Sam! What'll we say to Dab?"

Semple stopped and scratched his bald head in irritation. "Do anything you like; I'm through with him. I'll leave it to you. But," he added, "you've got to tell his wife. I can't lie as good as you can, Russ."

"You've got the will, all right, Sam," rejoined his partner; "but you're not there with the brains." He was obliged to shout the last in order that his fast-disappearing friend should catch it. In a lower key he said to the stenographer: "This letter's a day old, Miss Jacoby, and Mr. Drake ought to be here this morning. As soon as he comes tell him to see me right away."

"Yes, sir."

About eleven o'clock there came a sharp knock on the door of the private office, and it opened wide to admit J. Dabney Drake. It had to open wide to admit him. Drake did not merely come in; it was an entry. That was the way J. Dabney did everything.

A noble serenity sat upon his brow. He looked as the mightiest of Roman senators ought to have looked; there was reserve power in every line of his features. The mouth was strong, yet gentle with the tolerance of experience, and his glance held the sky-scanning quality of an eagle's. In repose he seemed to be visioning great things. Dab might, in reality, be pondering the details of an order for overalls, but at such moments he appeared to brood on the fate of peoples and the flight of spheres.

In addition, he was a perfect whale of a man, with a magnificent sweep of shoulder; but he was fifty-two inches round the waist. I have mercifully concealed this until now; but right there in the office nobody could possibly be blind to Dab's paunch. He carried it too far in front for that.

"Well?" snapped Russ with a baleful glare.

Wholly unruffled by his reception, J. Dabney drew up a chair, and settled himself comfortably. He was cleanly shaved and immaculate; his gray hair was brushed smooth; his shirt was of fine silk, and he wore a dashing striped crêpe de Chine tie.

"Did you telephone Mrs. Drake for me?"

"I did," was the grim reply.

"And what did she say?"

"I don't know, because I hung up. She mentioned that it was a spider bite the last time, and then I quit. But she wanted to say a plenty."

The drummer shifted his weight uneasily.

"But what Miz Drake has on her mind ain't the point," Russ continued. "It's neither here nor there, you might say. But what you've been doing with a week of our time is something else, Dab; and you can't get away with no ptomaine poisoning—not by a damsight! Now come clean. What ailed you?"

"I eat something" said Drake steadily, "that made me deathly sick."

"What do you chew it for?" demanded his employer. "Why don't you gulp it quick and then swallow some water to put the blaze out? To go and eat that stuff ——"

"I eat something," repeated J. Dabney with stern insistence, "that made me deathly sick. Fish, I think it was."

Russ eyed him intently a while and then reached for a packet of papers, from which he drew a memorandum.

"Dab," he began without looking up, "I'm going to talk to you pretty plain. When we got your letter Semple wanted to fire you right now; but I argued him out of it. Still, we can't let it go—we can't let business slip away from us like you've let it this month. Steen will take your territory."

A faint flush crept to Drake's brow and, receding quickly, left him pale.

"I don't think that's fair, Mr. Russ. For fifteen years ——"

"Wait a minute! We don't intend to give it to him for keeps. It all depends on yourself. You can get it back, Dab, if you mind your step."

Drake drew a long breath and squared his shoulders.

"Shoot!" he said. "Let's hear it."

The other quickly complied, ending with:

"He always paid up until this last time. Tomas used to pay right on the nail, but now he won't even answer our letters. You know how it is with a Mex. He'll go along fine for ever so long and you can trust him with thousands; and then all of a sudden—Bing!—he'll turn round and do you out of a dollar-eighty."

J. Dabney nodded, studying the pattern of the office rug.

"If I get this money—if I collect this three hundred and twenty-nine dollars and seventy cents," he asked, "will you give me back my old territory?"

"Surest thing you know, Dab!" came the eager assurance. "You see how it is, don't you? Ben's sick and can't go; and besides, you speak Mexican so good."

"Uh-huh! Well, that's settled." He stood up and carefully adjusted the set of his coat. "There's only one favor I'd like to ask, Russ."

"Name it."

"Don't tell Mrs. Drake about this. She'd only give me Hail Columbia, and maybe bless you and Mr. Semple out too; and of course, if I'm going to get my job back soon anyhow ——"

"Sure! She doesn't need to know. But no more monkeyshines, remember!"

"Never again!" said Drake fervently. "I mean I'm going on a diet."

"Great! And be sure to cut out fish."

The fat drummer passed out into the street and turned north. He was bound home. Let us leave him faring to the little nest. There are some things that ought to be sacred, and surely the meeting of husband and wife after a week's separation, during which the loved one has not penned a line—surely an occasion of that kind should be inviolate.

Yet there were persons who thought otherwise. Mrs. Taylor spent a solid hour behind the curtains of her dining room in a vain effort to see what happened, and Mrs. Boone, next-door neighbor on the other side, soundly thrashed little Julius Cicero Boone for making such a noise she couldn't catch a word of the dialogue.

Whatever came off in the Drake domicile left the owner uninjured so far as could be detected; for late in the afternoon he emerged in a blue serge suit, gray soft hat and green tie, carrying a black traveling bag. He waved gayly to his wife in the doorway, for the benefit of the neighbors; then hurried round the corner to catch a downtown car.

Once out of sight, he put down the bag and took out a cigar.

Mrs. Drake disapproved of smoking because it is a filthy habit and so expensive; therefore he made certain that observation from his home was impossible before lighting it.

"Off again?" queried the conductor of the Union Depot car he boarded. "I thought you said this morning you was feeling sick?"

"Something came up," Dabney explained easily. "The firm asked me to do a little special work for 'em and I couldn't turn it down. Not exactly in my line; but they

"Here, You!" Cried Dabney, Pursuing Him. "Get Me Some Pants"

couldn't trust anybody else with it—sort of delicate to handle, you know."

"Something big, I bet!"

"Only a few thousands," was the nonchalant reply as Dab deposited his bag under a rear seat. "But it's what it may lead to."

"Gosh, I wish I was in your shoes!" said the conductor with frank envy.

Drake bestowed on him an indulgent, friendly smile and opened his evening paper at the sporting page.

"Shucks, that's nothing! Every man feels that way sometimes. There're days when I envy men like Morgan and Schwab. What do my operations amount to? They'd seem like small potatoes to them fellows."

"Do you reckon so? Yes, I suppose they would," said the conductor doubtfully, and opened the door to let Drake out at the station.

He hired a one-candle-power jitney at the junction to make the trip to Sauceda. Dust lay a foot deep in the road.

"All right!" said the driver. "We're off. My name's Gus. What's yourn?"

They caromed off a fence corner and ran over a bush.

"All right!" cried Gus.

They hit an outcropping root, skidded into the ditch and out again, then started down a steep hill at forty miles an hour.

"All right!" Gus yelled.

"You've been sayin' that for the last hour!" howled Dabney.

"Brake's done bust," Gus explained without perceptible concern; "but if we don't meet nothin' we'll be all right. We can go as fast as this car can, anyhow."

The bottom of the hill was reached in safety and there Gasoline Gus made repairs to his machine with a wire. Next they skirted some irrigated grapefruit orchards, bordered by lordly date palms. Just over the fence was a jungle of mesquite and cactus, growing in a dry waste of sand. They passed miles and miles of this tangle and then came to vast fields of sugar cane. Gangs of Mexicans were clearing the adjacent brush and burning stumps. Presently they neared the Rio Grande and entered the old military road built by Taylor's army.

"We're most there," Gus announced. "Do you want that I should wait to bring you back? Or come for you to-morrow maybe?"

"No-o-o," replied Dabney with a canny regard for his expense account. "I reckon I can talk somebody into ridin' me to the railroad."

They plowed through the sand of Sauceda's one street and drew up at the store. It was of frame, roofed with tin; a wooden awning extended the length of its front. Every other building in the village was of adobe—mostly one-room dwellings, with an open shed in the back yard made of four upright poles supporting a roof of thatch, on which peppers were sunning. Fences of ocatilla inclosed each lot, and everything was falling to ruin. Sauceda straggled thus in two rows to the Rio Grande—a forlorn outpost without pride or hope.

Only the residence of Deputy Sheriff Tomas Morales was different. It consisted of a wing to his store, and the sides were trellised with vines. Moreover, he had a spacious yard, in which an oleander, an umbrella chinaberry and some peach trees afforded shade; and between them stood a small summerhouse, vine-clad, for use of the owner in the heat of the day.

Dabney paid the driver, who said "All right!" spun the crank, gave a hitch to his belt, hoped to Gawd she wouldn't hit nothin' hard on the way home, account o' them ol' brakes, and spurted off in a swirl of dust. Then he entered the store.

There were half a dozen natives in the place, fingering goods in a listless, apathetic fashion. Behind the counter stood the proprietor. He was a tall, lean man with a wide, flat nose and a black mustache. Round his waist was buckled the emblem of his office—a cartridge belt, with a glistening .45 in the holster. Morales wore it on the left side because he was left-handed.

One sharp glance he shot at Dabney, and then turned again to his patrons. He seemed resolved to ignore him.

"Ah, yes!" he murmured when Drake, with quiet insistence, presented his card. "I will see you in a minute. Semple & Russ, huh? Sit down."

Dabney chose the top of an upended barrel and waited. The specified minute stretched to an hour and still Tomas was busy. He was the most persistently busy person Drake had ever met. Morales kept close to the elbows of his customers throughout the entire morning, and it was not until the last one went out at noon that he turned reluctantly to face his visitor.

"Come in," he invited him. "You hongry—yes, huh?"

They traversed a dark corridor leading into the wing and entered a small living room, furnished with two chairs, a table, a large couch, and a highly colored religious picture above the door. A faded serape covered the couch, and from under its edges peeped a United States Army blanket which Morales had bought from a deserter.

"You wait here," said the deputy, "and I'll go tell Tio to cook a nice dinner. Yes, huh?"

In a few minutes he returned and sat down opposite his guest, with a stiff formality betokening a resolution to observe the rules of hospitality at any cost.

"You have had a rough trip—yes, huh?" he queried, rolling a cigarette.

Dabney admitted it, and they went on to talk of the fourteen months drought, the condition of the roads, the prospects for irrigation in that country—of anything at all but the purpose of his visit. The deputy did not inquire concerning that; to establish a sociable footing and put off business until the second meeting is the native way. And Dabney knew it. He tactfully refrained from any reference to his mission. Shortly a tousled gray head was inserted to announce dinner.

"Bring it in here," the deputy ordered.

So in came Tio with the food on a tray. He was ragged, barefooted and unkempt, and looked to be about a hundred and thirty years old, but must have been double that to be in the state he was. However, the frijoles were soft and skillfully seasoned; the tortillas could be eaten without tearing at them with one's teeth; the coffee gave off a delicious aroma; and Morales had killed a chicken for the occasion. Therefore, J. Dabney shut his eyes to the hovering cook and attacked with his usual zest. Tomas heaved a sigh of relief as he watched him.

"Surely," he thought, "no man could eat so lustily and yet be hard and grasping."

Over cigars in the summerhouse—fat ones in gold foil—Morales remarked: "You would perhaps care to see the town this evenin'? Yes, huh? I will be very beesy. We have a bee-yu-tiful cemetery."

Graveyards were not his favorite attraction, but Drake readily assented; and when the deputy left him to wait on some customers he wandered out into the street. A sound of wailing down by the river roused his curiosity and he strolled toward it.

In front of the last house was a group of hags, squatted on the ground. They swayed from side to side, making dismal moan. Ever and anon one would lift up her voice in a puppy wail. A score of villagers were absorbed spectators of the performance, and one of them informed J. Dabney that the fuss was being made for Manuel Elias, who had been cut off in his ninetieth year. This was his funeral and they were mourning for him.

Men and Women, Old and Young, Boys and Girls—They Flocked at His Heels

Soon there came a procession, consisting of a band of three pieces—cornet, piccolo and drum—and four men with an oblong packing box labeled Oxtail Overalls. The brand was his own, and Drake grew more interested. They carried the box into the house and emerged shortly with it on their shoulders.

The band stepped out, the crowd moved to follow, and the funeral cortège was well under way when a shout of apprehension broke from certain small boys. They pointed at the box and gesticulated. The stiff's knees—the knees of Manuel Elias—were protruding therefrom.

In some impatience they lowered their burden to the ground and the pallbearers proceeded to straighten out the deceased. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself. The box was too short.

It was very annoying. However, persistence will accomplish all things, and finally they tucked him away so that the lid could be nailed down. The victorious pallbearers raised the box, the band began to toot, the little throng trailed off behind in couples; and, to the dirge of Honey Boy, they marched slowly to the cemetery. J. Dabney went along. He wished to see Oxtail Overalls laid decently to rest.

It was almost five o'clock when he reappeared at the store, and Tio was alone in the place.

"He has gone away," the old rascal explained, blinking his red-rimmed eyes. "He has gone to fetch a prisoner."

"Will he be back for supper?" demanded Drake, and the cook replied that he would.

Morales came in at sundown, with the prisoner beside him on a led horse.

"Ha, you're still here?" he said almost jovially. "But you're hongry. Yes, huh?"

The prisoner sat down with them to supper. He was a stolid person and kept his gaze steadfastly on the plate; yet Drake had a vague impression that he did not miss their slightest move.

"You're tired, yes?" inquired Morales when they had finished, showing all his teeth in a smile. "Well, I am tired also. It has been a beesy day. So we will smoke awhile and then we will go to bed. Is that your pleasure?"

Without waiting to ascertain whether or not it was, he departed for the summerhouse, the prisoner tagging at his heels. Slightly disgruntled, Dabney did not join them for some time, and then he found the pair sitting in perfect harmony, with a bottle of tequila on the table between them.

"About beds," began Morales abruptly. "You will have to sleep on the couch, I am afraid. Me, I am a bachelor and my house is rough. But such as it is, it is at your service."

J. Dabney thanked him and on the plea of a headache soon went indoors.

The room was like an oven. He always felt heat acutely, and it was his custom during the midsummer months to peel to his underwear whenever the situation permitted; so he did it now without delay and sat in his union suit until he had finished a cigar. Then he donned striped-silk pyjamas, stuck his wallet in the hip pocket of his trousers, locked them in the black bag, together with all his clothes except his shoes, and stretched out on the couch. The key he slipped under the blanket beneath his head.

Sleep was slow in coming. The place was a fireless cooker. The wretched tin roof radiated heat in waves, and he caught himself straining to hear what was passing in the summerhouse. Soon his pyjamas began to worry him; no fat man can stand that.

"They ain't a fit garment for summer, anyhow!" he muttered savagely; and at the end of another hour of slow baking he removed them.

"Gee, that's better," said Dabney comfortably. "That's hunky-dory!" And he dropped off to sleep.

He was wakened some time later by somebody fumbling at the couch, and sat up.

"It's only me," said Morales from the dark.

"What do you want? Why don't you strike a light?"

The deputy did so, and Drake saw that the prisoner was with him. Then the match went out.

"What do you want?" he demanded again. "What're you doing in here?"

"I got to tie him up for the night," was the answer, "else he'd get away. We haven't got a lockup and I got to keep him near me."

With that, he and his prisoner felt their way cautiously toward the foot of the couch.

"Why don't you tie him up in your own room, then?"

"I did; but he snores so I can't sleep," explained the deputy, and went calmly about the job of making his man fast. He was tying him to the leg of the couch with a heavy chain.

Why he did not protest or yell, Dabney could never afterward decide to his satisfaction. Perhaps the knowledge that Morales would think he was frightened restrained him. Whatever it was, he sat supinely on the couch until the deputy finished and went out.

A long silence ensued. At last the prisoner rattled his chain and spoke:

"Don't be scared. I won't hurt you."

"Scared nothing!" Dabney blustered. "But how'm I going to get any sleep if you snore?"

"It's as bad for me as it is for you. Morales said you snore, too."

"Huh!" Dabney grunted, settling down again. "Well, sweet dreams!"

At dawn he turned over, muttered, and reared on his elbow to gape about him. The air was faintly chill, yet somehow held threat of another punishing day. He was stiff and unrefreshed and sleepy.

"Ah-ho!" he yawned; then, remembering, he rubbed his eyes and stared.

Next instant he let out a howl and went charging into the room across the passage. The deputy lay on his back in bed, snoring with a whistling expulsion of every breath.

"Hi, wake up!" yelled Dabney, shaking him. "He's gone! He's gone! Wake up and get busy."

Still stupid from sleep, Morales came to a sitting posture and blinked at his guest.

"Who's gone?" he asked irritably. "What did you wake me up for? And where're your clothes? You ought to be ashamed."

Drake began to hop about in his impatience.

"I haven't got any clothes!" he cried. "That damned prisoner got loose in the night and beat it, and he took every stitch I had—clothes and money and bag, and all."

"What!" shouted Morales, and reached the door in a bound. A yard of chain lay on the floor of the living room, the only sign that the prisoner had been there.

"You wait here till I get my horse," said the deputy excitedly. "I'll catch him. And when I do ——"

Before Dabney could get in a word he was gone. And there was Drake, left as naked as September Morn. Tio, passing from the kitchen to the store for flour, glimpsed him and beat a precipitate retreat.

"Here, you!" cried Dabney, pursuing him. "Get me some pants."

The aged servitor merely humped his shoulders up round his ears and went on with his work.

"Are you deef?" raged Dabney. "Haven't you got any pants?"

"I have," said Tio tranquilly; "but I have them on."

Keeping his hands off him by a strong effort, the drummer continued in a strangled voice:

"There must be something in the store I can wear. Let's go and see."

"It's locked. He always keeps it locked tight. I was just there to see—because we need some flour for breakfast."

All the time he was speaking Tio studiously avoided looking at Dabney.

"Then, what the Sam Hill will I do? I can't go round like this."

"If I had a chance like you've got, I'd go to bed and stay there," answered the cook; and Dabney heeded the advice.

"But cook me up a good breakfast and bring it in here!" he shouted.

"He didn't say anything about your breakfast."

"Maybe not," retorted Drake truculently; "but I did. Step lively now, or you'll be needing that little band and them women I heard yesterday."

In due time Tio entered with a breakfast of fried eggs and coffee, and the visitor ate ravenously.

"Now bring me one of those big cigars," he commanded. "Say, what time'll Morales get back?"

"It is not likely he will be back to-day," was the placid reply.

"But, Sufferin' Cats, I can't stay like this!"

"Why not?" Tio inquired.

"Get out! Get out of here before I forget your age and bust you!"

"You Wait Here Till I Get My Horse. I'll Catch Him"

All morning Drake waited in bed for the deputy to return, but he did not come. The store remained closed, though several customers rattled at the handle of the door. Tio brought him dinner about eleven o'clock, but left him to eat in solitude. He would feed Drake, but he would not consort with him; and throughout the afternoon J. Dabney had nothing to distract his mind but speculations on the probable outcome of this misadventure and its effect on Semple & Russ—and, incidentally, on his own wife.

Morales clanked in just after dusk.

"No luck! I picked up his trail, but he crossed the river and I daren't follow him. Took my best horse too. Yes, by George!"

"But what'm I to do?" wailed the distracted drummer. "What'll I do? Look at me!"

The deputy did so, and for the life of him could not suppress a grin.

"It is not my fault," he protested.

"But surely you can get me some clothes!"

Morales shook his head doubtfully.

"You're so beeg that I don't think anything we've got in stock will go on you. But you can try. Come along. You are dressed cool, anyhow—yes, huh?"

By the light of a lantern they explored his stock of men's apparel for two solid hours. Not a single article would go on him. Mexicans are invariably small in the waist and Morales kept only small sizes, whereas what J. Dabney required was a fifty-two. He tried shirt after shirt and at least thirty pairs of trousers. The former threatened to split when he drew them over his head; as for the latter, he could not slip one leg into any of them.

"Ain't there a real man in the whole town?" he fumed. "Surely there's some native in Sauceda who can lend me a pair of pants!"

"Tio's wife ——" began the deputy sheriff thoughtfully, and paused. "No," he added; "I don't believe there is."

"What about Tio's wife?"

"Ah, yes—I was merely remarking that she has gone to visit her daughter, in Madero City."

They searched some more, with no better result, and then stood regarding each other.

"I just got to find something!" said Dabney desperately. "I can't go out in this dinky shawl."

"It is too bad—yes, huh? That Calles, he is an awful mean feller. Stole your shirt and pants, and everything—yes, huh? Even took your money and your valise too. It is a shame! But he left your shoes."

"And the kitchen stove."

"Well," continued the deputy, and his air was that of a man worn out by a hard day, "I don't see what we can do. So we had better go to bed. Perhaps something will happen to-morrow—yes, huh?"

"You're whistlin'! Unless I find something to wear, something will happen, sure enough."

But he did not get anything to wear next morning, and nothing happened. Morales breakfasted before Drake rose, and went to open the store; and when J. Dabney sought to ascertain what he intended to do in his behalf he could not get a word with him. The store was filled and Drake dared not enter. The serape was all very well in its way, but insufficient.

However, he did not propose to let Morales forget him, and the deputy was conscious all morning of his huge form hovering near the door. He could feel the accusing stare of Dabney's eyes; yet he paid no heed. He went placidly on with his sales, leaving the unhappy drummer to prowl in the corridor as much as he chose.

"If you don't dig up a suit of some kind for me," Drake threatened at dinner, "I'll walk right into the middle of your customers."

"I can stand it if you can," replied the deputy. "But if you do I'll arrest you. That's against the law. Yes, huh? And then you'd be chained up till I got time to take you to the county seat."

The drummer glared at him majestically, but it did not appear to bother Morales; so he tried another tack.

"Now see here!" he said in a confidential tone. "Let's get down to brass tacks. Let's talk turkey."

"You mean beesiness. Yes, huh?"

"I came down here for Semple & Russ to clean up your account with them. And look what happens! It was your fault, for chaining that guy to my bed; so it's up to you to do something. If you treat me right in this I'll reciprocate. I'll make it easier for you."

The deputy leisurely considered this proposal.

"You say you represent Semple & Russ? What have you got to show for it? How can you prove it to me?"

"Prove it to you? Why, you saw my card, and ——" began Dabney; and then something in the other's face halted him. The full perfidy of Morales' game suddenly dawned. "So that's it, hey?" he exclaimed, pushing back his chair.

"If you represent Semple & Russ, as you say," continued the deputy, "why not telegraph to them? I will send the message to town. And it may be they will order some suitable clothes."

"You'll send a wire for me? You will? Gimme a piece of paper and pencil, and I'll write it."

The deputy complied, murmuring as he brought them: "And the money?"

"Shoot it in collect. And later I'll fix it with you for the messenger."

Thereupon Dabney composed a long telegram to the firm, and Morales carried it away. Drake settled down to wait for a reply.

It did not come for thirty-six hours, which interim he spent in bed or pacing moodily between kitchen and living room. The deputy persistently absented himself on some alleged affairs connected with the office he held; and, save when he cooked the meals, Tio stayed in the shack he occupied next to the corral.

On the third morning after Drake's arrival the sheriff entered with a telegram in his hand. Dabney grabbed it and tore off the cover.

What is it this time—bit by a rabbit?
Russ.

"Just like him!" raved Drake. "The hound! When a man's naturally mean he'll always suspect—here, gimme some more paper. I'll send another that'll curl his hair."

Frank skepticism showed in the deputy's manner as he received this second message, but he consented to send it off.

And things went on as before. Morales stuck to the store and Dabney prowled round like a fat ghost, appearing so unexpectedly in strange places that Tio became a mere nervous wreck, and even the deputy's composure was shaken. He had a nasty trick of leaning the upper portion of his body through the doorway into the store when the place was filled with customers, in order to bark:

"Say, you! When do I get those pants?"

It became a regular formula with him. Morales never knew at what moment that mighty form would gleam in the dim opening and a voice demand in righteous wrath:

"Say, you! When do I get those pants?"

Several times women customers sighted him. Two of them screamed and hastily forsook the shop. One just cackled and pointed her finger. It was becoming embarrassing for the proprietor. *(Continued on Page 54)*

THE BOOM IN SHIPS

Mobile Built Up Marine Traffic Inside of Ten Years. Turner-Hartwell Docks Company, Mobile, Alabama

By WILL PAYNE

THE good ship Dunholme, British-owned and laden with oil, caught fire in the bay at New York, burned and sank—technically a total loss. But she lay in shallow water, and as long as a ship is in any position where wreckers can get at her there is some hope of salvage.

So presently the owners got into communication with a wrecking concern whose offices are at the top of a tall building on the Battery, with a fine panorama of the harbor in view from the front windows. The wrecking company calculated what men and gear would be necessary to get the Dunholme afloat again, and undertook the job at so much a day.

The task involves sending divers down to seal up the sunken hull, then pumping the water out of it; whereupon it will float. Sometimes it is a heartbreaking task too; for, after the wreckers have toiled many days and seem to be nearly through, a storm may toss the hulk about, sweep away their gear and undo all their work. In this case the workmen found that a considerable quantity of oil was left in the ship, which made it necessary to proceed cautiously. It took them some weeks to get the wreck afloat and the bill amounted to about fifteen thousand dollars.

What they got afloat was just a patched-up hull, containing some machinery that had first been thoroughly roasted in fire and then immersed in salt water for two or three months. The owners looked it over and said it was not worth fifteen thousand dollars, so the wreckers could have it for their pains.

The wreckers then put up the Dunholme—or what was left of her—at auction. But nobody would give fifteen thousand dollars for that memento of what had once been a good ship; so the wrecking company bid it in for the amount of the bill, towed it to their dock at Stapleton, Long Island, and put it on the junk heap. The Dunholme was not even accorded the dignity of having a custodian on board. Her machinery was covered with tallow to check the ravages of rust, and she was left to herself. The final act of nautical annihilation was then performed upon her—that is, she was stricken from the register. Thereafter, in the eyes of the seafaring world, she was not even a ship, but merely a shape of scarified and rusty metal.

When War Came

IN THAT humiliating state, bedaubed with grease and of interest to nothing except the barnacles that gathered on her hull, what had been the good ship Dunholme lay for two years. Ocean freight rates declined meanwhile, and even the best of cargo ships were regarded somewhat dubiously by their owners.

Then Europe went to war and shipping was paralyzed—with German raiders chasing allied merchant boats, allied cruisers hunting for Teutonic merchantmen, and rates for marine insurance performing like kernels of popcorn over a fire. For a month the shipping record was mere chaos. After that phase ocean freight began to advance—slowly at first, but soon in wild jumps. Anything that would float and carry goods was worth looking to.

So the wrecking company looked to the ghost of the Dunholme. Their first proposals to repair her were coldly received, shipbuilding companies saw so little good in her. Finally contracts were let to put the Dunholme in seaworthy condition. The cost, I am told, was about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. By the time repairs were completed shipping men were scouring the world for tonnage; and the resurrected Dunholme was promptly sold to a New York fuel company for four hundred thousand dollars. But the boom was only getting under way then. Within a few months the fuel company sold the boat for eight hundred thousand dollars—not to any reckless and inexperienced young plunger in the maritime field, but to the Standard Oil Company, which usually knows what it is about.

This is only a sample. Wherever in salt water a wreck was known to be—and every wreck is down in the books—somebody was after it. There was one in the harbor of San Francisco. A sea captain there, with some money and more nerve, negotiated for it; went out with a personally conducted wrecking crew and got the boat in shape to navigate, at a cost, according to report, of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Last spring he sold it for eight hundred thousand, and I am told the new owners could have disposed of it a little later for a million and a quarter.

It was another San Francisco captain—a pal of Cappy Ricks, one may hope—who got title to a wreck in the South Sea Islands, repaired it at an outlay of forty thousand dollars, and sold it for three hundred thousand. Wreck hunting became a popular and profitable nautical sport wherever ships are owned and sailed. Six months before the war broke out a shipowner in Nystad, Finland, bought the full-rigged iron ship Cambrian Princess from her Liverpool owners and loaded her, at Cardiff, Wales, with a cargo of coke for Port Nolloth, South Africa. In the South Atlantic she encountered a storm, which I shall not attempt to describe as an eyewitness, for I have no copy of Joseph Conrad at hand. She was dismasted and hobbled into Rio de Janeiro. There the cargo was sold and the hull abandoned to the underwriters. An offer of the ship at auction brought no bidders—partly because materials for refitting a ship like the Cambrian Princess seemed unobtainable thereabouts at any tolerable price. Like the Dunholme, this vessel went provisionally on the junk heap.

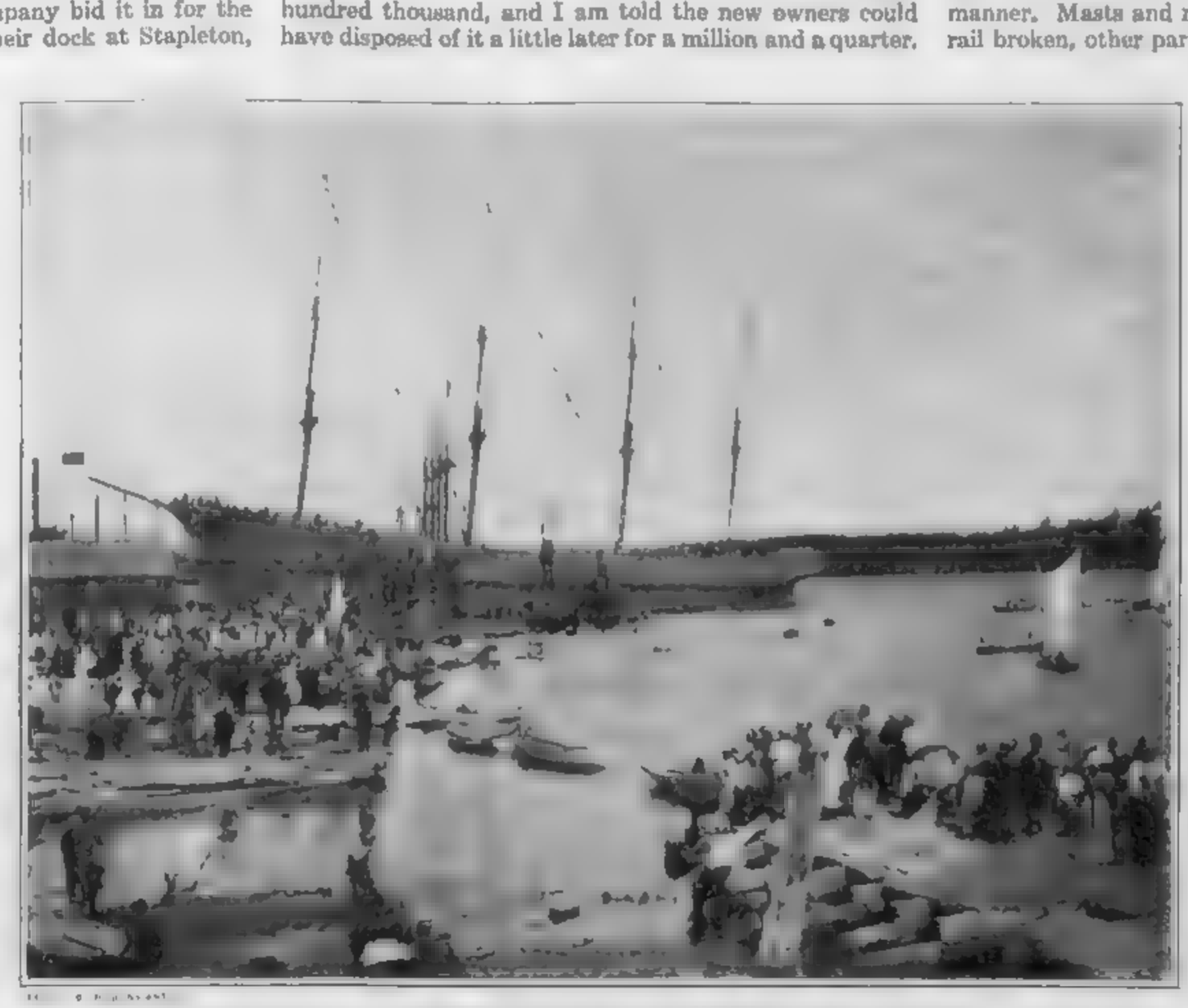
The Tale of the Cambrian Princess

SHE lay there for six months after the European war began. Then some adventurous merchants and seamen of Helsingfors bought her of the underwriters. One of them, Captain Sundman, went down to Rio to see what might be done with the purchase.

He found her moored to a buoy, red with rust and tented over with the rags of her rigging. In this improvised shelter a negro watchman, two dogs, two black pigs and six hens were living in the most sociable and contented manner. Masts and rigging were mostly gone, decks and rail broken, other parts twisted or demolished. It was so difficult to get materials for repairs that when Captain Sundman finally finished the job it was said the Cambrian Princess was the first ship of the sort, and in that plight, which was ever fully repaired there.

War had demoralized foreign exchanges; so if the new owners remitted money to meet the repair bill they would have to stand a heavy discount on exchange. But Captain Sundman promptly chartered the boat to carry scrap iron to Genoa at forty shillings a ton, and got a good part of the payment in advance. With that money he discharged the larger part of the repair bill.

From February to June, 1914, inclusive, the average freight rate on grain from New York to Liverpool, as reported by the statistical department of the New York Produce Exchange, was a mere trifle over three cents a bushel. In July it advanced to five cents. Then came war, and a situation so chaotic that for statistical purposes August is a blank. In September the average rate rose nearly to six cents; in October, above seven cents; in November, above twelve; in December, over fifteen—and so on up, until last



Launching of the American Ship Shenandoah, Jewell's Yard, Bath, Maine

March it was a small fraction below fifty cents, or about sixteen times what it had been in the spring of 1914.

This is for the carriage of a staple article on a well-beaten track—the most populous salt-water road in the world, in fact. Moreover, the figures quoted are not for any exceptional case, but an average compiled by a recognized authority. A great many individual cases of still wilder fluctuations in ocean rates may be found; but these averages on grain from New York to Liverpool illustrate the situation.

The reasons, no doubt, are familiar. Directly after war was declared six million tons of German and Austrian merchant shipping went out of business, and England—far and away the greatest sea carrier—requisitioned merchant vessels right and left for war purposes. So there was a tremendous decrease in tonnage that was available for general trade. At the same time there were more goods to be carried, at least between North America and Europe, than ever before. You can imagine what would happen to railroad freight rates if the law of supply and demand were given full play without government interference, and, at a time when there was a great harvest to be moved, a third or so of the railroads' rolling stock was suddenly demolished. As to ocean freights, there was a great decrease in the supply of tonnage and, at the same time, some increase in demand.

You can imagine, also, what would happen to railroad earnings if freight rates were multiplied tenfold or so, and to what heights railroad stocks would go. Resuscitation of wrecks has been only a minor incident of the boom. The liveliest trade in ships ever known sprang up. Whoever owned anything that would float got a bid for it; and such a bid that, if he had received it two years before, he would first have pinched himself to see whether he was awake, and then slipped his secretary a note to call the police, for there was a lunatic in the office.

Record Profits on Ancient Hulls

THIS quest for ships stopped at nothing in either direction. Whole fleets of fine boats were bought, and a poor little schooner that cost ten thousand dollars was sold for a hundred thousand.

Shipping journals, for which in the forepart of 1914 the sale of a real ship was quite an item of news, printed a column of ship sales in small type over on the back pages. Here are a few samples:

The Argentine-owned steamer Moinho Fluminense has been sold for three hundred thousand dollars. She was formerly the Star of Victoria, owned by Messrs. J. P. Corry & Co., of Belfast, who sold her five years ago for forty-two thousand dollars. She changed hands last year at seventy-five thousand dollars. She was built at Belfast in 1887—consequently is no spring chicken, as ships go.

The Atlantic-Gulf-West Indies Lines have sold, for one million two hundred thousand dollars, two steamers, built in 1906. The buyer has since resold them at a profit. At the last previous sale the boats realized eight hundred thousand dollars.

The Meikai Maru, built at Osaka this year at a cost of about two hundred thousand dollars, has been sold for one million dollars.

Shipping at Galveston Wharves

The Cleveland Range, built in 1897, has been sold to Cardiff owners for four hundred thousand dollars. She was sold last September for two hundred and ten thousand.

The Rakiura, built in 1896, has been sold for six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. She was sold last December for four hundred thousand.

The Battenhall, built in 1901, has been sold for three hundred and forty thousand dollars. She was sold in February, 1909, for seventy thousand dollars.

A Greek steamer, fifty-six hundred tons deadweight capacity and built in 1904, has been sold for four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. She was sold last February for one hundred and fifteen thousand.

The Cuban Steamship Company has sold five steamers, which stood on its books at four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, for two million one hundred and fifty thousand.

The Tatem Steam Navigation Company, whose nineteen steamers stood on its books at one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, has sold five of its older vessels for one million five hundred thousand dollars.

These examples show how the record runs. A bushel—more or less—like them might easily be collected. Even the United States Government got a tiny finger in the pie. It had a certain navy tender, which, through depreciation, had been marked down to seventy-five thousand dollars, and sold it at auction for three hundred thousand—one of the rare instances where a government operation showed a profit.

At the end of October, 1914, when shipping was still somewhat demoralized by the war and rather uncertain as to prospects in general, the American-Hawaiian Company gave a contract for two steamers especially designed to carry lumber. The contract price was five hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for each ship. The boats were delivered in January, 1916, and immediately put to work. In six months they earned more than six hundred thousand. They were then sold for three million six hundred thousand dollars cash. An officer of the company says, at the rates prevailing last spring, they would earn a million dollars a year each.

That would mean earning in a year nearly double the cost of the boat; but earnings at that rate have not been uncommon, and there are various well-vouched-for cases in which a ship has earned her cost in a single voyage. One steamer, which cost two hundred and ten thousand dollars, but was well advanced in age and depreciation, was chartered for service to India at five hundred and forty thousand dollars a year, out of which the owner paid insurance and wages of the crew.

Probably the most surprising profits have been made in carrying goods for Russia to Archangel. That is always an extra-hazardous voyage, even in midsummer. Marine insurance commonly provides that the boat must not go above a certain parallel of north latitude or below a corresponding line on the other side of the equator. Broadly speaking, the insurance is good anywhere within the zone thus described; but if the ship goes farther north or south an extra premium must be paid, or the insurance ceases.

One of the largest American shipping concerns, for example, engaged to carry certain cargoes to a port this side of Archangel, yet beyond the prescribed parallel. Its regular hull insurance on the boats cost one-half of one per cent a month. For the voyage in question it had to pay an extra premium of one and a half per cent, with the proviso that the boats must be out of the hazardous latitude before the tenth of September. Premiums of ten and fifteen per cent have been charged to insure very good ships for the voyage to Archangel.

The Downs and Ups of the Shipping Trust

AN OLD boat was offered a cargo for that port late in the season. It would not have been deemed a very good risk for any voyage at any season. For this Archangel venture, underwriters refused to place a dollar of insurance on it at any price. But the owners got a freight rate that covered the fair value of the ship and left them a profit of a hundred thousand dollars besides. In which circumstances they concluded they could afford to take whatever risk there might be. Armies must have food and powder, no matter what the carriage costs.

Some years ago Bernard N. Baker, of Baltimore, and C. A. Griscom, of Philadelphia—as the story is told—conceived the idea of a great combination of North Atlantic shipping. They took the idea to the late J. P. Morgan, who was doing a very extensive business in the combination line about that time. The result was the International Mercantile Marine Company, usually referred to as Mr. Morgan's Shipping Trust, for common report insisted upon affixing his trade-mark to anything with which he was connected. It was generously overcapitalized and acquired half a dozen well-known steamship lines. Cynics said the British sold him a good many old boats for more than new ones were worth. However that may be, the combination did not flourish.

For five years preceding the war its earnings hardly averaged seven million dollars a year and its stock was regarded as of doubtful value for anything except decorative purposes. It was at an especially low ebb when war

(Continued on Page 49)

A Bath Shipyard in the Heyday of Big-Schooner Building—An Ideal Yard and the Shipbuilder's Home

The Plugger Who Lost His Pep

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SAMMY MARTIN sprang from a packed elevator into the red-velvet chaired and carpeted reception room of the House of Sure-Fire Hits. Not one singing team waiting impatiently to be allotted a piano room! Only the Daly Duo—a cheap act, off the four-a-day—rehearsing, through their noses, of course, the chorus of 'Neath the Tropical Moon. Not a voice raised or a piano galloping in pursuit of the stimulating words of Help Everybody Along! Scowling, Sammy tore off yellow gloves, prodding them into a pocket of a green overcoat that was modishly belted just under his arms. He thrust a green hat back from his protruding lightish eyebrows. Abruptly the Dalys were quiet, and Benny Von Linden, head of the business, was heard begging Camille Daly to wait a second. Sammy stiffened as the Dalys erupted from number three piano room, tall, pale Benny shouting:

"But listen! Think o' the swell light effects with Tropical Moon if you only costume it right and use your reason!"

"We're usin' one moon number now," said the male Daly, rushing for the elevator. "We ——"

"Swartz & Smith's writin' a novelty special an' payin' to sing it besides," said Camille Daly grandly.

Pianists, song pluggers, and even composers, gathered from the dimness of cigarettish rooms and besought the Dalys to remain; while Sammy Martin exclaimed:

"'J'member last week, when you flivvers at Neel's Bronx, an' me an' my pluggers jumps in when the people was walkin' out on your act, an' we turns you into a laughin' success? An', sobbin' in the dressin' room, the both of you says leave it be ever in your power to come back, you ——"

But Mr. Daly had grasped Camille by her sable-dyed rabbit scarf. The team leaped into the maw of a palpitant elevator and were whisked upward, toward the offices of Swartz & Smith, the new publishing firm. From the chair into which he sogged, Benny said drearily:

"Well, boys, with the holidays near, if we don't slam hard with Help Everybody Along the firm'll go under. Department stores cutting down the sheet-music space for toys; and the royalty statements to be paid by January first! There's the song—my very best—and we can't get action."

"S. & S. are payin' them Dalys fifteen a week for usin' Winky Blinky Moon an' Tip Your Hat," said Alfie Lawlor.

Everybody remembers My Ukulele Kiddo—Alfie wrote it.

"We got a fine chance!" said Nolan, the lyricist, sadly.

Lesser pluggers wriggled themselves into closer unity with their pinch-back coats, agitatedly lit cigarettes, and stared at Sammy, the head plugger.

"Pers'nally," said he, "I was to Brooklyn, Trenton an' Philadelphia yesterday, Ben, ridin' herd on acts what swore to be true to us, an' who I ketch doin' S. & S.'s stuff, while they simply ditched ours! Fifteen bucks to the Dalys, when Camille kin be giggled into singin' anything if outside parties just won't city-edit her game! I had her goin' good. Then, last night I gits put out of Madden's Harlem for harmonizin' in the balcony with Duff Brothers and Lolita—that was S. & S. work, for I sawr their man stakin' the guy who takes the balc. tickets. I been made to settle to git into the Eighth Avenue, which means that firm's got every show shop in town staked. Why, they throw their coin round!"

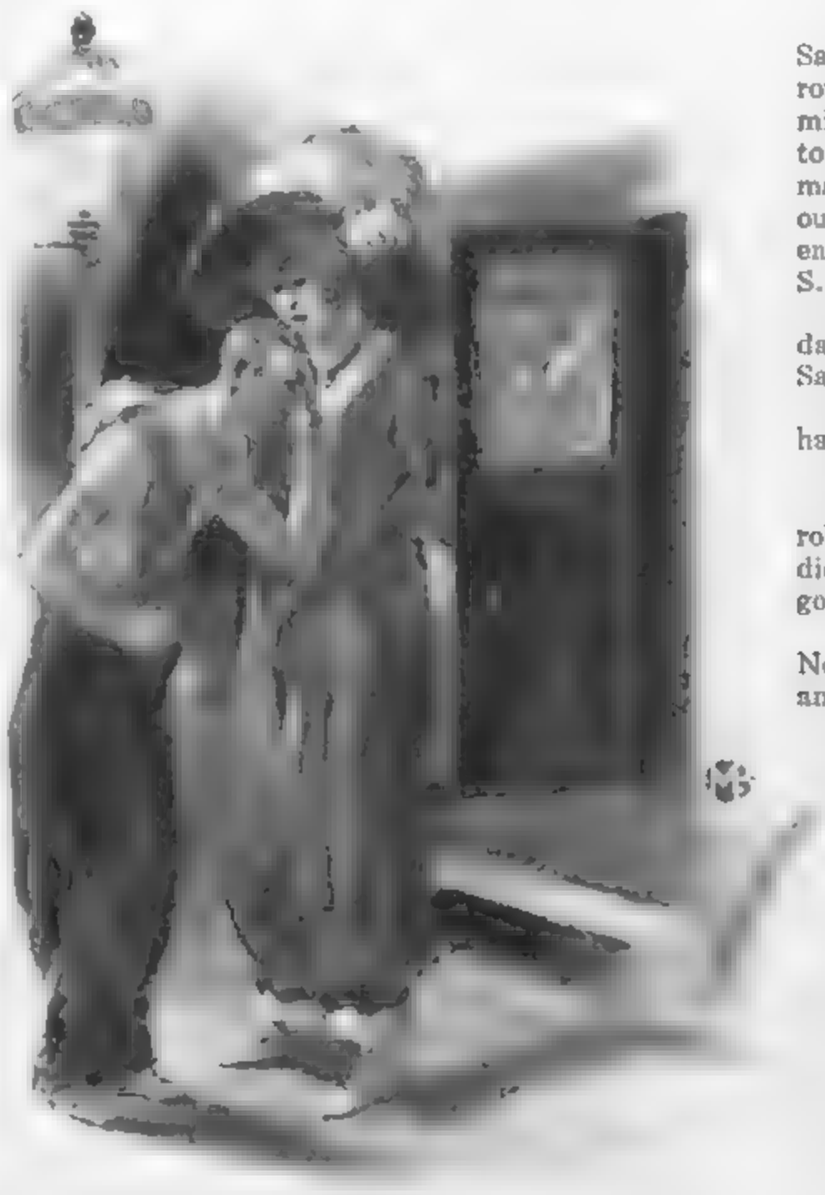
"You're head of the Department of Publicity," said Benny; and Sammy groaned under the accusation in his voice. "The café leaders don't play Everybody or Tropical Moon."

"They been gave orchestrations," said Sammy. "They won't begin until the stuff is sang on stages. I've drilled from cabaret to show shop till I ain't got the pep to flag a bread wagon."

"Sure! You've lost your pep," said Benny.

Sammy exhumed his yellow gloves, muttered despairingly, looked hard at Benny, who scorned him, and drooped toward the elevator. With his sick heart jumping painfully, he went along Forty-sixth Street. At Broadway a vanload of pianos impeded him; and, gazing at them, he thought of the houses and flats where Winky Blinky Moon—instead of Tropical Moon—and Tip Your Hat to Wilson, when art and justice to honest effort should make it Help Everybody Along—would be rattled on those pianos. Family parties, listening, enrapt, to the son who had taken up civil engineering and returned expert only at the dance and the piano, would applaud the ragging of Tip Your Hat, unaware that Help Everybody Along ragged better. Neighbors would hear the S. & S. songs, and go forth to buy their copies.

It was November, the season of indoor gatherings; of people murmuring "That's a pretty thing!" and "Doesn't she play with expression?" and "I don't believe that's too high for my voice." Start a song's vogue now, and in a week San Franciscans would be humming it, and mailing it



"Oh, Sandy—
Listen! I Hear Sneeze's This Can't be Your Cab!"

onward to Australia and the far lands. Sometimes an order came direct from Tokio, from Argentina, from the Pacific Islands. Tropical Moon should be sending its luring sweetness from ten thousand ukuleles, under the real island moon, whose light was whitening the dark coral reefs.

Sammy had tried to make performers realize that the offerings of his firm were worthy. Capital was blocking him. Swartz & Smith were buying pages in Sunday magazine sections; they had revived the ruinous practice of paying artists; their dodgers and throw-aways littered subway trains and hallways, and stuck out of apartment-house mail boxes. They had enticed his best men, and even offered Sammy fifteen dollars more than Benny paid a week.

Broadway was a fevered stream of squawking autos, of stripes and fox furs, white shoes, green hats like his own, glaring immovable blushes, strong perfumery, stronger cigars—people were heading somewhere, anywhere, to skate or dance, and drink. It was the same as on any other week day, and usually he fitted into the stream, nodding here and there. To-day he could not bear it—the very chorus girls nodding at him would feel he was a failure, beaten by circumstances, and tagged as a man who had lost his pep!

Suddenly he was rushing for Eighth Avenue and the stage door of Banner's Varieties. He stood in the second entrance while Sandowlina, billed as the World's Strongest Woman, completed a routine of weight liftings. She signaled him to wait, and began her bag-punching exhibition, her fists, in striking mitts, cracking like shots against the buffeted leather. She bowed briefly to applause. Then four large stage hands filed out; and, two to a side, they hung themselves from her great bared arms. The muscles under her fleshings tautened and, with a heave, she lugged her burden upstage, down again to the foots, lowered one arm until the limp feet of her aids almost touched the stage; then raised them and, with a triumphant cry, ran upstage and off, all four men still depending from her. Sammy clapped with the audience.

"Gee, you sure go big here, Sandy!" he said moodily as she panted past him, taking bows with her ringed hands clutched over her heart. Sandowlina's sweaty round face smiled at him from between thick frizzes of dyed golden hair, and she said:

"Well, I work for it, Sam! Are you ailin', Sammy dear? You got the look of a poor, pale, sufferin' lamb. Come on to the dressin' room an' tell me."

He sat on her theater trunk, while she concealed her fleshings under a dark wool robe, wound her loosened back hair into a wad, and frankly removed her frizzes. After mopping her skin with cold cream, she powdered modestly over healthily red cheeks and resumed the frizzes, observing him with kind gray eyes.

"I've lost my pep!" he said with a big gulp. "Oh, Sandy, I am sufferin'—a guy givin' his energy to foggin' round cabarets all night; three-cheerin' a bunch of rummies an' tryin' in vain to make 'em sing our stuff; chasin' to rehearsals an' tunnelin' under producers, seein' kin I make 'em take off sumpin an' substitute a number from our catalogue—I'm more'n sufferin'; I'm dead! It's all ended. I gotta go back into quartet singin' in vodeville. S. & S. got me licked!"

"No; never! Buck up, lambie; it only needs a big, darin' idea to get your songs over in spite of 'em," said Sandowlina.

He edged from the trunk to grab at her warm, soothing hand that was advancing toward his.

"There, poor lamb!" she cooed.

"This—this mornin' I glims a dame in sort of Grecian robes or sumpin," he went on. "She had a crowd. Them didos git publicity. Nothin' came to me, though. I'm gone! They fell for her; a reg'lar mob was trailin'."

"It's in the paper: 'Daughter of Hellenes comes to show New York dances of Ancient Greece. Wears ancient garb and gets police permit after fracas in which many in crowd are injured.' She's at the Hotel Verry, in Fifth Avenue. But don't you care, Sammy dear, Sandy's with you!"

"Oh, Sandy!" he cried. "I know you are. What's the Greek party's lay—mornin' dances at five a throw, eh? Seems like, when I see anybody else with a crowd that ought by rights to be mobbin' us for songs, I can't stand it. The Six-Day Bike Race starts Monday, an' I got only two pluggers to my name—an' them are fools."

"Get lady pluggers!" said Sandowlina; and he sat up, staring. "I bet you could hire the Greek woman—think if you had her for a plant in a box, singin', or, if she can't, lookin' Greek an' mysterious, an' maybe tossin' dodgers with your choruses every time the band played your songs! By gracious, Sam, I'm layin' off next week myself, an' you know the deep barytone I got—I could plug!"

Sammy was standing now, and he cried: "Inspirer! Talk about a pal! I'll do it! I'll dash up there now an' sign her up. Gee, you darlin' Sandy kid, you've gave me heart an' strength—inspirin', full of ideas ——"

"But you got the genius to carry 'em out!"

"Why, one dub is all I am, girlie; while you ——"

With shining eyes he admired her. Sandowlina, flushed and trembly, lost her maternal air and seemed afraid. She moved to the trunk and sat there; and, standing by her, he could put an arm about her neck easily. She was much the taller when both were erect. Abruptly they kissed, and Sammy said fondly:

"You big little inspirin' rascal! Oh, Sandy, a whole year knowin' you, an' just to-day findin'—findin' —— Gee, kin you imagine us two takin' our own troupe out an' bookin' non-Syndicate time—you with your act an' stagin' the others, an' me out front an' doin' the managin'? Put this here flash on, presh—it'll hock for two hundred any day, dearie; an' I want my presh to have it."

The impressive diamond winked at Sandowlina—the bauble was known among song pluggers as Sammy's big ring. Through rosy mists she saw a future wherein she walked beside Sammy as his own familiar friend.

"Oh, Sam, you had me goin' the first night I seen you! An', hon, about that Greek lady—you won't fall in love with her, will you? Promise!"

"Who, me? No chancet, Sandy! If I kin I'll be round to take you out to browse—you got the big ring, ain't you?"

She nodded, with a happy sigh. He kissed her attractive red lips; and at the door he reached up, while she bent down, and they kissed again.

"Inspirer! Me for you, presh! You got me win!"

An eager throng had gone into Madison Square Garden on Monday night. When a blowy November snow eddied and drifted through the evening shadows of Saturday, many of the first arrivals were still within, renewing tickets when necessary, eating, drowsing, and waking to shout when spills or sprints vivified the Six-Day Bicycle Race. Entrance was through a slopped lobby lined with uniformed police and plain-clothes men, who frequently halted a rushing line of ticket holders to signal persons who left with guilty docility. Sweatered youths and men were in groups, secretly consulting, or placing bets.

The basement—where in stalls, aforetime used by horse-show and circus animals, the six-day men off shift might sleep if they preferred that to their camps inside—sent a reek of disinfectants and iodoform gauze. Anæmic rat-eyed men nasally cried that you couldn't tell the riders

without a program! Shoving through the press, the wrong side of a planked incline—the track—loomed above, and rumblings indicated the passage of wheels. Resolute guards warned people to get a red check or they couldn't get in again. Worried female ushers were shrilly trying to oust squatters from seats demanded by rightful occupants.

For nearly the length of a long crosstown block tiers of seats and boxes rose toward the Garden's roof, and from the highest rained greasy papers that had recently clad ham sandwiches, peanut shells, sometimes a bottle—bottles sent victims upward to fight verbally or physically until disgusted police came to unwind the battlers. In all sections waiters, with trays, loudly asked who wanted drinks or cigars.

There were fifteen teams in the race, and one or both members of a team could be on the track. Partners, frayed by dreary hours of riding through the smoke-hazed, vitiated air, slept dopily in little trackside camps, where trainers and handlers cooked over alcohol, and admirers came to stare with pleasure at the blanket-swathed form of an idol. If one of these started up at a yell announcing the stealing of a lap, that part of the audience near him clapped. Infatuated ladies came down into the infield to the camps, eying and smiling as a bemused rider was hoisted aboard his bicycle and sent wabbling up the incline to join the rest. The plank-floored infield held a restless human stew, weaving in and out among the camps, laughing, quarreling, smoking, eating as they moved.

A band in the third gallery stopped playing, and over the raucous cries of popcorn men and waiters a megaphone said:

"Room for Princess Penelope of Greece! Ladies an' ge'l'mun, git that grand song success, Help Everybody——"

But other megaphones deadened the notes of the first. A piano tinkled thinly, other pianos sounded, and megaphones boomed:

"Y' gotta tip-a your hat to-a Wilson!
The lad who's a-leading us right.
We won't dig no trenches; war stuff he quenches;
Amurica's for peace, an' not fight!"

Suddenly the galleries sent forth a tremendous purring, peanut shells came in a mighty hail, and those in the nearer arena seats bade each other look at the Greek woman—the Greek man too. See him—helping her to climb on top of the piano, while he sang through his megaphone? And look at the other lady, nimbly leaping to a place beside him on the piano! The Swartz & Smith pluggers, somewhere among the four pianos for which space had been bought by their firm, gave more of Tip Your Hat.

"I've Lost My Pep!" He Said With a Big Gulp

Sammy Martin, in a deftly draped toga of crimson, with kilts of chaste white—the costumer had sworn it was strictly Grecian, and Princess Penelope had actually said he looked every inch a Greek noble—stood between the Princess, impressive in draperies of violet, sandaled, violet banded as to her golden hair, regal in her remoteness from the grinning mob below, and Sandowlina. The latter was in a natty coat and trouser-skirt of purple velvet, cuffed at ankles and wrists with white fox. A great cloth-of-gold hat with a purple plume sat upon her frizzes, and from its shade she said passionately:

"Sam, here an' now I refuse to do all our singin' with her standin' there since Monday, an' merely stallin'—not doin' one note even; an' her nose in the air at that!"

The harried sigh that Sammy sent into his megaphone came forth as a mild bellow; and, without other reply, he shouted:

"All ready! Play, Izzy, like you never done before!"

The enemy quartet had stopped to breathe, and Sandowlina, after one angry sob, sang in a compelling bass into her megaphone, Sammy joining her:

"'F he falls down, he'p 'im up again; he's-a weak an' you're strong.
To leave a pal is wrong.
Plenty good pickin'; don't stop to be kickin';
Jus'-a he'p everybody yes, a-he'p ev'rybody a-lo-ong!"

"Once again!" roared Sammy; and the Princess, alertly following his orders, threw copies of Help Everybody Along toward the massed faces beneath her.

In the arena seats there was excitement enough to cause the bunched riders to straighten backs bent over handlebars and look at Sadie Landers' Brass Ladies' Octet, blonde and beauteous in gold-trimmed red uniforms, and blaring, to the direction of Sammy, down in the infield, the stirring march number. The Swartz & Smith pianos and pluggers racketed the rival chorus. People in the galleries sang, and those whom the Princess' gifts had reached answered the appeal of her luring dark-blue eyes and sang with her party instead of against it. Izzy, the pianist, played like a maniac. His long-nosed, yellowish face was close to the keyboard, and he volleyed the words as his fingers released a wild stream of melodious noise.

"Cheese, Sadie; blow!" roared Sammy at the girls in red.

The Brass Ladies hid themselves and their shining instruments within voluminous dark capes, and another minute saw them exit behind a sign that bade the public buy Banner's Rubber Heels. Languid policemen gathered where the spirited octet had been and, after caucusing, moved off. Sadie and her band were safely in an upper box now, ready to perform when her field glass should reveal Sammy's next plan for publicity. The Garden Band began; and a fat policeman, signaling Sammy, said he had better get out of that before he was made to get. He threatened the enemy, also; and Sammy stepped to Izzy's bench, tenderly aiding the Princess to descend.

"An' I kin stick here or jump—is that it?" cried Sandowlina.

"You're stronger'n I am," muttered Sammy; and, taking an arm of the Princess, he called: "Gangway there for Princess Penelope!"

They strolled royally away; but, bounding down, Sandowlina overtook them and, grasping Sammy's kilt, she hissed:

"I bear no more, Sam Martin—not even allowed to be introduced to your lady friend, looked at impudent by her when my singin' is gettin' her notoriety those clothes never could! Then, to see her eatin' chicken casserole under a palm with you, meal in an' out, an' me pluggin' my soul out just for you! It was me that thought it out at the start—an' I dare you to deny it!"

"She vulgare! You come wiz me," said the Princess haughtily.

"Princess Penelope, indeed!" said Sandowlina, weeping publicly.

"Her name ain't spoke like envelope," exclaimed Sammy. "'El-o-pe! Now say, have we gotta have every starin' hick from Rooty Ta Tootville gittin' a earful? Later I'll talk to you, Sandy; but this party's awful reserved."

"Oh, I scorn you an' hate all men—the brutes!" heaved Sandowlina; she thrust the big ring into his hand. "It was me brought Miss Landers; an'—b'l'e me!—I can take her away!"

"The both of you are under contract to Ben—no pluggin', no salary!"

"I will bust the dial of the man darin' to hold back pay due me!" said Sandowlina; and as evidence of her prowess she angrily pushed over several interested males, who fell one upon the other as, with a groan, she sobbed her way toward the pianos. Sammy uneasily watched her until the Grecian lady touched his hand.

"Oh, so pret-ty reeng!" said the graceful creature delightedly. "Please, I like I see heem. Me, I love di'mond!"

She glowed at him and Sammy thrilled. She glowed longer, and he held out the ring, and in another instant it was on her slim, shiny-nailed finger.

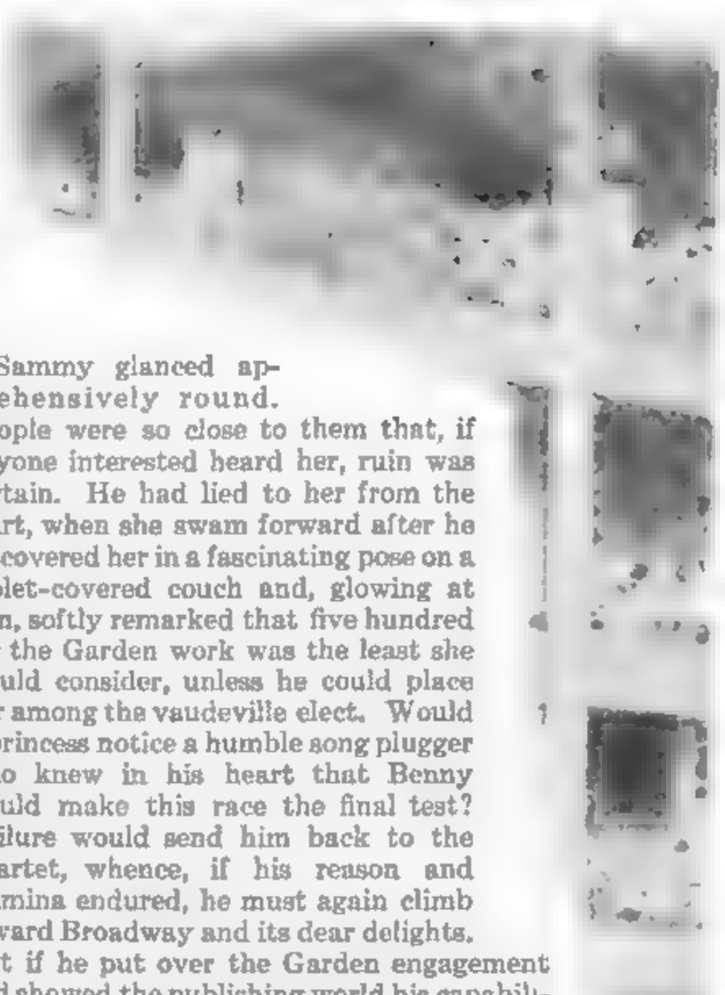
"Queen! I know what livin' is, at last!" he said, close to her ear; he needn't reach up and feel short and physically inferior to this one! "Gee, I ust to read about that early Greek civ'lization an' Boolgarian culture; an' now I see 'em, in you! It seems like each hour I'm gittin' more refined myself—more fitlike to go on over to them storied isles where your pawr's palace is, an' order them slaves—or whatever it is a party has there, you know. You wasn't kiddin' about glommin' a title for me?"

"I ask ze king for somesing," said Penelope of Greece. "But how you do about my geet that bookang for thirty week, eh? You so promise me."

"Listen! Trust me, can't you? I tell you I'll have the managers fightin' for your act; though, at that, dancin's been did till a little act's got to take what they kin grab. Then, foreign turns comin' on every boat ——"

Penelope withdrew her arm from his and she made her glow a glitter.

"What, sare!" she exclaimed. "You are Mistare Von Linden, ze beeg song writare, weeth beeg song publeesh 'ouse; you promise me, when I ac-cep' zat contempt' feefty dollare for one week, 'ow I am know zose manager!"



Sammy glanced apprehensively round. People were so close to them that, if anyone interested heard her, ruin was certain. He had lied to her from the start, when she swam forward after he discovered her in a fascinating pose on a violet-covered couch and, glowing at him, softly remarked that five hundred for the Garden work was the least she would consider, unless he could place her among the vaudeville elect. Would a princess notice a humble song plugger who knew in his heart that Benny would make this race the final test? Failure would send him back to the quartet, whence, if his reason and stamina endured, he must again climb toward Broadway and its dear delights. But if he put over the Garden engagement and showed the publishing world his capabilities—— She had glowed maddeningly when his thoughts slowed and he stared at her.

To her third glow he said he could do it; his brother was head of a great circuit, his uncle held the Far West in one hand, and she should have the influence of Benny Von Linden—even in Greece she ought to have heard of Monkey Wedding Day and Meet Me in Rosetime, Rosie, and Let Me be Your Romeo—the Von Linden songs! She flushed suddenly; and, remembering that women weaken before a masterful way, he caught her slim hand, crying:

"The fact is, I seen you this mornin', an' I fell; an' I ain't the fallin' kind!"

This was a justice he dared not withhold from Benny, who wasn't. Rapidly he outlined the things he could do for a lady desirous of theatrical advancement. And secretly he said to himself: It was marvelous! This Princess—for you could tell she was, even if she never forgot to mention it—listening to him, eager for his words! She was wakening his best powers with her strange unsettling glows, which chilled and heated and frightened him.

"But you'd be directly under my pers'nal care in the Garden, an' to keep the public notched up you wouldn't know my staff. Just me."

Sammy had to inform Sandowlina that it would help the publicity if the Princess made no acquaintances. He was buying expensive lunches, dinners and suppers in the Garden Restaurant. During former races he had eaten hot dogs and popcorn slices in the infield; and Benny had refused an expense account for entertaining the Princess. It was costly; and Sandowlina, left to the escort of Izzy and the consumption of hot dogs in the latter's society, had on Monday said it was a queer way to do; Tuesday she told him twice that few women would put up with much of that stuff. Sadie Landers' Brass Ladies were so many spies upon him, and by Wednesday the trombonist tattled to Sandowlina that Sammy continually made moon-eyes at his Grecian employee, and had kissed her hand twice.

He swore this was all for effect, and, to Sandowlina's embarrassingly candid queries, he said of course he loved her; but when a man had business—— He looked past her as he talked, and the World's Strongest Woman wept through her fashionable nose veil. This angered instead of softened him, and he had to keep on looking past her, so she would not see the distaste in his eyes—why couldn't she have some discretion and learn that a man wanted to do the urging? And she was too big! Too familiar too; friendly with everybody and hitting fellows on the back as she called them "Old pal!" The Princess had coat boys and waiters groveling, and she sent back dishes and cried that the service was awful; and they ate with half the servitors in the place swarming about them anxiously. Sandowlina was as polite to a waiter as to a manager and knew the waiters' names the second time she visited a restaurant.

Sammy had bought an arena box, and on Friday appeared therein with the Princess, who had thought of a fine plan for more notice: She would throw roses at Sid Snogger, the most interesting feature in the race. Imaginative Sammy planned further: He would start a rumor about Snogger, the Australian champion, who was doing the work of two men since that morning, when Driscoll, his partner, had been hurt and forced permanently to withdraw. She could throw a couple and compel his interest; then Sammy would go down and dicker with him. If the race leader would wave and look at her, in an hour the Garden regulars would scent romance.

The rose tossing began early, and Snogger, straightening his flattened back as he approached the box, was looking. His trainer, a wizened little elderly Queenslander, had already skirted the infield fence to observe the cause of his charge's brightening air. Sammy exulted. Presently rested riders came on the track, relieving their partners, and on the bent backs of the newcomers were lettered, in black on white, the words: Tip, Your, Hat, To, and Wilson.

Gradually the field was decorated with signs advising spectators to sing that beautiful novelty, Winky Blinky Moon, by Swartz & Smith. Every rider except Snogger wore one!

"Why you not mak' you zose sign for Snoggare?" asked Penelope, and Sammy rushed for Snogger's camp, panting later to a sign painter. Just before the passage with Sandowlina, Snogger rode downhill, drank a cone of thick rice soup, took a banana—he trained on rice and bananas—and mounted a relief bicycle, whose wheels carried signs that said: Sing Tropical Moon, by Von Linden, and Help Everybody Along, March Success. Penelope stood up to hurl a rose, and Snogger turned his large, heavy face toward the box as a hairy hand grabbed the blossom.

"Oh, you Snogger champeen!" roared Sammy, and all about them clapped.

From fourth position, where he was snugged, allowing the pacemakers to break the wind for him, Snogger shot ahead and streaked round the course. The loafing field sprinted after him; Nalor, the American, a beflagged flash as on a light eighty-gear he led the chase; Snogger, on a heavy hundred-and-twelve, which only beef and speed combined could handle, well ahead, until he lapped them all.

"Snoggare! 'Urrah!" screamed the Princess; Sammy cheered.

When Snogger next came round he rode so close to the top of the incline that Sammy uneasily hoped he would not actually enter the box. The Princess smiled graciously as a hoarse voice said to her:

"That prize money's mine now. Love-a-duck, you're beautiful!" When Sammy led her through the basement and up into the infield to aid Sandowlina against the cohorts of Swartz & Smith, the pushing crowd had mostly heard that the Australian must win the big event or lose the Greek lady's favor. Many thought she wasn't a Greek—just an actress in costume. But any actress is as exciting as a possible princess. And when Penelope magnificently looked them from her path, bearing their scrutiny of her bared arms and naked shoulders with complete indifference, they said yes, she was a princess.

"She's only came over here Red-Crossin' for her pawr's subjects," Sammy told a man who inquired.

He ceased feeling ashamed of his own unclad legs, and his red toes resting upon red-banded sandals. Let them snicker. The tone in which he ordered Sadie Landers' Brass Ladies became imperious. During pauses between band selections he heard Help Everybody Along whistled in the galleries. A busy waiter accurately sang the words to another waiter, who asked what the signs borne by Snogger were about. Thrills of triumph excited Sammy as he stood on the piano. And now Penelope was angry.

"Listen, angel!" he entreated. "Bookin'—yes, o' course. I already got this great mob hanging on your least flicker, ain't I, crool one? There'll be seven thousand here for the finish to-night; an', with all that, if you'd but flee with me to that there cypress-fringed Greek isle where you said your pawr would build us a palace, an' together we was to watch the fawn-footed dawn approach, why me out of here an' forgit it all, on the bit! Leave us go git our same table in the caffy, an' the waiter what spoke to you in Greek."

"No, no!" said Penelope strangely. "Not heem! I not like heem!"

"You was talkin' to him when I paid the check."

"I say no! Why you don't teleegrawph your uncle, that 'old the West in hees feenger, for geet my bookang?"

"But wait, queenie! Now if Snogger wins, the winning team's booked at Jones' Palace Vodeville at a thousand for the week. They just ride on patent rollers an' look foolish, 'cause they ain't got the savvy to act any—see? Now if he wins, doin' it as a one-man with the rest two to two against him, his pard bein' out, the town'll resound with it. I'm goin' straight to Jones to git you on the same bill, me as your manager—see? Seein' what my genius has did right here, can't you trust me?"

Suddenly she glowed; and as they hurried through the smelly basement, up the front stairway and through the noisy lobby toward their box, he felt the scorn she showed toward grinning persons who remarked his costume; and he said:

"Curse the proletariat! Who d' they think they're kiddin'?"

Cremont, of the French pair, was sprinting when they reached the box; and, like a fast freight, Snogger pursued, without quite heading, until the weaker Cremont gave up, and the riders all settled into lethargy. Snogger ate a banana as he slowed; and, passing, he lifted his large, three-day-bearded, woodish face toward Penelope, calling:

"Sweet as a wattle blossom, you are! Wite for me w'en it's hover."

Penelope smiled acknowledgment.

"The big, conceited lob!" muttered Sammy. "Just a big animal, with no brains! I proved that, for I ain't slippin' him a nickel for packin' the signs. I just tells the trainer you're stuck on the Snogger party, an' it come out he'd piped you even before we throwed the first rose. It's just you watchin' keeps him goin'; they got him hopped with cola nut an' coffee."

Again Sid Snogger rode up the incline, his fellow slaves glancing dully at the Princess.

"Shived an' wearin' my Sunday clabber, I aren't like now," said Snogger hoarsely from the track; and, warmed by the glow, he rode off at a clip that roused the field.

"Sooch a mooscles he got!" said Penelope, staring after him while she made a new complexion with tools from a silver bag.

"An' he draw thousan' dollare next week?"

"Aw, leave us drop him a while, hon, an' talk of us an' Greece," begged Sammy.

"All Ready! Play, Izzy, Like You Never Done Before!"

But Penelope would not converse. She looked thoughtfully at Snogger coming, and she waved to his adoring look. Once she murmured:

"He sooch a strong."

"Gwan, y' big lime-juicer! Pianner on that stuff; lay off for a while," said Sammy at Snogger's next brief visit.

"Who you commandin'?" demanded Snogger hotly, and Penelope giggled.

"I'll be roun' hissin' his act if he ain't careful. Quit smilin' so much at him, dear, won't you? The idear is, keep him distantlike, you know."

She laughed, smiling and kissing white fingers toward Snogger, while in obvious distress Sammy removed his red fez and fanned his hot face with it. He had to work to persuade her to go to the restaurant for a light dinner, and he strove through the crowd, ahead of her, proudly shouting:

"Gangway for Princess Penelope! Gangway!"

"No; I want to sit thees tabble by the door," she objected.

He preferred the notice they received when crossing to the farthest corner. They were seated when Penelope uneasily looked about, started, and instantly declared she wished no dinner, would not stay there—no; not for a second! Expostulating, he had to follow; but, looking back, he glimpsed Sandowlina at a table, earnestly listening to the waiter who had once addressed Penelope in her own tongue. The man was making violent gestures, while Sandowlina nodded and clenched both of her diamonded hands. Sammy was willing to go after this sight. Telling that fellow about their affairs, was she?

"All right, presh! I'll grab some hot dogs an' order up a quart of grape to the box," he said. "It gives a personal touch; an' a audience likes that. She kin have all of the caffy."

They were silent as they munched and sipped. It was seven o'clock, and prices had been raised for the final hours; but people were jamming by the box, climbing over seats, arguing with exhausted female ushers, asking each other who they were pushing, anyway? Ham-sandwich papers fell thickly about Penelope, who pettishly shrugged them off.

Their sandaled feet moved in two inches of peanut shells flung from the gallery. The haze thickened until the unaided eye must stare hard to see when the scorer at the Fourth Avenue end chalked a change in miles and laps on the great board.

Eleven teams were tied for the lead, and one lap meant victory.

Snogger was an even-money favorite in the betting, and the little mink-faced Queenslander had told Sammy to have a wager on Sid. He was a strong finisher and he would outlast the teams. The crowd seemed to agree with Snogger's hopeful trainer, for they cheered wildly if he gave the least excuse for it. Over the din of the infield a megaphone spoke, and Sammy, rising, raised his bare arms twice.

This was the signal to an unseen Sadie Landers, whose orders were to watch the box and immediately move into action.

Below, all the Swartz & Smith pianos clattered out the vamp of Tip Your Hat! Sammy took a handful of dodgers from a box under his chair. As he turned he saw Benny Von Linden, silk-hatted, slim and handsome, in evening clothes; and Benny was thrusting toward the box. Abruptly Sammy's mind was in turmoil, for some men and women in the next box were standing, singing with the pluggers in the infield the odious words of Tip Your Hat! Madly he signaled, praying that the Brass Ladies would see. Where were they? He thought he could hear Izzy battling alone against the infield enemies. Where was Sandowlina? There was no one on Izzy's piano—it was too thronged below to see the instrument, but anyone using it as an eminence could be viewed by the whole audience. Blindly he tried to give a dodger to an occupant

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A Tremendous Sound Ascended as He Collided With Snogger—the Field Rumbled On

SHOESTRINGS

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VI

THE sunshine of a glorious November morning was pouring down on the sea, the beach and the palm-lined streets of the town beside it, when Mr. James Alsop, late of the hemp and sisal trade, awoke in the dainty chintz-lined bedroom of his Coronado bungalow. Ungluing, as he rolled over, a single sticky eyelid, the young man peered at the clock on the stand beside him. The hands marked five minutes or so past twelve; and groaning slightly, he unglued another eye and gazed about the room. Peachblow pink was the general note of the bedroom's decoration; and with another groan, a twinge as of pain, Mr. Alsop shut his eyes. In the midst of this he was conscious that the bungalow's doorbell was ringing.

It had been ringing for several minutes now. Whoever was ringing it appeared to be leaning on the push button too; for after a few preliminary bursts and trills it now had settled down to a steady, uninterrupted chatter.

Mr. Alsop raised his voice.

"Suki!" he called. "You, Suki!"

There was no response, so he called again.

"Hi, there! The honorable doorbell! Banzai!"

As still only the echoes answered, Mr. Alsop groaned again. Then, still groaning, he arose.

"Mr. Tams, Meet Sir Lionel Vaussaur! Sir Lionel, Meet Mr. Tams!"

For two seasons now the young man had been a familiar figure at the beach. Equipped with money, it seemed, with that and a wardrobe epic in its style and variety, he was seen everywhere. One with money and a wardrobe can do that readily at Coronado—be seen, you know. Mr. Alsop's waistcoats alone were enough to assure that.

The night before, having attended a dance at the hotel, he and the friends with him had adjourned subsequently for eggs. The eggs were scrambled, Coronado style, and afterward there was cards. At five A. M., as he recalled, he had sat with four queens and an ace held closely to his shirt bosom. Little wonder he groaned now. Across the table, his *vis-à-vis*, a rancher from the Imperial Valley, was pressing to himself at the same moment the seven, eight, nine, ten and jack of clubs.

Mr. Alsop groaned again at the remembrance.

On the step outside, his thumb affixed to the button, was a young man in a soft hat and a suit of striped blue flannels. He had his hat pulled down, jammed over his eyes, in fact; and about him, otherwise, was manifest an air of morose gloom and dejection. Not till the door opened did he remove his finger from the push button.

"Did you ring?" Mr. Alsop was inquiring, veiled sarcasm in his tone, when abruptly he started. "Joe!" he exclaimed.

His tone marveling, then, he gave another ejaculation:

"Well, back from th' dead! Back from th' dead! When did you walk in?"

"I didn't," said Joe Babbett, for it was he. "I plushed my way here in a Pullman. Get out of my way and let me in," he morosely added. "I want to talk to you."

Murmuring still, as in wonder, "Back from th' dead, back from th' dead!" Mr. Alsop stood aside to let his visitor enter. Not since he had quit the hemp and sisal industry had he laid eyes on his one-time friend and townsman. Fresno was their home town. Their ways had long diverged.

Without removing his hat or in the least altering his air of submerged gloom, Joe Babbett gazed about him. Chintz draped the living room too; the chairs and sofa were gilt-legged, with shrimp-pink upholstering; and on the walls were gold-framed engravings.

"So this is the place, is it?" inquired Joe, adding: "Looks like a canary cage, don't it?"

"What d'ye mean, 'place'?" interrogated Mr. Alsop obscurely. His air defensive, he gave the leg of his pyjamas a hitch. The pyjamas were silk, lavender as to background, with broad stripes of sky-blue running down them. "Got any kicks coming?" he asked.

His former associate had no kicks.

"I heard about it," said Joe, indicating the room and its surroundings. "I got it in San Francisco that where you lived was like one of those Minnie Maddern Fiske second acts—where she leaves the farm, you know, and is lured to the big city. It is."

"Cut out the josh," his host directed, inquiring also: "What's the plot, bub?"

Joe, before replying, drew up one of the gilt-legged chairs. After assuring himself gingerly that the chair was meant to be sat in, not just for ornament, he crossed one knee over the other.

"Th' plot is," he said, "that a friend of mine—you c'n call him that—has hired these works. That's why I've come down to see you. His name is Tams."

"J. Lester Tams," assented Mr. Alsop, nodding. Mr. Tams was to take possession that evening, and Mr. Alsop inquired: "Know him, then?"

"All but the J. Lester," returned Joe; "I get the Lester, but the J. is new to the label. Probably he got it with the money. He has it, you know."

"They all have it here, money," said Mr. Alsop. A faint tone of regret, dissatisfaction, crept into his voice as he spoke. "They keep theirs sewed in their inside pockets," he said. However, having found himself a cigarette and lighted it, his face composed itself into its usual jejune stolidity. "He'll need it," he observed.

Probably it was to Mr. Tams' money he referred, and so Joe inferred. Mr. Alsop's air of secret regret, however, had not escaped Joe; and after a sharp glance of scrutiny, he remarked:

"He has oodles, Jim—Tams—oodles! His was a killing too!"

Mr. Alsop was seen to start.

"A killing?"

"You guessed it," Joe answered. "It was in the market."

Mr. Alsop started again. At the word "market" the start he gave was acrobatic.

"Well?" inquired Joe.

"Nothing," replied his host. His lips compressed, he was breathing thickly. "What was the killing in?" he demanded suddenly. "Was it a war baby?" It was. A war stock was the source, indeed; and Mr. Alsop breathed more thickly than before. "Nineveh Steel, by any chance?" he asked.

Again he had guessed correctly; and, leaning back, he made a futile effort to jam both hands into his trousers pockets. As he was wearing pyjamas, and pyjama legs are without pockets, he desisted presently.

"Tipped to buy, wasn't he? You get it—buy?"

"Sure, he bought," returned Joe. "Why?"

Mr. Alsop's face for a brief instant convulsed itself, his mouth working as if he swallowed. Understanding, and with it rage, seemed to dawn briefly in his eyes.

"Nothing," he replied again. "Nothing."

When Joe Babbett consolingly said "I hope not," his host returned: "Nothing you'd understand—just murder."

In a vague way now Joe Babbett seemed to have grasped the cause of the other's disquiet, his own gloom subsiding as Mr. Alsop's grew. But though it was "murder" his host had mentioned, Joe did not press the topic. Repressing a grin for a moment, he fell silent.

Jimmy Alsop, in the meanwhile, still swallowing thickly, was muttering to himself; and after another sharp look, Joe broke the silence.

"Say," he said, "what's it cost to be a gentleman?"

Engaged now in nibbling his fingers, and astonished at the question, Mr. Alsop awoke out of his reverie to stare.

"A what?"

"You got it the first guess," replied Joe. "What do they tax you at the gate, and can it be done?"

Another stare.

"You don't mean to tell me you ——" Jimmy Alsop was inquiring, when Joe cut him short.

"Nothing like that," he said hurriedly. "I should worry!" Then he added: "Do I look it?"

"No," agreed Mr. Alsop instantly; "no." His eye wandering to Joe, to Joe's blue flannels and the soft hat still jammed down to Joe's ears, Mr. Alsop said it again: "No."

"Yes, I heard you," said Joe.

"Well, who then?" asked Mr. Alsop.

"Tams," said Joe.

His mouth opening, Mr. Alsop got the news. "No!" he murmured.

"No nothing—I said yes," returned Joe Babbett, to which his host responded: "Say, who is this Tams, and why?"

Joe blinked.

"He was in dry goods—you know—dry goods," he replied, his manner evasive; but his host did not seem to heed. At this juncture a new curiosity inspired him.

"Where do you get on?" he inquired.

Joe, just about to say something, paused. A faint color at the same time crept into his cheek, and his eyes fell. Evidently the question confused him, for in his embarrassment he began to stammer explanations. It was something or other about a house party Mr. Tams was giving to celebrate his entry into Coronado. A lot of guests were coming; and that was why he'd dropped in. It was on account of the guests.

"You see, don't you?" he inquired.

Mr. Alsop was staring at him fixedly.

"No, I don't," he said; "I don't see it at all."

Joe hurriedly began all over again.

He was in the midst of it, his air eager, his haste the more evident, when his host cut him short.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Alsop impatiently. "I get Poulsen—you've told me twice he's in electricity; and I get Mrs. Wallop. She has a brother-in-law at Los Angeles."

"Yes, comes from Kansas," said Joe rapidly. "He's a banker."

"I get the banker, yes; and I get Klotch; I get the Tumultys, too, and the lady named Minch," said Mr. Alsop. "Only I don't see yet where you get on. Is the Minch the one?" he inquired.

Again the color started in Joe's face. Rising furiously, it mantled him to the brow. Then as swiftly as it had risen it subsided, when some other sensation seemed to fire him. Joe stuck out his jaw.

"Cancel the josh," said Joe thickly. Among Mr. Tams' guests was a certain party. Miss Negley was the name. It was in Miss Negley that Joe was interested; and if Jimmy Alsop didn't wish to start something he'd better not get gay.

Such a thing was farthest from Mr. Alsop's thoughts.

"You see, it's this way," said Joe: "We've had a fallout, only that's nothing. She's got a lot of money too; and when these folks included themselves in on Tams—Poulsen, you know, Mrs. Wallop, the Tumultys, Klotch, Mrs. Niblo, and I don't know what—she got mixed in with it. She's looking to see the high life too," explained Joe; "she comes from San José, and she's heard all about it. On with the dance, let joy be unrefined!"

"Money, did you say?" inquired Mr. Alsop sharply.

"She's good and she's lovely," said Joe, "and I'd hate it if she got in Dutch. I'd knock his block off if she did. Some fellow, you know," he said, "might get gay—some swell."

Then humbly, his face clouded, Joe faced Jimmy Alsop.

"You're next to the frozen faces, aren't you? See she gets in right, won't you? If any of those polo swells down at the rink get fresh you let me know, won't you?"

"The rink?"

"Yes, the ice rink—where they play it," said Joe. When Mr. Alsop replied that they played polo on horses, not ice, Joe's expression did not change.

"It's nothing to me. You'll get her in right, won't you?" he pleaded. But Mr. Alsop didn't know.

It could be done, of course; it had been done before; but it wasn't easy. They were a touchy bunch, those frozen faces, the swells at Coronado. Ringers had been rung in on them, he said.

Miss Negley was no ringer. She was good and she was good looking; and, persuaded finally, Mr. Alsop shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well," he murmured. "When do they make Coronado—that bunch, your friends?"

They were there already. That is, they were in San Diego, across the bay, and were coming over that afternoon.

Mr. Alsop said he'd do his best. He did not look very hopeful though.

VII

CORONADO, as it is well known to geographers, the social sort especially, is situated on an island, the ocean on one side, the bay on another, and San Diego harbor on the third. Down the coast is the United States aviation station, but never mind about that. The essential features of the resort are the hotel, the country club and the bungalows that line its sunlit streets.

Mr. Tams crossed the ferry from San Diego seated in a taxicab. It never would have done for him to walk, or to ride in a street car either. There were reasons for this.

He had donned for the occasion a gray diagonal morning coat, white waistcoat and striped trousers, his costume further glorified by yellow suède gloves, patent-leather boots and a silk hat, the hat probably the first of its sort seen for some time at Coronado. His attire, in fact, had caused him no little study. He had questioned whether he should not don the white-flannel yachting suit Pincus & Bloom had designed for him. With it went white buckskin shoes, perforated on the binding, and a light blue yachting cap. The cap had an anchor and twined cable embroidered on it in red silk.

After reflection, however, he had decided to save this for future occasion. If anyone gave a lawn party or a *thé dansant* he would wear it then. Something more formal, more *distingué*, was required now. Why he had engaged a cab, though, was not due entirely to the importance of the moment. The night before he and the others had come down on the steamer from San Francisco; and Mr. Tams, still slightly pale, had yet to get his shore legs.

Mrs. Wallop, with Miss Negley, Miss Minch, the Tumultys, Mr. Poulsen and Mrs. Niblo, had accompanied him. Mr. Klotch was to come later by train, and Mr. Tams had been rather glad of this. Several times during the preparations Klotch had spoken dubiously of the sea voyage, each time giving an account of his experiences, once on a fishing trip outside the Golden Gate, several other times crossing the Sausalito and Tiburon ferries. As Mr. Klotch each time supplied full details Mr. Tams was relieved when Klotch said he'd take the train. It had been distressing enough, as it was, with Poulsen. Then there were Mrs. Wallop, not to mention Mrs. Niblo and Mr. Tumulty.

Mr. Tams had occupied the bridal suite on the way down. Observing that it had twin beds in it, Mr. Poulsen had suggested he should occupy one, at the same time giving up the key to the stateroom he had reserved. "It'll save money, you know," he'd explained. Certainly it did for Mr. Poulsen, but Mr. Tams willingly would have paid for the stateroom given up. He even would have occupied it himself. He wished now he had.

Mrs. Wallop had not dropped off at Los Angeles. She had decided to wait till the return trip to visit her brother-in-law, the Kansas banker. "Me for the sea trip," she'd said. She just adored the sea. After the boat left the wharf she appeared on deck in a gossamer waterproof and a leather yachting cap, carrying a paper bag of bananas. Mr. Tams had declined the bananas when offered him, but Poulsen, Mr. and Mrs. Tumulty and Miss Minch accepted. While Miss Minch did not eat hers but fed it to the sea gulls, Mrs. Wallop and the others did. Mrs. Niblo had a couple of cheese sandwiches in a paper box.

All but Mr. Tams, Miss Minch and Miss Negley were eating when the boat passed out at the heads. A heavy ground swell from the west was running in, and a few minutes later Mr. Poulsen said he guessed he'd go unpack his bag, for his nightgown was in it. A few minutes later Mrs. Tumulty said she guessed she'd go too. So did Mrs. Niblo. One of the cheese sandwiches still remained, but she left it on the deck chair. Mr. Tumulty presently followed, then Mr. Tams, too, had departed. From that time on he saw none of his party, Poulsen excepted, till the steamer reached San Diego. Now he had left them there; and having recovered somewhat from the devastating effects of his sea trip, Mr. Tams had hurried to Coronado.

One Hand Clasping the Malacca Stick, the Other Under the Silken Folds, Mr. Tams Waited

For years he had read about it. For years, mured in his room, Mr. Tams had devoured the social intelligence relating to the resort and its elect. For years, year in and year out, he had prepared himself to take a place in its life. And here he was now at last in the midst of it!

As the taxicab, leaving the ferry, sped along through the streets, every street took to itself, in his rapt attention, special significance. Under these palms the Four Hundred had strolled! Beneath these same wayside olives the elect, the exalted, had sauntered! Exalted to Mr. Tams, at any rate. Thrilled, slightly moist, he bent forward in his seat, his face composed in the expression he thought suitable for the occasion.

At the moment, though, the thoroughfare seemed deserted. Only a few persons, and these of no apparent consequence, were visible to his anxious eye. But then that was to be expected. Two o'clock had just struck; and the *haut monde* would be at lunch—"tiffin," Mr. Tams corrected mentally. He glowed pleasantly at the thought. "Tiffin!" Ere long he would join them there!

A photograph, the illustration in a well-known society magazine he had once seen, recurred to him as he drove along. The picture was a snapshot of Lord Ivor Ipsditch, of Belstair Towers, Gratleigh, Harpenden, Herts., the nobleman being depicted in a smart open landaulet, driving to Epsom on Derby Day. Attired, too, in a morning coat, top hat and suède gloves, his lordship was seen sitting forward, his hands clasped on the crook of a tightly rolled umbrella, while he gazed about him through his monocle with an air of bored, though exquisite, toleration.

An umbrella, under the circumstances, seemed so much smarter than a mere stick; and Mr. Tams had equipped himself with one. The monocle, however, he had not been able to manage. True, he had often tried his before the glass, but as yet he could not make it stick. But the umbrella he had with him. It was tightly wrapped, with a malacca stick and a crooked handle; and bending forward, his air as much Lord Ivor's as he could make it, he rode the length of the boulevard. The hotel came presently into view, its well-known acreage of peaked roofs, gables, turrets, spires, and other architectural what nots, resembling, as it rose out of the live oaks, palms and acacias that surround it, a sort of gigantic birthday cake draped with smilax. Architecturally, however, Mr. Tams was not critical. For that matter, likely, neither was the architect himself. But be that as it may, it was less the look of the place than what it signified that held him thrilled, enthralled. He pored upon it, as one of the faithful, the first time entering Mecca, gazes on Mohammed's mosque.

Just then the cab abruptly stopped. It stopped, in fact, so abruptly that with the sudden jar Mr. Tams almost slid from his seat. Recovering his silk hat, which had been knocked to the cab floor by the jolt, he replaced it on his head, blushing consciously as he did so. Then he glanced through the window. There was a stir of some sort in front of the hotel.

A young woman was coming down the steps. She was in riding dress, a habit of gray tweeds, of the smartest cut imaginable. Trim patent-leather boots peeped from beneath the skirt and on her slender head a jaunty tricorn was perched. Mr. Tams started as he saw her. He was conscious instantly that he knew her face. Where he had seen her, though, he could not guess.

Behind her a young man sauntered. He, too, was in riding togs. Like the young woman's, his attire also was gray tweeds. The coat was swagger, long in the skirts and full, with four large patch-pockets, two on the breast, one at each side. Down its shapely, tightly fitting back a wide pleat opened. The waist was girded by a broad, singly buttoned belt.

"Classy!" murmured Mr. Tams.

The young cavalier, as he strolled down the steps, idly flicked his shapely boots with a riding crop; and as Mr. Tams peered at him, he was conscious, in turn, that he had seen the young man somewhere too. Then it flashed upon him: The two must be of the younger set! He had seen their pictures in the social columns! Breathing swiftly, Mr. Tams leaned from the cab window.

As if to confirm his impression, he saw now that across the driveway, fronting the steps, a photographic camera had been set up. A man was in charge of it; and as the couple sauntered down the steps the man turned the crank.

Their pictures in the paper! Society at Coronado! Mr. Tams wondered what paper it would be; and for a moment deliberating, he was tempted to alight from the cab, and strolling negligently along, appear in the picture too.

At the steps a groom in livery held two riding horses, a pair of sleek, glossy thoroughbreds. Waving the groom aside, the young cavalier bent over, his hand fixed; and the young lady, putting a neatly booted foot into it, sprang lightly into the saddle. Charming, radiant, lovely, she was adjusting the reins in her hand, her mount prancing skittishly as she did so, when her eye, roaming about, all at once chanced on Mr. Tams.

A slight start escaped her. She looked again then, as if involuntarily, her glance centering first on Mr. Tams' silk hat—or so it seemed—then upon his face. Instantly her lips parted, a smile of dazzling radiance overspreading her lovely high-bred features. The next instant, as if remembering herself, she turned away, her smile directed now at the young man beside her.

"I'd Like to See Mr. Niblo Run Off!" Exclaimed Mrs. Niblo

Then, touching spurs to their restless steeds, the two cantered off. The man with the camera, while they were in view, still assiduously turned the crank.

Mr. Tams leaned back, breathing softly. He wondered who the vision was. Vainly he racked his memory for a clew. That she was of the younger set was, of course, evident; but though many of that set were known to him by their pictures in the papers, her identity remained fugitive. So did the young man's.

But she had smiled on him, Mr. Tams remembered that! The augury was propitious.

The taxicab got presently under way. Several other machines, each filled, however, with only the most ordinary persons, had for a moment blocked the way. But when they had gone on, following in the wake of the riders, and curiously quite interested in the couple, the cab, quickening its pace, sped along the drive.

"Coachman! Coachman!" called Mr. Tams, leaning from the window. "The ocean boulevard."

He had given the man *carte blanche* to drive an hour where he willed, but now interest held the upper hand. The ocean drive really was the smart side of Coronado, the locality the newspapers' social columns featured so frequently; and perhaps, for all one knew, Mr. Tams might catch a glimpse of a lawn fête, that or some other function.

"What're ye givin' us—'coachman'?" growled the taxi-driver. Mumbling, he shoved his foot against the accelerator and the cab shot forward.

Mr. Tams was not accustomed to taxicabs; the street car was his usual vehicle. There were straps, too, in street cars; and with these one may steady oneself. Mr. Tams sat down suddenly. Thankful, however, that the vision had not been there to see it, he resumed his seat; and the cab, bowling onward, turned into the ocean drive.

As the first of the chic dwellings came into view Mr. Tams edged forward, his attitude again set, his face composed into its former air of bored toleration. Inwardly, though, his heart fluttered with animate interest. Nothing escaped him. As it happened, however, the drive was deserted. Beside the stone sea wall the sea boomed and the gulls screamed and clattered, but that was all. No lawn parties or other afternoon functions were in evidence. It must be an off day, he reflected; still, that did not dash him. Ere long he began to speculate on who owned the various villas, who lived in them; and how, shortly, he would make his appearance among their occupants as a guest. Probably it would be first at a dinner—new acquaintances always were dined, first, weren't they? He pictured himself participating in that event.

At the door the butler, or if not that person, the second man, would relieve him of his top hat, his top coat, his stick and gloves; then, parting the drawing-room arras, the manservant would announce "Mr. J. Lester Tams," when the honored guest, advancing, would ——

Never mind! Already, in his mind's eye, Mr. Tams saw himself bowing profoundly, murmuring at the same time "Charmed!" when with a jolt, a sudden jar, the taxicab again came to a sudden, disconcerting stop.

"Oh, I say!" said Mr. Tams.

Recovering himself, he peered forth just in time to see the ocean driveway resolve itself into a scene of the most extraordinary confusion and excitement.

Four or five other motors were lined up against the sea wall, their occupants standing up, all gesticulating and yelling together.

Mr. Tams, astounded, had just time to realize that the motors were the same motors and the persons in them the same persons he had seen before the hotel, when beyond, coming down the drive, he was aware of something much more momentous.

A hundred yards or so down the roadway two horses burst into view. They were coming at a gallop. On the first of the two horses sat a slim figure in gray, closely cut tweeds. Now, however, her hat was off, her hair was flying; and with set face, her expression agonized, the girl was tugging wildly at the reins. Little use, though! The thoroughbred, its hoofs spurning the dust, was dashing onward at breakneck speed. Behind, tearing along at the same breakneck speed, her cavalier followed. Bent forward in the saddle, his pale face set with purpose, he had his hand outstretched, ready to snatch at the bridle of the girl's maddened brute once he raced alongside.

Mr. Tams saw it at a glance. The girl was the vision! Her mount was running away with her!

He did not hesitate. Once, mured in his room and absorbed in his daily paper, he had chanced on a similar happening. A young girl, the member of a family socially exalted, he had read, had met with just such an experience. The quick wit of a passing stranger had saved her from disaster, perhaps destruction. The stranger was not of her set; he was an obscure outsider, in fact; but Mr. Tams in a flash remembered the outcome. Wedding bells had rung later. He remembered, too, how the obscure stranger had effected the rescue.

"Stop, stop!" called Mr. Tams to the taxi-driver.

The cab, of course, had already stopped; but, flinging open the door, he stepped into the roadway. For a brief instant, as he stood there, his face white yet still resolute, he saw that the persons in the touring cars had ceased to gesticulate; and that now, appalled by the situation, they cloaked their eyes with their hands, shielding them apparently from the impending disaster. One, an elderly gentleman with white whiskers and a patriarchal expression, had his hands clasped together, his lips moving in invocation. From one of the adjoining cars someone called shrilly, his voice agonized:

"More juice, Draper! You're her father, ain't you?"

As if in response, the white-whiskered supplant leaped from the car and knelt in the roadway. His face worked as his hands knit themselves together. Mr. Tams, however, did not heed.

The maddened horse, its slim rider still tugging vainly at the reins, was only fifty feet away! Fifty feet farther on the roadway turned abruptly; and unless the girl made the turn she would go over the bluff into the gulf beyond!

Mr. Tams steeled himself for the moment. His umbrella he had with him. Tugging at the cover, he snatched it off. A shout, a babble of cries burst abruptly from the onlookers, the crowd in the touring cars and along the wall, but he hardly heard them. The oncoming horse, the slim figure on its back still tugging at the reins, was barely thirty feet away.

"Here, you!" "Hi, you idiot!"

He did not hear the cries. One hand clasping the Malacca stick, the other inserted under the silken folds, Mr. Tams waited.

Just as the horse was almost on him he flung open the umbrella in its face. There was a roar, a confused babel of voices. The thoroughbred, at full gallop, stuck its forefeet into the grit and slid. Bumping along a length or so, it went into the air then, its forefeet wildly waving; and for a brief, vital instant Mr. Tams had a view of the slim, tweed-clad vision rising in midair, both arms clasped about her steed's slender neck, and revolving in a burst of gray skirts, golden hair and patent-leather boots. A similar convulsion at the same time engulfed the second steed. Norfolk jacket, tan boots, riding crop and all, seemed to sail abruptly into the air, where for an instant it hung suspended, descending then with a bump. But that was merely a detail. Dropping the umbrella, Mr. Tams leaped for the bridle of the fair-haired vision's horse.

Then, amid the confusion of shouts, cries, imprecations, there was a swift shock, another crash; and, his hands clutched fixedly to the bridle leather, darkness descended on Mr. Tams.

VIII

ACROSS the ferry, at the hotel in San Diego where the party had put up for the day, Mrs. Wallop was just finishing the first of a couple of club sandwiches she had ordered up, when the telephone in her bedroom rang. The sandwich in her hand, she took the receiver from the hook.

"Uh-huh," she responded, munching.

Mr. Poulsen was downstairs. At five, it had been planned, Mr. Tams was to send a touring car for his guests and their hand luggage, when they were all to move over to the bungalow; but, in the meanwhile, Mr. Poulsen had been looking about. A man in a land office, it seemed, had been telling him of an opening over in Coronado—an electrical business, the proprietor of which was retiring; and as the place was "a good stand, right on the main street," Mr. Poulsen said, he was unwilling to take any chances. Someone might snap it up. Consequently, if the ladies would like a ride over, Mr. Poulsen said he'd stand treat. The street car ran right by the hotel door.

"What d'you say, girls?" inquired Mrs. Wallop.

It was Miss Minch, Mrs. Niblo and Miss Negley she was addressing.

"Go as far as you like," replied Miss Minch negligently; adding, as the street car was mentioned: "I hope Poulsen don't stretch himself."

Mrs. Niblo, who was scanning the movie ads in a newspaper, made no objections either. The films featured for the matinée were The Birthplace of Carrie Nation and Hearts Asunder, and as she had seen them both she had nothing to occupy her time. Miss Negley, however, did not reply to Mrs. Wallop. She was seated by the window, her fingers twined together in her lap, and her air was wistful. Ever since they had left San Francisco she had seemed distrait.

"Well, how about it, girlie?" inquired Mrs. Wallop, the telephone in one hand and the sandwich in the other. The sandwich was reduced now to a pickle and a slice of bacon; and as she spoke Mrs. Wallop made way with these fragments.

"The air'll do you good," she suggested. "It'll give you an appetite."

"I'd rather go home," said Miss Negley listlessly; and Mrs. Wallop turned to the telephone.

"Yes, we'll go," she called down to Mr. Poulsen.

Hanging up the receiver she began hurriedly putting on her hat and coat, at the same time speaking to Miss Negley. The hat was a tight-fitting motor cap that tied under the chin with strings, while the coat was a long linen duster.

"Cheer up, dear; if you'd only eat something now," she was saying, when Miss Minch directed a thumb at Mrs. Wallop's cap and coat. "Going in bathing or something?" inquired Miss Minch.

No, Mrs. Wallop had no thought of it. Though they were going by street car, of course they might motor back. There was no telling. Someone might loosen up.

"Now you take a brace," she said to Miss Negley. Men, as Mrs. Wallop said also, were nothing but brutes anyway. Why, the last time she and Mr. Wallop were living friendly she'd hardly dare to speak to him dinnertimes till the meat and vegetables were on, he was that savage.

"How do you mean, 'friendly'?" asked Miss Minch. "I thought you were a widow."

"No such luck," replied Mrs. Wallop sadly. Mr. Wallop, she explained, was in the stove trade, retail, and he'd sold a French range on time to a certain party, a female. "It was getting the installments paid, I guess, that did it," she went on, adding that the female was a designing woman. "I advertised, but it only cost me the money. He'd went, him and she, and no one's saw them since."

"I'd like to see Mr. Niblo run off!" exclaimed Mrs. Niblo, breathing through her nostrils; to which Miss Minch returned: "Well, hope for the best, Mrs. Niblo." And she added: "You never can tell; some people'll do almost anything on a dare."

Mrs. Wallop Appeared on Deck in a Gossamer Waterproof and a Leather Yachting Cap, Carrying a Paper Bag of Bananas

(Continued on Page 61)

TO THE LAST PENNY

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XV

TOMMY was at his old desk in the outer office when Thompson arrived on Monday morning.

"How do you do, Mr. Thompson?" said Tommy, boyishly trying not to look as grateful as he felt.

Thompson stopped and shook hands.

"I want to get off some letters. Tell Miss Hollins I need her, won't you? When she comes out you come in"; and Thompson passed on.

Tommy waited for the stenographer to come out of Mr. Thompson's office. Then he walked in.

"Who talks first?" asked Thompson.

Tommy, thinking of Bill's needs, said: "I think I'd better."

"Go ahead!" smiled Thompson.

Then Tommy told him about Bill's experiments and what he and Bill had done and what Professor Jenkins said, and then showed him Mr. Kemble's letter, which Thompson read carefully. Tommy waited. Thompson folded the letter, returned it to Tommy and said:

"Tommy, you knew what you didn't have, so you went to the right place to get it."

"Yes, sir. Bill wants to see you."

Thompson laughed, somewhat to Tommy's surprise, and said: "Go and bring him in now."

Presently Tommy appeared with Bill.

"Good morning, Mr. Thompson," said Bill.

Thompson nodded. Then he asked Bill quietly:

"Well?"

"Tommy told you, I believe."

"He didn't tell me what sort of man you are nor what sort of man you think I am. So all I can ask you is: What do you want me to do?"

While Mr. Leigh Read the Statement Tommy Tried to Read His Father's Face

"I don't want you to do anything," answered Bill uncomfortably.

"I understand you have been experimenting with a kerosene carburetor. A carburetor is one of a thousand problems to us. To you it is your only problem. Please bear that in mind. You may develop something of great value to all users of explosive engines. But I cannot tell you the exact number of dollars I'll pay for the improvements and patents you haven't got yet. I propose, instead, this: Give us an option on your inventions and improvements. Let your own lawyer draw up the papers that you and he think necessary to prevent us from buying your brains too cheaply. I believe you are honest and I always bet on my judgment. That's my business."

"But suppose you thought my price was too high?" asked Bill defiantly.

"You are free to sell to the highest bidder. I think we can afford to pay as much as the next man. To make it fair for us to have the first call on your inventions, we will give you the use of the shop and laboratories, machinery, materials and such help as you need. Then we'll lend you money for your living expenses, on your unsecured notes, without interest, for as long a time as you need—say, five or ten years. You will take out the patents in your own name at your own expense. You don't have to assign them to us. If we pay you on a royalty basis we pledge ourselves not to keep others from using your invention if we ourselves don't. You come and see me when you've settled the conditions and terms to your satisfaction. Bring as many lawyers with you as you wish. Now, Bill," finished Mr. Thompson, "go ahead and ask your two questions."

"What two questions?" asked Bill, who had followed Mr. Thompson's speech with some difficulty by reason of a surprise not far removed from incredulity.

"First, why I offer to do so much for you without binding you to sell to us at our own price; and, second, where the joker is in my offer anyhow."

"I wasn't going to ask anything of the kind." Bill spoke with much dignity.

"They are perfectly natural questions to ask, unless you had made up your mind to accept any offer blindly. I'd like to answer them anyhow."

"Then I guess you'd better," said Bill a trifle defiantly.

"I made that proposition to you because I've made it to others. I want you to realize as quickly as you can that in working for the company you are working for yourself. When a man is neither a hog nor an ass I am perfectly willing to do business with him on his own terms. Just take it for granted that I know you as well as you know yourself. Am I taking such an awful risk, Bill?"

"But you don't know me," said Bill in duty bound.

Thompson smiled. "Well, your first question is answered. Now for the second."

"There is no need of it, Mr. Thompson," said Bill with decision.

"Give me the pleasure of telling you that there is no joker."

Bill looked steadily at Mr. Thompson and said: "I didn't think there was any."

"But now you know it," said Thompson.

"And I want to say that Tommy here is my partner——" began Bill.

"That's all nonsense," interjected Tommy quickly.

"Yes," agreed Thompson very seriously, "that's all nonsense. But both of you had better look a long time before you swap that kind of nonsense for wisdom. Don't be brothers in business if you want to be rich and lonely. Bill, Tommy is buncoing us out of thirty dollars a week. Is that enough for you?"

"It's more than enough," said Bill eagerly.

"Then it is just enough to be contented with. Get to work as soon as you can. You have no time to waste, because from now on Byrnes is working for Byrnes. It will suit me down to the ground. Draw up your own contract and bring it here."

Bill looked at Thompson. Then he said resolutely: "I will!"

"Both of you go somewhere now and talk it over. Tommy, I'll see you tomorrow about your own work. I've got a man-sized job for you. Good morning." Thompson nodded and, turning to his desk, pushed one of the row of call-buttons. His attitude showed he expected no further speech, so they left the room without another word.

Outside Tommy turned to Bill.

"What did I tell you—hey?"

"You poor pill, do you think I've worked here two years for nothing? You bet I'll get a hustle on. Do you think we ought to get a lawyer?"

"Yes; he meant what he said. You needn't worry about the price he'll pay you. Just get to work."

"What is your job going to be?" asked Bill curiously.

"I don't know. But I hope——" Tommy caught himself on the verge of expressing the hope that it would be something which might enable him to bury the secret once for all.

"What do you hope, Tommy?"

"That you will land with both feet, now that you have a decent place to experiment in," said Tommy. He couldn't say anything else to poor Bill, could he? It wasn't his secret to share with anybody, and, anyhow, he meant what he said.

Mr. Thompson did not make his appearance at the works until late in the afternoon. He told Tommy:

"You'll have to dine with me to-night, Tommy. Will you?"

"Yes, sir." Then realizing that he merely had obeyed a superior, he added in his personal capacity: "De-lighted!"

"Has Bill done anything?"

"He consulted Mr. Williams."

Thompson shook his head. "He is our lawyer."

"That's why Bill picked him out," said Tommy. He felt like adding that he thought Bill considered that the Thompsonian thing to do. Thompson looked at him meditatively.

"What a wonderful thing youth is," he mused, "and how very wise in its unwisdom." He nodded to himself. Then: "You let Bill alone. He's saved. To-night at six-thirty. Mrs. Thompson has not yet returned, but you are going to meet her as soon as she does. You might take Bill to La Grange and say I said Bill was to have everything he asks for. Don't bother to dress, Tommy." Mr. Thompson nodded, a trifle absently it seemed to Tommy, and went into his office.

And Tommy wasn't aware that the mixing of his personal affairs with the shop's business made him belong to the company utterly.

After dinner as they drank their coffee in the library Thompson asked him:

"Don't you smoke?"

"Not any more."

"Why not?"

"I gave up smoking when I felt I couldn't afford it. I smoked rather expensive cigarettes."

"You can afford them now."

"Well, I don't quite feel that I can; and, anyhow, the craving isn't very strong."

"Tommy, my idea of happiness would be the conviction that the more I smoked the better I'd feel. Do you mind talking shop here, Tommy?"

"Not a bit; in fact, I——" He caught himself on the verge of saying that Mr. Thompson could not pick out a more pleasing topic.

Thompson smiled slightly. Then he leaned back in his chair and relaxed physically.

"Tommy," he spoke very quietly, "I think I know you now so that I don't have to ask you to tell me anything more about yourself. In fact, I know you so well that I am going to talk to you about myself."

Tommy's expectancy was aroused to such a high pitch so suddenly that he was distinctly conscious of a thrill. Mr. Thompson went on:

"Can you guess what made me go into automobile manufacturing?"

"I suppose you saw very clearly the possibilities of the business," ventured Tommy, not overconfidently. It seemed too commonplace a reason and yet it was common sense.

"I won't be modest with you, Tommy. I'll say right out that few men who develop a big business successfully are primarily concerned with the cash profits. The work itself must grip them. Of course when the reward is money, if they make a great deal this merely proves how efficient their work is. As a matter of fact, I went into this business twelve years ago because——" Thompson paused. His eyes were half closed and his lips half smiling as if he were looking at young Thompson and rather enjoying the sight; the paternal mood that comes over a man of forty when he gets a glimpse of the boy he used to be. He went on: "Because I had a dream about a pair of roller skates."

"Roller skates? Were you in that business?"

"I wasn't in any business. I had tried half a dozen things, only to give them up. And each time people told me I was a fool not to stick to what I was in, especially as I was making good. But I couldn't see myself devoting my whole life to such work. I was on my way to talk to a man who had lost all his teeth. He had a proposition that looked good to me."

He glanced at Tommy, but Tommy shook his head and paid Thompson the stupendous compliment of not smiling.

"Don't you see, my boy, he had no teeth, but he had brains. Therefore he capitalized his misfortune. He'd got dyspepsia because he could not masticate and hated soup. So he invented a machine for chewing food not only for the toothless but for the thoughtless who bolt their food. Not a food-chopper but a food-grinder. No more dyspepsia; no need of Fletcherizing; the machine did it for you. He had evolved a series of easy maxillary motions to stimulate the salivary glands, and he had gathered together hundreds of quotations from the poets and from scientists and wise men of all time. I tell you it promised.

"Well, as I was going along, cheered by the vision of an undyspeptic country as well as of our selling campaign, a little boy bumped into me—hard! But I didn't get angry with him, because he was on roller skates, and I then and there had one of my dreams. I saw a day when all sidewalks would consist of two parallel tracks or roadways, very smooth, of some vitrified material. And I saw every human being with a pair of rubber-tired auto skates run by radium batteries. All you had to do was to put on your skates and let them carry you wherever you wished to go at whatever rate of speed you desired. No more germ-laden air, no more fatigue, no more waste of time getting to places. And, of course, that made me think of transportation. After I had thought of that in the abstract, I decided not to see the toothless man but to go into automobiles."

Tommy was listening with his very soul. The more we know of our heroes the less apt we are to worship them. But this hero's autobiography, instead of destroying illusions, really intensified the sense of difference on which most hero worship is founded.

"My mind," observed Tommy ruefully, "wouldn't work that way."

"Oh, yes, it would if you'd let it, instead of thinking that dreaming is folly. A man who keeps his eyes open can get valuable suggestions from even his most futile wishes. Autos were considered luxuries then, but I saw the second phase, even to the greater health of the community and the increase in suburban land values. Better artificial lighting has lengthened man's working day, but the stupendous world-revolution of the nineteenth century was effected by the locomotive and the steamship. When man ceased to depend upon wind and oats for moving from place to place he changed politics, science, commerce—everything. Indeed, all the *isms* that now afflict us have arisen from the changes which make it impossible for the old-time famines to follow crop failures in certain localities. They have raised the standard of living and should have put an end to poverty as they have to political inequality."

"It is very interesting," said Tommy.

"Yes, it is, and that is why I went into the manufacture of automobiles. They are a necessity. That is precisely why I want this company to be doing business long after you and I are dust and forgotten."

"You Poor Pill, Do You Think I've Worked Here Two Years for Nothing?"

Thompson looked at Tommy, a heavy frown on his face—exactly as if he were fighting on, even after death, thought Tommy. It made the youngster whisper: "Yes!"

"So I formed the company. I had to dwell on the money profit to raise capital. Nobody knew I was a dreamer. I began without experience, but I saw to it, Tommy, that I also began without prejudices. I have learned a great deal in twelve years. I have studied automobiles constantly, but even when I was working merely to make money I saw the work going on after me. So I have felt it necessary to study men even more closely than machinery and manufacturing processes. No man can tell what the product of this company will be twenty years hence; it may be flying machines. But we ought to know the men who will be running it then—the product of the company's policy! The kind of men I want to-day is the kind that will be wanted to-morrow, that will be wanted always! Do you see?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy.

"It was no hard job to make money. It was infinitely harder to convince my associates that there was more money in reducing our immediate profits in order to make ours a permanent investment. I am now ready to throw a million dollars' worth of machinery and patterns into the scrapheap. We shall manufacture a car very soon that will not need much changing for ten years. Of course we'll improve and refine and simplify it as we find advisable. This time the dream comes after the product!"

Tommy did not know what the dream was and he couldn't see the product; but he imagined a wonderful time to come. "It's great!" he gasped.

"It is more difficult to eliminate the undesirable man than the inefficient employee. My men are not yet all that I wish, but they will be after they have worked in our new plant a few months. I have studied all the methods that manufacturers and managers have used to foster and reward the competitive spirit among workmen. I want team work as well as individual efficiency, but my men must all be Tecumseh men. Do you love the company?"

"You bet I do!" And Tommy's eyes glistened.

"Are you sure it isn't merely gratitude for Thompson?" And Thompson looked so serious that Tommy was compelled to be honest. He thought before he answered.

"Of course it is both."

"I don't want you to think of Thompson, but of the Tecumseh."

"But how can I think of the company and not think of you?"

"By thinking not of the president and not of yourself, but of the work—the work that will be here long after Thompson and Leigh are gone. I will give you an opportunity to develop yourself along those lines which will most gratify the desires of your grown manhood."

Tommy nodded his head twice quickly, and drew in a deep breath.

"To be intelligently selfish you must be intelligently unselfish. You must love the Tecumseh for what the Tecumseh will do for you. Do you see that?"

"Yes," answered Tommy; "but I'd love it even if——"

"That's because you are a boy with a wonderful unlived life. Keep it up, because unreasoning love is a good foundation for the maturer habit of affection from which I expect the Tecumseh stockholders and the Tecumseh employees alike to benefit. I am after a family feeling. Some day I'll tell you the story of Bob Holland, the treasurer of the company, the only man I know who thinks of dollars as an annoying necessity, but of the Tecumseh finances in terms of health insurance. He is one of my Experiments"; and Thompson smiled.

Knowing that he also was one and fearing because he was, Tommy, who did not feel like smiling, smiled as he asked: "Are all your Experiments always successful?"

"Always," answered Thompson emphatically. "Always," he repeated, and looked unsmilingly at Tommy. And Tommy made up his mind that the least he could do was to see to it that Thompson's record was not broken.

"Grosvenor is another, and Nevin," went on Thompson. "You know them. La Grange is still a sophomore, but on the right road. Bill Byrnes is a first-day freshman. Watch him. I won't give the others away. You know Leonard Herrick?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you don't know why I pay him a salary?"

"No, sir."

"For his grouch. It was his most valuable asset. I made him cultivate it, until from being merely a personal pleasure he elevated it to the dignity of an impersonal art. What was only a grouch has become intelligent fault-finding. He is the cantankerous customer on tap, the flaw-picking perfection-seeker, our critic-in-chief. He is a walking encyclopedia of objections, and they have to be good ones. He's a wonder!"

Thompson paused and looked at Tommy doubtfully. Tommy wondered why.

"It used to worry me whenever I thought of that man's family life, so I looked about for a wife for him, and when I found the woman I wanted I married him off to her before he could say Jack Robinson. She is very happy. She is stone-deaf and has borne him two children—both girls. I didn't arrange for their sex, Tommy; honest I didn't; but I prayed for girls! Anyhow he got them. He'll butt his head against them in vain; they are women and they will be modern women. They will preserve his grouch until he's through living. His usefulness to the company will thus be unimpaired and he'll die in harness, grouchy and an asset to the end. Do you still want to know whether all my Experiments are successful?"

Thompson looked so meaningly at Tommy that Tommy flushed as he answered:

"I don't know whether I can ever do anything to repay you——"

"The company, Tommy," corrected Thompson quickly.

"But I know I'd rather work here for five dollars a week than anywhere else for a hundred."

"That answers your question. Now for your job!" Thompson became so serious that Tommy knew his would be a difficult task. Well, he would do it or die trying!

"Your job is to be the one man in the employ of the Tecumseh Motor Company who can walk into the president's private office at any time without knocking."

Thompson was frowning so earnestly that Tommy felt a sharp pang of mortification at his own failure to grasp exactly what the job meant. But Thompson went on:

"You will find, Tommy, that even wise men can be unreasonable and square men can be petty and brave

"Don't be Brothers in Business if You Want to be Rich and Lonely"

men can whine—at times. But in the end their errors correct themselves, just as political fallacies do in the affairs of a nation. You must help the men to feel toward the Tecumseh as you do. It is a big job. If you make good I can tell you that all of us will be in your debt, no matter what your salary may be."

Thompson spoke so earnestly that Tommy said:

"How can I ever be to them what you are to me? How can I possibly be that?"

"Always be ready to put yourself in the other man's place, but insist upon a fair exchange and make him put himself in your place, which is very difficult indeed but not impossible. The new plant will make it easier for you. It will be the model plant of the world, not only as to machinery but also as to comfort and looks! I will make the men boast of it. I have elaborate plans for the democratization of this place and I am not neglecting self-interest or vanity. Bonuses, pensions, honor rolls and such things are easy. What is not so easy is to make the men glad to work for and with the company. I haven't many precedents to guide me, and so many plans that promised well and looked fine on paper have failed, sometimes failed inexplicably. My men must be both free men and Tecumseh men, and they have no life habit to help them in this—such as the convention of patriotism, for example. I warn you, Tommy, that you must be one of my principal assistants. You will represent in my office all the men who are getting less than five dollars a day. You must do more than present their grievances—anticipate them! There is no string to this. In fighting for them you will be fighting for me and for yourself and for the whole Tecumseh family. And now do you want to let me beat you at billiards?"

"Mr. Thompson, I couldn't hold a cue just now if my life depended on it. I want to think about what you have told me. I'm afraid I am not old enough to——"

"I've given you the biggest job in the shop because, being very young, you have no experience to make a coward of you. And don't think too much about the preambles to your own speeches hereafter. Good night, Tommy."

He Presently Found Himself Telling Them All He Knew About the New Plant, of Which They Had Heard Vague Rumors

XVI

TOMMY did more hard thinking in the next few days than he had done in his four years at college. He blamed himself for his stupidity that prevented him from seeing the first step.

He could not visualize his start. Notwithstanding Thompson's admonition, it was usually the preamble to the speech that was the stumblingblock, for Tommy did not know that there is work which not the head but the heart must do.

Since he could not formulate a plan of campaign in detail, he simply walked about the shop talking genial generalities to the men. He did not know that while he was trying to be a friend to these men they also were becoming friends to him, and he presently found himself telling them all he knew about the new plant, of which they had heard vague rumors, of the better times that were coming, and how one of the greatest problems of all time was settled here since all jobs were going to be life jobs. And, of course, he could not help asking them one at a time what really was needed to make their life in the shop better, more comfortable and more worth while working for.

They took him at his word, because though he was young and utterly inexperienced he was also wise enough to listen to wisdom. They answered his questions and freely gave of their own infallibility. He heard architects when he wanted sociologists and lawyers when he wanted brothers, and political economists when he wanted college boys; but he was wise enough to continue to listen attentively. He asked each man confidentially whether it would be possible for him to evolve a plan that would make them all one family. And each promised to think about it. In fact, many even promised to give Tommy the one plan that would do it.

Thompson had little to say to Tommy. He made no suggestions and asked for no reports. But one day, as Tommy was going into the laboratory to see Bill Byrnes, he met the president. Tommy saw that Thompson wished to speak to him, so he stopped and said:

"Yes, sir?"

He saw that Thompson had something important to say.

"Tommy, have the men given you a nickname yet?"

"They all call me Tommy."

"But a nickname?"

"Well"—and Tommy smiled forgivingly—"some of them call me D. O."

"What does that mean?"

"Door Opener!"

Thompson's face lighted up. He held out his hand and he shook Tommy's so congratulatorily that Tommy realized in part what had happened. He felt that he was progressing.

"Keep on the job, D. O. Remember that miracles are worked with men by men, and not by machinery; nor by wages alone," and Thompson walked off, smiling.

Tommy walked into Bill's new quarters. Bill was happy beyond words, having no financial cares. His contract called for the sale of his patents to the Tecumseh at a price and on a basis to be determined by three men, one chosen by Byrnes, one by the company and the third by both the others.

"How's Charlotte?" asked Tommy, for Bill's sister had not been well.

"Better. That specialist that Mr. Thompson got from Cleveland to see her has done her a lot of good."

"You never told me about that, Bill," said Tommy.

"Well, Thompson asked me about my family and I told him about her—or, rather, he guessed it. How he did it I don't know. And I kind of thought that you'd rub it in. But he won't lose anything, I can tell you." Bill saw impending speech in Tommy's face, so he went on hastily in order to avert it: "I've got a cinch here, Tommy. We'll all be rich yet, you bet! And say, La Grange knows more than I thought. Now watch this." And Bill began to put his new apparatus through its paces for Tommy's benefit.

It had worked successfully fifty times that day; but on this, the fifty-first, before a witness it balked.

"Yes, that's fine!" said Tommy with great enthusiasm, and waited for the profanity.

But Bill merely frowned and fumbled with the wires. Then he exclaimed blithely:

"Sure thing; the nut worked off! It never happened before, and you can bet it never will again. Now watch it!"

Tommy watched it. It worked smoothly. Then Bill took the apparatus to pieces and showed Tommy that the vaporization of the kerosene had been complete.

"I've made a lot of improvements. La Grange is working now on the generator. He is really a good electrician," said Bill with an air of doing justice to a friend who had his faults as all men, even the best, have. Tommy laughed outright. The change in Bill's nature, now that he had no worries, struck him as being quite funny.

"What's biting you?" asked Bill.

"Oh," said Tommy, "I just thought of something. Keep on the job, Bill. Your friends and your country need you."

Bill was again at work before Tommy walked out of the room. A great world this, thought Tommy, in which each man had his work, in which he could think of himself and gratify his personal desires, and withal one in which the work of each man would harmonize and merge with the work of the others. He felt a greater admiration for Thompson than ever, but he also began to feel that even without Thompson it was well to work for the Tecumseh Motor Company. If Thompson lived he certainly would make the Tecumseh greater than Thompson.

During the following fortnight Tommy was able to fill himself with joy by bringing some grievances to Thompson. They were minor affairs, but Thompson treated them as seriously as though they were disasters.

Some time afterward Thompson sent for Tommy.

"Tommy," said Thompson, his eyes on Tommy's, "I think you ought to go to New York."

Tommy's face showed consternation.

"What's happened, Mr. Thompson? My father ——"

"Oh, no. I have remembered what you told me about getting 'ads' for your college paper. Well, we are going to double our capital stock. Our stockholders are perfectly able and anxious to subscribe to the new issue, but I want you to place some of it among your friends, since you cannot take any yourself. A little later I hope to perfect a plan whereby you and all the men who stay with us will be able to get some of the stock on terms that all of you can meet. I want you, Tommy, to feel a personal responsibility in the management of the company. You can do it by inducing personal friends to buy a couple of thousand

(Continued on Page 65)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 a the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions, For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1916

Stumbling in the Twilight

IT WAS supposed that the Clayton Act legalized agricultural and labor associations. It read more or less that way, and most members of Congress who voted for it undoubtedly so understood it. But five directors of an agricultural association in Maine have been convicted under the Sherman Law, though they pleaded the exemption the Clayton Act was supposed to confer.

Very likely another court and jury would have decided differently, which illustrates again that we have a body of antitrust laws whose application to any given set of facts which involve combination and coöperation no man can foretell. Mr. Taft used to say Supreme Court decisions were defining and clarifying the Sherman Law so that anybody could tell how it would apply to a given case. Those decisions, in fact, have made it more dubious and obscure than before. Mr. Wilson said his antitrust legislation would illuminate the "twilight" zones and make a clear path in which anybody so minded could walk. This Maine potato case shows an opposite effect.

The fundamental purpose of our antitrust laws is to prevent all combination, coöperation and coördination, and to insist always upon unrestrained, individualistic competition. The whole pull of the economic world is in the opposite direction. Nothing but endless conflict and uncertainty can result.

Every day we are solemnly warned that Europe, after the war, will be more highly and efficiently organized than ever before; that combination, coöperation and coördination of all industry over there will subject us to a keener competition than we have ever known, for which we should now prepare.

When it is a question of meeting more highly organized competition, what sort of preparation is involved in retaining a body of laws whose basic purpose is to prevent organization?

Rail and Canal

THE most interesting experiment in inland water transportation that has been undertaken in this country since the Civil War is getting on toward completion. Two hundred and ninety miles of the rebuilt Erie Canal are already open; and, with good luck, the main line from the Lakes to the Hudson will be finished next year.

The old canal, four feet deep and capable of floating boats with three and a half feet draft, played an important part in the country's commercial development, giving New York City that supremacy as a port which it has held ever since. The rebuilt canal will have a depth of twelve feet, with locks capable of handling barges carrying two thousand tons each. So it will be our most striking example of man-made waterway in direct competition with railroads. By the canal freight can not only be moved in great bulk but, on the whole, perhaps nearly as expeditiously as bulky freight is moved by rail.

But waterways merely to compete with railroads are of doubtful utility. They ought to supplement the railroads and coördinate with them. For example, the iron-and-steel industry developed at Pittsburgh because its raw materials were then near at hand. Of late years there has been a great expansion of that industry along the Lakes, because its most important raw material comes from the head of the Lakes, and water-carried iron ore can be laid down cheaply at Chicago and Cleveland. Cheap water carriage from Buffalo eastward may result in a considerable iron-and-steel development along the canal, whose output will make tonnage for the railroads. In other ways the canal may make rail business. No canal that merely cripples a railroad is worth while.

The judicious point of view regards waterways as part of a national transportation system in which railroads will always be by far the most important factor.

The Coming Trade War

NOT even the war would be a more depressing phenomenon than the economic program which has been laid down for the chief nations of Europe after the war, if one could believe that program ever would be carried out.

Trade is so nearly synonymous with modern civilization that one cannot be broadly considered without the other. From the close of the Middle Ages the world has progressed under steadily decreasing trade restrictions. The Paris conference proposes a long backward step toward the "mercantilist" régime, with rigorous restrictions and inhibitions that could not help but affect commerce all over the globe. The idea is an endless commercial war by the Allies upon the Central Powers, which, of course, would have hardly a choice but to fight back with the same weapons of preference and exclusion.

The prospective parties to this commercial war took, in 1913, more than three-quarters of the exports of the United States. In the British black list of American firms we have an instance of how the effort of one group to cripple the other economically reacts upon the United States. If that effort were made a systematic, continuing policy—as the Paris conference proposed—what would our situation be? In the spirit of that conference one group would look with jealousy upon any advantage which the other obtained through trade with us, whether by buying our raw materials or finished products, or by selling us its products. Taken at its face value, the prospect would be for a close-knit system of preferences and disabilities, in which a neutral would virtually have to choose whether it should trade exclusively with the one group or the other.

We do not take it at its face value. That would negative too much human experience. It would involve a reaction from the world's progress more profound than even belligerent Europe can bring about. We prefer to believe that when peace comes it will be—or presently become—a genuine peace. All the same, this economic program promises many difficulties for the United States during a transitional period.

Eggs to England

AT LEAST five cents a pound has been added to the price of butter in the United States and five cents a dozen to the price of eggs—in the opinion of persons who deal extensively in those commodities—by the English export demand. England is said to have bought about all the low-grade butter there was in the chief Eastern markets, and to have taken so many eggs that the quantity in store for winter consumption in the United States is less than it was last year by a million cases.

Which illustrates the comprehensive nature of this war demand. Perhaps there was never before a time when the long business outlook contained so many incalculable factors of the large-sized sort. There is hardly a nook or cranny of the business situation that has not been affected to some degree by war-made stimulation of our export trade. Nobody can pretend to tell how long that demand will continue.

In order to form an intelligent guess as to what the business situation of the United States will be like after the war one must know what the situation of Europe will be like. Nobody does or can know that.

A long line of factors that will certainly affect our situation must remain hidden in the war fog as long as war lasts; and discernibly through the fog looms that threat of a commercial war between Allies and Teutons which can hardly fail to be mighty important to us.

But some things are certain: We do not want any speculative booms; we do not want any reckless expansion of credit; we do not want extravagance, either individual or governmental. Nobody can tell what is coming. Perhaps businesses that show profits now will show losses a year after the war, and people who have jobs now will have none then. But any business or body that lays up a reserve now will be, to that extent, prepared for whatever does come.

Mental Expatriates

THERE was a time in Cavour's early manhood when he seemed to have failed completely at home and, in view of the political principles he had avowed, could never hope for a successful career there. He was besought to settle in Paris, where, without doubt, he would have made a brilliant name. That he was sad and disappointed about his native country goes without saying; but he wrote: "Woe to the man who abandons in scorn the land that bore him; who renounces his brothers as unworthy of him! I have resolved never to separate my lot from that of the Piedmontese."

Of course that was not an expression of chauvinism. It was not an expression of patriotism in the vaunting sense. It was an expression of intellectual virility, of a big, strong grasp upon life.

For examples of the flabby, fumbling grasp you may turn to a good many Americans whose habitual attitude toward their own country is one of deprecation, apology, more or less ladylike objurgation. Whatever the United States is or does is wrong for them because it differs from what England, France or some other country is or does. Just now they are ashamed of the United States because it is not fighting when the very best people in England are fighting. But if the United States were fighting when Europe was at peace they would be ashamed of that too.

This is mere peevishness, like the fretful child who thinks he might be happy if only he had a different toy. Woe to the man—and the woman too—who scorns the land that bore him; not because he is unpatriotic, but because he lacks weight, stability, grasp.

Competitors and Customers

MANY capable men, including President Wilson, think we shall have little to fear from European competition for many years after the war. But it is quite certain that if we have little to fear from Europe we shall have nothing in particular to hope for from her.

A Europe that could not compete with us would be of very limited commercial use to us. If peace finds the belligerent nations so crippled and poverty-stricken that they cannot rehabilitate their own manufactures for a long time, they will certainly be too crippled and poverty-stricken to buy our manufactures.

If wages fall to the starvation point there will be few consumers of American wheat and bacon. The prudent course is to look for the liveliest competition we have ever met. If it should not come we shall not have lost anything.

Dividends and Wages

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know how the increased returns to capital this prosperous year, in the form of dividends and interest, compare with the increased returns to labor in the form of wages.

It will be a good while before figures that even approximately cover the field are available. Indeed, it is only at a census period that any extensive comparison is possible. But we should say offhand that probably the increased returns to labor were double the increased returns to capital; for in a rough-and-ready sort of way the wage fund and the dividend fund bear about that relation to each other.

Interest and dividend payments in November by the larger corporations engaged in manufacturing, trading and transportation were a hundred and fifty-four million dollars, or twelve millions larger than in the same month last year. The total for the year will set a new record; but so will total wages. And the latter will probably be about double the former.

Looking at the two sums in a lump no one can say the division is unfair. It looks unfair only when you divide labor's sum by many millions, and capital's by a much smaller number, among whom the individual allotments range from fifty cents up, perhaps, to fifty million dollars.

Suppose

SUPPOSE one of those infantile nightmares that our amateur war prophets have been so busily dreaming the last year and a half should actually come true. Suppose, the world being at peace, Japan decided to attack the United States and induced Mexico and other southern neighbors to participate in the crime. As to how we should be taken unaware and unready, how our military and naval establishments would blow up like toy balloons at the first prick of the pin, the reader is respectfully referred to a ton or so of recent literature on that subject.

Now does anybody who has read as much as three chapters in a grammar-school history of modern Europe imagine that European countries would refuse to sell our enemies war munitions if the enemies could pay for them? Or that, in selling us war munitions, they would fail to get the best price obtainable? Some of them might sympathize with us; but that would not prevent them from protesting vigorously against any infraction of their neutral rights.

We imagine England would sympathize with us. We also imagine that if this country opened English mails and seized English shipments to neutral ports it would be in deep trouble immediately. Of course we should be fighting for our life; but every powerful nation in Europe would insist that we fight according to the accepted rules.

A NATION RUN BY AN ADVERTISING MAN

By Maude Radford Warren

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

HE WAS a pink, bulky old Englishman, accustomed to ascend leisurely into his own motor car, with the subconscious assumption that, during this rite, it was his divine privilege to have his chauffeur standing at attention. Now puffingly and angrily he got into the common penny bus, knowing full well that the driver would be off before he was fairly planted—for in all particulars London is speeding up now—and that he would be steadied by the businesslike hand of the little bus conductress. Fenced in by her neat uniformed arm, he stumbled glaringly inside and sat down on a friend.

"Used up your allowance of petrol?" inquired the friend.

The solid Englishman gathered together his breath, his monocle and his umbrella; and then, raising his eyebrows at an impressive poster on a hoarding, he said:

"No; but look at that advertisement: 'You are helping the Germans when you use a motor car for pleasure!' In the face of that I hardly have the courage to call a taxi! My chauffeur is at the Front, of course; but how can I learn to drive my own car, or even hire a lady driver, when they print it all over the shop that if I do I'll be helping the enemy? A man of my age has got to walk, or ride in this coop, to be trampled on and prodded by all the Johnnies going, for fear of helping the Kaiser!"

The friend nodded sympathetically, while a ribald eavesdropper whispered: "Say nothing of being embraced by a good-looking conductress!"

"Glad to do my bit of self-denial for the country, of course," continued the pink Englishman; "but there's something I haven't even told my wife. My gardener—he's above military age—came to give notice this morning. I asked him where he was going and what I could do without a head gardener. He answered that I could get a woman. And when I said 'What about the hothouse, then?' he replied: 'You must give it up, sir. Government says hothouses are unpatriotic.' Don't know what we are coming to when our servants tell us what we ought to think, and give us advice! The fellow is going to work in a munitions factory; says two half men like himself release a whole man for the army. I'm turning in what the hothouse would cost to some patriotic object of my wife's."

"Point is," said the sympathetic friend, "where are we going to draw the line? My wife gave a rather nice dinner the other night, and she was the only woman at her own table in evening dress. Fact! Women are covered these days—not dressed. Ought to draw a line somewhere. Don't know what they'll be asking of us next; probably be telling us that we'll be helping the Germans if we bathe more than once a week. Some man of position wrote to the papers that we need not fill our bathtubs so full. Fact! First, they won't let one drive without feeling like a murderer; then they won't let my wife dress; next they won't want us to wash! Liberal government! Just waiting for the next simple request!"

It is not so much an abstract government as one man, Sir Hedley le Bas, who is taking his fellow-countrymen out of luxurious private cars and putting them in public vehicles, alongside of ladies who pretend that they have never before ridden in a plebeian bus and can't fancy what the route can be. He it is who is making his countrywomen pass alluring shop windows with "eyes front." Sir Hedley, with the consent of an earnest nation, is performing at present a multiple rôle: He is at once a sympathetic adviser, a conscience, and a "gadfly to the Athenians." In short—allowing for the prejudice of the censor, and for the slight exaggeration of an observer who understands the power for prosperity that advertising is in America—perhaps one may say that Sir Hedley is the advertising man who is at present running England.

The War Office Becomes a National Advertiser

SOMETHING under three years ago, as all the English world is aware, Sir Hedley le Bas was playing golf with Colonel Seely, then Secretary for War. Said Colonel Seely:

"As a business man, how should you raise thirty-five thousand men a year?"

Replied Sir Hedley—then Mr.—le Bas:

"You can get anything you want by advertising; not so much by doing it in the old-fashioned way of the army—placarding workhouses and police stations—but by putting whole pages in the popular magazines and papers."

The result of this talk was that Sir Hedley submitted a scheme which the army council sanctioned, and which succeeded. When the war broke out he undertook to advertise for hundreds of thousands of men, raising not thirty-five thousand in a year but that many in one day. The "Your King and Your Country Need You!" posters, and all that followed from them, are well known. What is not so well known is that in the last few months Sir Hedley le Bas has done by advertising infinitely more for his country than simply raising an army of millions of men.

Only a few years ago great British business firms considered it beneath their dignity to advertise; then how much more so a government department! How astounding for the War Office to admit a publicity campaign! It is hard for Americans, brought up on advertising, to realize what an enormous foreground figure Sir Hedley became when he first launched his campaign of government advertising. If someone seized the arm of an American on Broadway and said "There is a colossal advertiser," the American would twitch his arm free, and say: "They're as common as bread here; we've got to have them."

So we have; in a way the big advertiser is the research man for the American public. Usually Americans know what articles they want; but they are too busy to comb shops and factories to find the best article. It is the business of the big advertiser to point out the best article and, on top of that, to make the consumer get it. The English, on the contrary, have done their own research work, or else they have depended on the ideas of their forbears.

This is the sort of sign—hardly regarded as an advertisement—which the English public used to read outside or inside a shop: "Brown & Co., Makers of the Bedsprings on Which Your Grandfathers Slept." Clearly a sign that pointed to the past. Now they read signs that point to the present and the future, such as: "Please take as little sugar as you can; eat less of it, that the men at the Front may eat more." Or, in impressive blue print, this placard of Sir Hedley le Bas meets the civilian eye on almost every hoarding:

SIX REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SAVE!

1—Because when you save you help our soldiers and sailors to win the war.

2—Because when you spend on things you do not need you help the Germans.

3—Because when you spend you make other people work for you; and the work of everyone is wanted now to help our fighting men, or to produce necessaries, or to make goods for export.

4—Because by going without things and confining your spending to necessaries you relieve the strain on our ships and docks and railways, and make transport cheaper and quicker.

5—Because when you spend you make things dearer for everyone—especially for those who are poorer than you.

6—Because every shilling saved helps twice: First, when you don't spend it; and, again, when you lend it to the nation.

Or perhaps the average Englishman—who doesn't read in the Tube and Underground, or on the trains, anything like so much as the average American in his Subways—may see in some station such a bit of dialogue as this:

WHAT IS THE PRICE OF ONE OF YOUR ARMS?

CIVILIAN: How did you lose your arm, my lad?
SOLDIER: Fighting for you, sir.
CIVILIAN: I'm grateful to you, my lad.
SOLDIER: How much are you grateful, sir?
CIVILIAN: What do you mean?
SOLDIER: How much money have you lent your country?
CIVILIAN: What has that to do with it?
SOLDIER: A lot! How much is one of your arms worth?
CIVILIAN: I'd pay anything rather than lose an arm.
SOLDIER: Very well. Put the price of your arm, or as much as you can afford, into exchequer bonds or war-savings certificates, and lend your money to your country.

This advertisement, however, is not seen so much as it was. Perhaps there are too many soldiers walking about London in the blue or gray clothes of the wounded, with empty sleeves. An advertisement must be vivid, but not too vivid. England is willing to pay the price; but no parent or wife wants to think of any particular beloved soldier losing his arm.

Everywhere you can see these advertisements, telling the English civilians what they must or must not do to help the soldiers and the nation. In an Underground station, not long since, a young woman was standing beside her husband, a delicate man, badged to show his exemption from war service. The little lady was reading an advertisement which said: "Elaboration and variety in dress are bad form in the present crisis."

She was rather pouting over it; evidently she thought she knew better than a mere man what bad form is. Her husband was reading approvingly: "Luxurious forms of hats, boots, shoes, stockings, gloves and veils should be avoided. It is essential not only that money should be saved but that labor employed in the clothing trades should be set free."

Evidently the wife had been planning to buy new clothes, for the two were discussing the matter; and after they got into the Underground train they continued their dispute, to the sincere pleasure of those who overheard.

"You got a new suit of clothes for yourself, you did," she pointed out.

"That was before I knew that every shilling we don't spend helps," he replied.

"I wish I'd bought that scarlet frock before you took to reading the hoardings," she said darkly. "It isn't as if it would cost much. I'll make it myself."

"Make it yourself—yes, and have to call in a dressmaker to alter it! You can't have it, however cheap!" he said in the hard tone of the man who knows he is right. "You let the blue evening gown you had last year do, or you can cut one over from mother's black. Don't you know that if you get a new dress you might just as well give it to the Kaiser, and at the same time perhaps be putting a bullet in the heart of one of our own soldiers?"

Sir Hedley's Maxims for Advertisers

And one could see horror struggling with imagination in the little wife's eyes as she pictured the V-shaped scarlet gown flowing from the shoulders and bosom of William the Second.

The public of England seems to be divided into two classes of persons—those who like to be ordered about by the government, and are willing to do anything the government may put in the form of a law, or even of a suggestion; and those who resent the government from most points of view, but will obey a law, though ignoring a suggestion. Yet in wartime the two are tending to become one. All England is revivified by patriotism; once the national feelings of the people can be reached, they are absolutely docile. From a patriotic motive they have taken earnestly even to government advertising.

Sir Hedley le Bas was the logical person to be at the helm of an England ready to advertise; perhaps the reason why he filled the place so well is because he has always done his own thinking. In the best sense of the word he is a self-made man. Like Sir William Robertson, of the Somme—and farther—he served in the ranks of the British Army, the Fifteenth Hussars, who "point with pride!" When he left the Hussars he entered a publishing firm in an inconspicuous position, worked up to be manager; and then, some fifteen years ago, started a publishing company. He dates his greatest business success from the day he began to advertise. He was the first publisher to take the whole front page of the Daily Mail for book advertising. From the business success that followed he made for himself, and for whoever would listen, the following rules:

You cannot create big sales in these days of fierce competition unless you advertise.

You must state in your advertisement nothing but the truth; not as it appears to the manufacturer, but as it can be demonstrated to the prospective buyer.

You must have the courage to take a sufficiently large space; for the larger the space, the greater the chance of success.

You must have the courage to give advertising a fair trial.

You must have judgment in selecting the right media through which to appeal to the public.

You must remember, in massing your advertisement, that the theory of successful warfare is an overwhelming attack at a given point.

Sir Hedley's radical thinking—from the English standpoint—about advertising made him ready for earthquake action when his king and his country needed him. The need did not stop when the recruiting was in full swing. Some other man, having served as the lever to raise a great army, might have thought he had done his bit. Not so England's advertiser, who was too dynamic to know how to leave off. As one of the joint secretaries of the Prince of Wales Fund, he was engaged in devices for getting money, which finally grew to six million pounds.

When the government showed it had further need of him, he set aside his big publishing business and put all his energies at the service of England. When the first war loan was announced it was not advertised; it came to three hundred million pounds. When the second war loan was announced Sir Hedley le Bas carried out the biggest two-weeks' advertising campaign ever known in England, or perhaps in any other country. At the end of the fortnight he had six hundred million pounds.

Men were marching up to the recruiting sergeants; and, allowing for all contingencies, there would be men enough. Money was pouring in, but there would be more and more need of it. There must be a continuous great advertising campaign. On the active side, the people must be taught to invest their money in the government for the benefit of themselves and of the government; on the passive side, they must be taught to exercise the strictest economy. They are warned to cut off every luxury and to be sure that what they consider comforts are not really luxuries. They were and are asked to economize in every possible particular.

"We are trying to prevent all waste," Sir Hedley said. "I am getting out streamers now that say: 'Don't waste coal, gas or electric light.' That's what we shall hammer on this early winter. After that we'll mention other concrete things. No use advising national economy in general terms; we've got to go for the actual articles."

Thus, England is in the midst of a tremendously far-reaching economy campaign. Sir Hedley would be the last person to assume that he has done it all. Very early in the war the need for economy and for lending to the government occurred to many earnest English men and women. The government set up the Montagu Committee to consider the question of how to create machinery so that everyone could have a good opportunity of lending money to the country; and, also, to consider how to educate people in regard to the economic situation of the nation, as to which existed an appalling ignorance.

War-Savings Certificates

When the committee finished its work it appointed what is now the National War-Savings Committee. This was divided into an advisory committee, consisting of financial and statistical experts; and an organization committee, to get the machinery working efficiently. Sir Hedley le Bas was made a member of the latter. A good deal of time was lost before it was discovered that the two committees could not do effective work as separate entities. After they were amalgamated, last spring, things began to move swiftly.

The plan was to set up war-savings associations the country over. A war-savings association is a group of people, numbering from fifteen upward, who are clubbed together with the object of collective savings. Each association must have a treasurer, a secretary, and a small committee. Members may pay in weekly any sum, from sixpence up—except in the case of penny subscriptions. There are five different schemes, to suit the needs of different communities. Some large towns, such as Birmingham, like to work out schemes of their own.

The securities available for investment are the war-savings certificates and the exchequer bonds. The war-savings certificates are suitable for small investors. No one may hold them whose income is over three hundred pounds a year.

No one may hold more than five hundred certificates. Each costs fifteen shillings and sixpence, which in five years becomes one pound, no income tax being charged on the interest. The capital may be withdrawn at any time; but if it is taken out within a year no interest is paid; if within two years, the rate is less than four per cent, and so on.

Exchequer bonds are sold at the post office for five, twenty and fifty pounds, to be repaid the first of December, 1920, yielding five per cent, payable half-yearly. The post office will not buy back the bonds, but will act as a broker for a small commission, giving no guaranty as to the price the bonds will bring. Some bonds are now being offered at six per cent.

The machinery that was to bring forth investment could not be created by street and newspaper advertising alone, especially in England and at this time. Canvassing had to be called on, also. The country was divided into two hundred and eighty areas, in each of which was put a local central committee. To form such local committees was not easy, for after nearly two years of war all the efficient people were tied up in other work—munitions making, or some other sort of production. The National Savings Committee, however, did set up hundreds of such local committees, giving most attention to the industrial parts of England, where most of the money is. The local workers arrange for public lectures and do house-to-house canvassing, urging people to save and to invest their money in the government.

All Pulling Together

Sir Hedley le Bas organized a War-Savings Week, which was highly successful. He got hundreds of clergymen to preach on economy; lessons on economy were given to the children in every school. Through the help of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides ten million leaflets on economy were distributed—and there are nine million homes in the country. He arranged for thousands of meetings in the open air, and in workshops, factories and munitions places.

Nor did he preach only to the poor. It is said that many shopkeepers have protested against the campaign; it is a fact that certain high-class costumers showed books which proved that their receipts had gone down seventy-five per cent.

The good work goes on. War-savings certificates, from selling at the rate of three hundred thousand pounds a week, have gone up to over four millions; the aim is ten millions. Sir Hedley le Bas sits in his office pounding on the economy campaign. One bit of his brain gallops ahead to what he expects to achieve in the future. He wants to make every newspaper publish its net circulation. As joint secretary of the Lord Kitchener National Memorial Fund for Disabled Officers and Men of the Navy and Army, he wants to have plenty of money to endow a home for disabled officers, and to provide a fund for relieving disabled officers and men in their own homes.

He also wants to found scholarships that will enable young Britons destined for a commercial career to travel, study and gain business experience in the countries of the allied nations. He wants, too, after the war, to give returned soldiers a bit of the land they have fought to protect. But his main hammering is on the economy campaign.

Nor, as has been said, is he the only one. There are such men as Mr. R. M. Kindersley, chairman of the National Savings Committee, and other excellent workers and speakers. There is Mrs. A. C. Gotto, in charge of the women's committees, a brilliant executive who is working, through conferences and through house-to-house canvassing, at making the women of the nation economize in buying and in preparing food, and—a most delicate and difficult subject—in buying clothes.

Other institutions are helping. There are the United Workers, a splendid body of men and women, of whom Mr. C. J. Stewart, the Public Trustee, is a prominent member, who have organized to do their part in husbanding the economic resources of the British Empire. They say they do not expect to win their ends by advertising and publicity, but rather by personal self-denial and by the "quiet spread of knowledge" on the part of the members among their own friends. But they have had a good deal of publicity through their National Economy Exhibitions and through their public lectures.

There is the London County Council, which is holding hundreds of evening classes and institutes for women—wartime classes. There are other less conspicuous groups working on the home fighting line for their country. It must be that, in great need, valuable elements coalesce; unities spring up, never before recognized. And all the workers are doing that most primitive of advertising—talking.

Here is a reflection, obvious enough, but deserving, nevertheless, a paragraph by itself: Think of the revolution in civilization if one nation—any nation—can be taught really to save; really not to waste! This world slaughter would have had at least one good result. Think what it would mean to us in America if we, in spite of our magnificent resources, could be taught not to waste!

Pessimists among the workers say that fully eighty per cent of the English people do not yet realize keenly enough how essential it is to economize to the uttermost degree. In their various ways the advertisers of the nation's chief need are preaching the following: That the services of all able-bodied people are required for four purposes: To fight; to make munitions; to produce the necessaries of life; to produce goods for export in order to pay for what England has to buy abroad.

Therefore, the wise and earnest ones say, when English people use unnecessary goods for their own consumption these goods must be made and moved. If they are brought from foreign countries shipping is used that should be set free for the requirements of war. It will be easy enough to pay for everything in England; but, unless the public refrains from unnecessary expenditures, it will not be possible, without undesirable expedients, to pay for things that come from abroad.

Conversely, if the people consume home products unnecessarily products will have to be imported, or else there will be so much the less surplus available for export. Also, things have to be moved on the railways, and there is great congestion.

Finally, when the people of England consume unnecessary things they are tending to prolong the war, and are adding to the dangers of the men at the Front and on the sea.

Therefore, the propagandists preach, for the sake of England remember this: Every ton of coal saved makes another ton available for our Allies. Every ride you take for pleasure on the trains, or to business on the busses when you could walk, wastes coal. Every time you eat luxurious food, every time you drink alcohol, you harm the soldiers. Send away unnecessary servants; use fewer rooms. Do not stint in food, but take pride in securing cheaply the necessary standard of food values. Margarine can take the place of butter; porridge, of costly breakfast dishes. No new furniture; no pianos; no jewelry.

Getting Men for the Army

Speakers for the National War-Savings Committee have occasionally found that well-known bane, Human Nature, obstructing their efforts. The attitude sometimes seems to be: "I'm doing all I can. Go and talk to somebody who isn't." Such a magnetic speaker, for example, as Mr. T. Lenox Gilman will be addressing an audience that has been served the following poster, issued by Sir Hedley le Bas to those who employ male servants:

"Have you a butler, groom, chauffeur, gardener or gamekeeper serving you who at this moment should be serving your king and country? Have you a man serving your table who should be serving a gun? Have you a man digging your garden who should be digging trenches? Have you a man driving your car who should be driving a transport wagon? Have you a man preserving your game who should be helping to preserve your country? A great responsibility rests upon you. Will you sacrifice your personal convenience for your country's need? Ask your men to enlist to-day!"

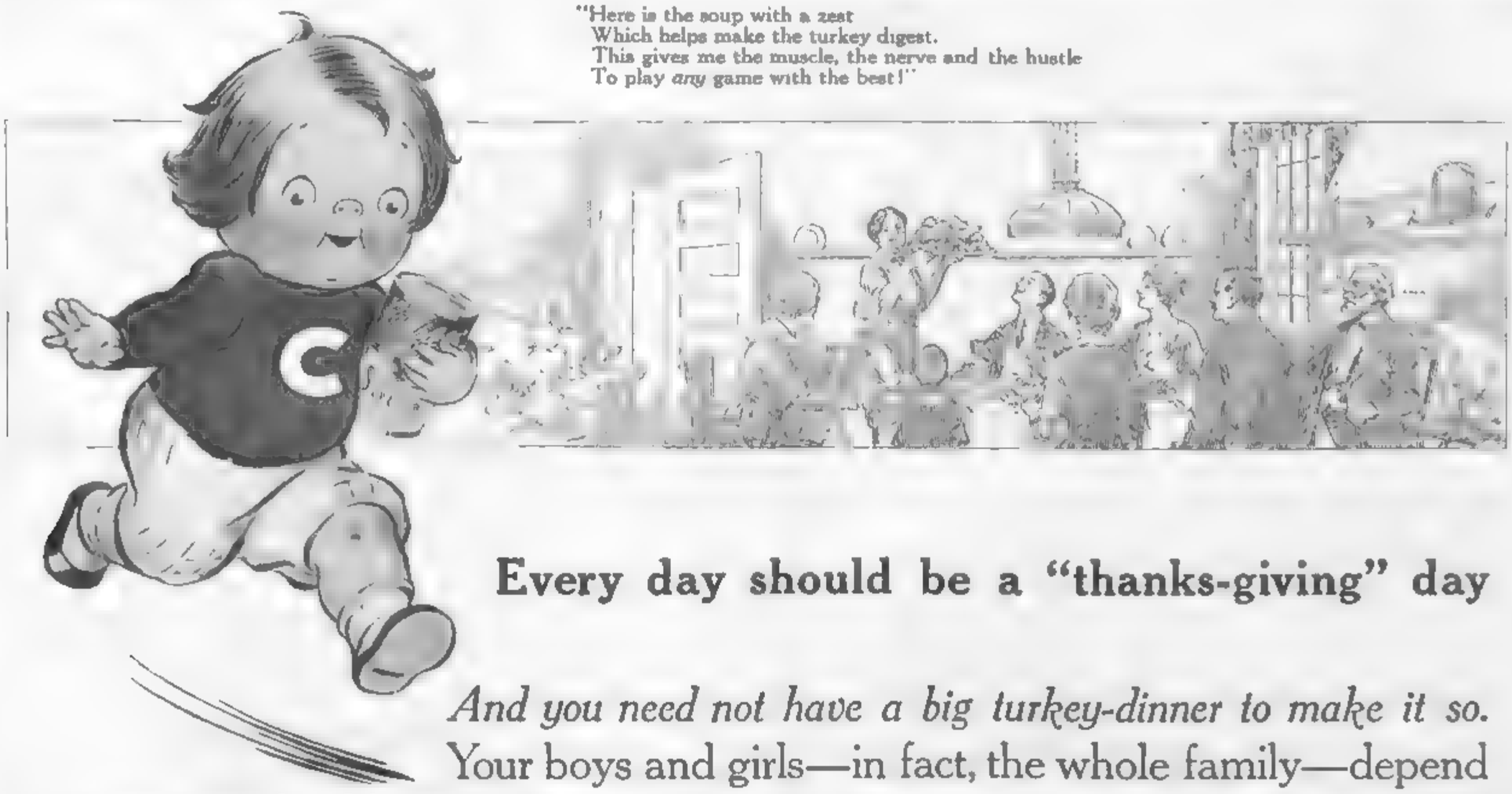
Out of such an audience some man will rise and address the lecturer something as follows:

"What you say is perfectly true; but I, for example, have got only one motor car left. I have put down two; I have dismissed all my menservants; I am waited on only by women"—weep for his misfortunes, American mistresses, who can't even get women—"and really I do not think it is reasonable to expect the well-to-do people to do more than they have done. Why don't you go and talk to the working classes?"

When the speaker does talk to the working classes some laborer rises and says:

"What you say is perfectly true. I dare say there is a good deal of extravagance; but why do you come to us, simply because we happen to have a few more shillings a week for our wages? Why don't you go and talk to those people in the West End of London who think nothing of spending half a

(Continued on Page 29)


"Here is the soup with a zest
Which helps make the turkey digest.
This gives me the muscle, the nerve and the hustle
To play *any* game with the best!"

Every day should be a "thanks-giving" day

And you need not have a big turkey-dinner to make it so. Your boys and girls—in fact, the whole family—depend for their high health and their real "joy of living," not merely on the *quantity* of food they eat, but on its *quality* and the *readiness with which they digest it.*

Right here—in its sustaining *quality,* and its *toning, strengthening effect on the digestive powers,* you find the all-important benefit of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

All good soup to some extent exerts a wholesome stimulus on digestion. And this is peculiarly true of this popular Campbell "kind."

It is in itself nourishing and easy to digest. It aids the digestion of other food. Eaten as the first course of any meal, it gives an extra zest and relish to all that follows.

Eating soup is one of the important first steps in the regular "building-up" process which makes a sturdy body and active wide-awake mind.

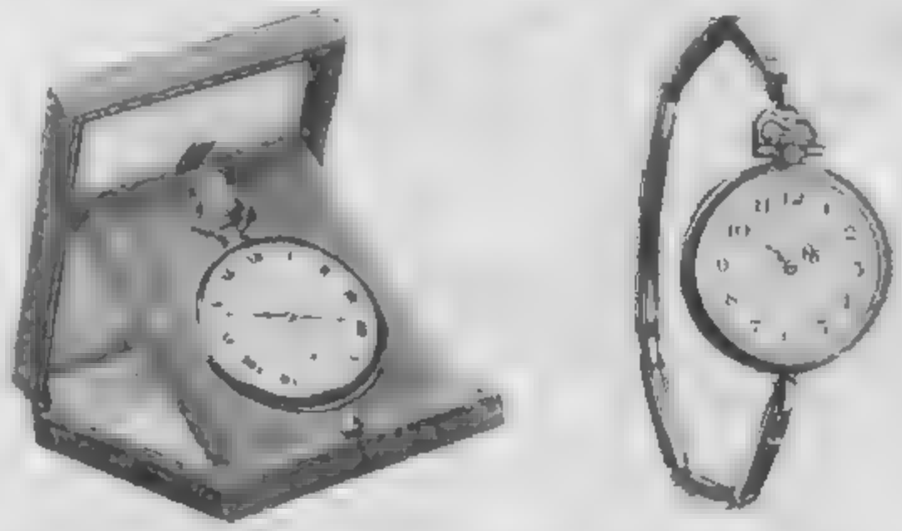
Have a plate of this wholesome soup with your Thanksgiving dinner. Notice how well it goes with the turkey and all the other good things.

To make it especially rich serve it as a Cream of Tomato. The simple directions on the label show how to prepare this in three minutes. See if you ever tasted anything more satisfying and delicious.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Take the world's word for it!

When you buy a watch you need not be perplexed as to "which is the best." Take the world's word for it! The world is old and the world is wise. From your grandfather's time to this, the world has purchased and used so many Walthams that today at Waltham stands the largest and most famous watch factory in all the world. You cannot buy *such* a guarantee of excellence in any other watch, European or American.

Waltham "Maximus" Watches

Waltham's proud traditions find richest expression in the "Maximus" watches — kingly timepieces that hold the Truth in awe and mark the passing of time with a regularity to bring envy to the very stars. The "Maximus" watches are made in differing models, shapes, and sizes for gentlemen and ladies. The gift of such a super-watch is the final mark of a high regard. The ownership of such a watch is to live with Truth itself!

Whether your choice is a "Maximus" or any one of the infinite variety of Walthams, you have the world's word for it that your watch is "the best of its kind."

There can be no substitute for the best.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

In Canada: 189 St James Street, Montreal

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Business houses in a number of striking instances have recognized its longevity and low cost of maintenance

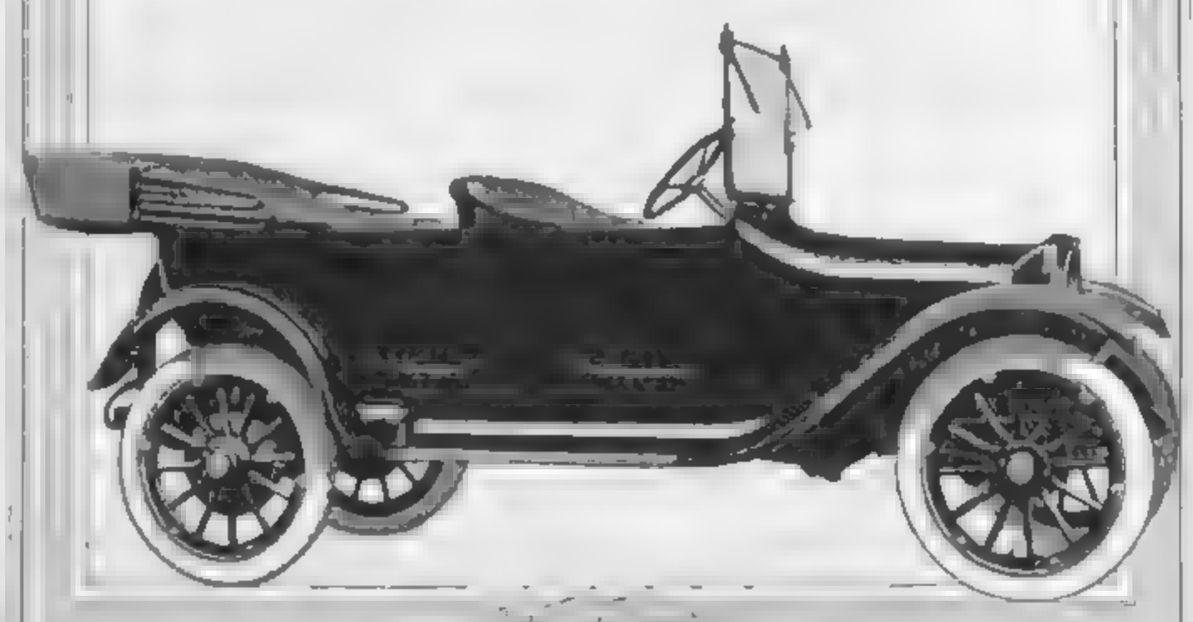
Careful records kept by municipalities employing a number of cars show figures that are gratifyingly low.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



The temperature in the home can be kept exactly as desired both day and night, and the family set free from all worry and attention to drafts and dampers if the heating plant is controlled by

"MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

Write us for booklet

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.

2751 Fourth Avenue South Minneapolis, Minn.

Smartest of 1917 Motor Cars will be regularly equipped with

NEVERLEEK TOP MATERIAL

The choice of more than 40 leading automobile manufacturers

E. S. CARR COMPANY

WOODWARD AVE. DETROIT

Send a 2c Stamp *For a Sample Cake*

For your skin's sake we would like you to become acquainted with the soft, delightful comfort of cleansing [illegible] purest of pure vegetable soaps.

Distinctive in its elusive perfume, it imparts a creamy rich lather that makes its use a real treat

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

This perfect soap has been the choice of refined women for many generations—both here and abroad. And you, too, will find it best. At your druggist's or dry goods store.

For the sample cake, send 2c stamp; or for 15 in stamps we will send you a [illegible] cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts, and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, Dept. 24, 25 West 45th Street, New York

No. 67 Carafe Set—$11.60
Other Sets, $7.50 to $14.00

HOTAKOLD

The Hotakold Family of Vacuum Vessels

Each one unusually attractive and useful

The HOTAKOLD Bottle, that keeps liquids hot 24 to 36 hours or cold 48 to 72 hours, was the first member of this popular family of temperature-retaining utilities. Even years ago, it was eagerly welcomed as a great convenience on outings, in the bedroom at night and in many other ways.

The HOTAKOLD Bottle is still made and used by thousands, but its principle has been applied to jugs, carafes (the first of their kind), ice jars, food jars, lunch sets, etc. These are made in several designs and finishes and in sets with trays and glasses. The carafes may be obtained with the bodies enameled in various colors to harmonize with the furnishings of a room.

The HOTAKOLD Carafe, with nickel or silver plated stand, silvered stopper and chain is a beauty, and would add quite a little to the attractiveness of your buffet or serving table.

The HOTAKOLD Jug with handle and pouring lip is well adapted as a coffee or tea pot and gives a note of distinctiveness to the serving of light refreshments.

Both the HOTAKOLD Lunch Box and Food Jar appeal to those who eat their lunch away from home, as a drink of the proper temperature is quite as important as the temperature of the food.

Remember the HOTAKOLD trade-mark—and look for it on HOTAKOLD Vessels in hardware, drug, housefurnishing and jewelry stores. Booklet No. 22 L describes the entire line, and shows you how HOTAKOLD Vessels are built to stand up under hard service.

VACUUM SPECIALTY CO., Meriden, Conn.

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO. *Distributors*

(Continued from Page 26)

guinea or a guinea for a dinner in one of the great hotels?"

The government, be it noted, is trying to be careful of its poor people. It knows that efficiency is the first requirement; knows, too, that only too many working people in England have lived below the level of efficiency. It does not ask that saving should begin until the point of efficiency is reached. Food and clothing cost abnormally. Men and women working at high pressure to make munitions, and those who are working overtime, or under special strain due to a shortage of labor in industry, need more and better food than they have been getting, even when their standard of living approached efficiency. All thinking people want the poorest laboring class to make good its lacks. Not till every bed has enough blankets; till every member of the family is warmly clad; till every pair of feet is properly shod—not till then should the very poor begin to consider war certificates.

A workingman from a manufacturing center in the north of England said to a speaker of the War-Savings Committee:

"So far as the working classes are concerned, you may divide them roughly into two sections—those who saved before the war and are saving more than they ever saved before; and those who spent before the war and are spending more than they ever spent before. You will not induce this latter class to save by offering them five per cent, because five per cent is no attraction for them. You will not get it by telling them that it will be to their interest to save, because of after-the-war reasons or otherwise; because, whatever they may say to you, in their hearts they will want to know what you are going to get out of it. But if you can convince them that their money is required to win this war you will get their money."

That is what the advertisers are appealing to in the rich as well as in the poor: Patriotism, which is now the deepest emotion of the British public. Never was advertising put on so high a plane; perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that never has British advertising got such great results. There is a story, going the rounds, of a lady in Bayswater who said to the dustman:

"I suppose, in spite of war economy, you still find many valuable things in the dustbins, don't you?"

"Well, mum," he replied, "it was only last week I found two cinders that could 'ave been burnt, three rags that could 'ave been sold, and a 'am-bone that would have made a nice drop of soup."

Economy Everywhere

Those who understand economize, but it is not an easy campaign; always that well-known pest, Human Nature, obtrudes. For example, clothes. Let those imperturbable optimists who always interpret everything simply, and see no obstacles, take a hand with the women and their garments. Here are a few of the superficial facts as to clothes, with their corresponding difficulties:

When the war broke out it turned topsy-turvy the lives of thousands of women, not only humanly but economically. There were the sound aristocrats, headed by Queen Mary, who, without feeling any change in income, nevertheless began a régime of rigid economy. There was another group, headed by whom it is as well not to say, the unpatriotic aristocracy—a small group, be it said for the honor of their class—who have gone on spending as lavishly as before; who dress and dine and dance as if no men were dying for them at the Front; as if no economic crisis faced them at home. As one clever matron put it, after an acquaintance had appeared in three new frocks on three successive days: "The disreputable Smart Set are, as ever, quite impervious to any interest but their own."

The majority of upper-class women and upper-middle-class women practice an iron economy. Many of them were not convinced, at first, of the necessity of economy. They thought that spending was "good for trade"—a fallacy, by the way, believed in very little by thinking poor people. But, once they realized that the mere circulation of their money was not going to help the nation, they bought no new clothes and sent their strongest maids to work in the munitions factories. One woman told me she was saving so hard that her two servants left; and she is learning to do her own work—in the land where jugs of hot water and hods of coal have to be carried up three flights of stairs! That woman will probably be trying to bake her own bread soon.

Then there are the very poorest classes of married women, who have always bought clothes for use and not for show; have never had as much as they wanted, or perhaps needed; and, with prices so high, have little prospect of spending. Sir Hedley le Bas and Mrs. Gotto need not preach to them. But the women who make the real difficulty are those who belong to the most efficient stratum of the poorest class and to the lower middle class—that is, women who are the wives of foremen and small business men of certain sorts.

Such women are getting, through their men, a prosperity they never dreamed of before the war; and it is so going to the heads of some of them that they are not thinking of the soldiers or of the needs of the country any more than are the disreputable Smart Set. Again, to the honor of England, they are relatively few.

Lady Cockney's Opinion

To these add the young, strong workinggirls, once cheaply paid factory hands, who are working by hundreds of thousands in the munitions factories. They are patriotic. How can one doubt that who sees the "canaries," or girls who work with the lyddite shells! They realize that, though the government will allow them to work at lyddite only for the shortest safe time, they will lose their fresh complexions and turn yellow, probably for all time. Yet they choose the work for the sake of England.

But think of all these girls, young, full of life, with the first chance in their lives of buying pretty clothes, and with more men in London than were ever there before! How can they help thinking that the government will not miss just one fifteen-and-six war certificate? And a nice fur neckpiece can be bought for exactly that!

The thing was put to me rather movingly by a little cockney woman, beside whom I was working in a munitions canteen. Sir Hedley le Bas could not have complained of the clothes of any of us; we wore long blue or brown aprons. And, by the way, four distinct social strata, all settling together very comfortably, were represented by the four English women who served the cartridge makers and shell turners with meat pie for threepence, rice and fruit for twopence and tea or coffee for a penny.

When the cockney and I were going home—third class; only invalids and snobs ride first class now, and there is no more second class—our talk turned upon clothes. She spoke frankly, in an accent that showed a very close acquaintance indeed with Bow Bells.

"Ow, yes," she said; "I've 'eard enough, and talked it myself, too, abaht not throwin' away money on clothes. Last July a lidy came to see me, and she wasn't talkin' more than ten minutes when I knew she meant my clothes. Poor girls like us understand a deal more than what rich lidies think for.

"Once I 'eard a lidy s'y, when they were talkin' of sendin' lidies to the 'ouse to talk to us abaht what we wore: 'My Gord,' she says—or words to that effect—'if you send Miss Jimes to talk abaht clothes to the workin'men's wives she'll 'ave 'em all himitatin' 'er clothes, if they 'ave to pawn the parlor clock! Contrariwise, if you send Mrs. Smif, wif her short 'air and 'er dowdy 'at, and for all 'er sweet smile, the women will say: "My Gord"'—or words to that effect—'"does she hexpect us to dress like 'er? Our men wouldn't 'ave it; they'd knock us all abaht the place!" It's not an easy problem.'

"And so," continued little Lady Cockney, "when the lidy came to me and went to talkin', roundabout and tactful, abaht 'ow when we bought things we just didn't 'ave to 'ave; and 'ow every new thing took something away from a boy at the Front, givin' 'is life to protect us; and what a bad hexample spendin' is to other girls—I knew she meant me. So I says to 'er like this: 'Miss,' I says, 'do you know that I 'ave a boy at the Front, and that I sent 'im there?'"

She dived into her shabby purse and brought out a clipping, which she showed me. It is considered one of the most effective Sir Hedley le Bas got out, and had special effect in Ireland, where it was first sent.

"Is your Best Boy wearing khaki?" it reads. "If not, don't you think he should be? If he does not think that you and your

(Concluded on Page 31)

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

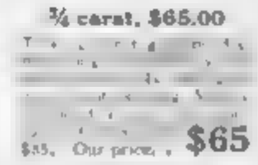
FROM JASON WEILER & SON,

Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 40 years the house of Jason Weiler & Son of Boston has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done direct by mail with customers at importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser:—

½ carat, $32.00

This ½ carat genuine dia-



¾ carat, $65.00

$85. Our price, . $65

1 carat, $95.00

This genuine one-carat dia-

$95

Men's Diamond Ring, $175.00

Perfect white blue white dia-

funded if you can duplicate ring for less than $250.00

2 carats, $239.00

This two-carat diamond, of

if you can duplicate it for less than $

Men's Diamond Ring, $280.00

duplicate ring for less than $ 40.00.

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:—

carat	$ 41.00
1 "	175.00
2 carats	180.00
2½ carats	480.00
3 carats	560.00
3½ carats	660.00
4 carats	880.00

Ladies' Diamond Ring, $295.00

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston.

If desired ring sent through Bank . . . Express Co.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS Free VALUABLE CATALOG ON *HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS*

A copy will be mailed to you FREE

Free

Write for 128 page Jewelry and Watch Catalog

Jason Weiler & Son

361 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies Amsterdam and Paris

A Scotchman Started It

ON a dull, rainy day in Glasgow, many years ago, a Scotchman wearing an odd-looking cloak sauntered along in the drizzle.

His good neighbors wondered what he could be about. Doubtless they thought him daft. Little did they know how much he was to add to the future comfort of the world. For this was the first practical test of Charles Macintosh's discovery that rubber could be fabricated.

Rainproof coats came into favor very slowly. Rubber was expensive, the wearing qualities of the rubberized fabrics of that day were poor, and the styles were hideous. The old caped "macintosh" soon grew brittle and leaked.

What an improvement today!

The United States Rubber Company makes weather coats of standard, well proved, durable materials, tailored to satisfy every taste. Among them are weather coats for all people and all services—from the lightweight garments that modish women wear to the heavy stormcoats used for hard work—or play.

The making of thousands and thousands of weather coats is a great business by itself. But it is only one of the many activities of the United States Rubber Company, **the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.**

Included in the output of its 47 factories are also **all styles of rubber footwear, canvas rubber-soled shoes, tires for automobiles, motor trucks and all other vehicles, druggists' rubber goods, insulated wire, soles and heels, belting, hose, packing, mechanical and moulded rubber goods of every description.**

To furnish this vast output the United States Rubber Company has built up an immense organization, based on a foundation laid 74 years ago. Some of its units are especially skilled and equipped for the production of one kind of rubber goods, some for another. But every unit in the United States Rubber System is guided and dominated by this fundamental policy: **the standard of quality must be maintained.**

United States Rubber Company

(Concluded from Page 29)

country are worth fighting for, do you think he is worthy of you? Don't pity the girl who is alone; her young man probably is a soldier, fighting for her and her country—and for you. If your young man neglects his duty—the time will come when he will neglect you. . . ."

"Yes," said the little cockney, "it was me urged him after my cousin in Ireland sent me that. So I says to the lidy: 'Miss,' I says, 'I know as well as if you had said it that somebody's been tellin' you I bought a pair of 'igh boots, and a feather boa, and a new 'at. And so I did; and I'll tell you why: Before my boy went to France he 'inted that when he got his furlough maybe 'e'd ask me to get married. When he was gone I worked 'ard in the shop, and I do my bit at the canteens too; and I saved 'ard, as the advertisements said. I can show you my war-savin's certificate.

"'I'd walk round the streets at night and Sundays alone, for I wouldn't want to walk out with any boy but 'im. I'd see all these Canidian and Austrilian soldiers out wif girls they'd picked up. I could have had one myself if I would. I saw girls out that 'ad never been asked for their company before. I was glad they'd got their chance till I began to think: Maybe these Canidians and Austrilians 'ave left sweet'earts be'ind 'em that'll get their 'earts broke twice! So I thought of my boy goin' through France, where the girls 'ave so much style, and seein' pretty nurses; and I thought: "All men is weak." When I saw 'ow bad my boots was, and 'ow fided my 'at, and knew my boy'd be back on furlough, I says: "I don't care; 'e's goin' to see me lookin' better than 'e ever 'as before." So I up and buys the things; and I ain't sorry. I been doin' wifout meat and butter and eggs to make hup. If I 'ad it all to do over, I would. My boy is bound to be pleased with 'ow I look.'"

The Heart of the Soldier

"That's what I said to the lidy; and, my word, she cried! And she says: 'I 'ope he comes back to you safe; my boy didn't.' So I cried, too, and she went off; and next thing I 'eard of her she was drivin' a van for a canteen. My boy 'e did come 'ome safe, and I met 'im at Charing Cross; and we 'adn't got to Trafalgar Square before 'e asked me if I was ready. The lidy that drives the van, she bought a special license for us, so we wouldn't lose none of his furlough. You can see my ring. And 'e's back in France now, and I'm wearin' old clothes again to set a good hexample; and my nice things is in the bottom drawer till 'e gets back. And, whatever 'appens, we've 'ad a bit of 'appiness."

Poor little brave cockney woman! Poor little prototype of every woman of every nation who has husband or son or lover at the Front! I don't think the hardest person in the world could go down the London streets and see the soldiers walking with their wives and children without feeling touched. The wife clings to her husband's arm; the husband pushes the baby carriage or carries the baby or holds a child by the hand. The soldiers seem to want to feel the physical touch of those they love. It takes a wife's hand to make them forget the trenches; the glance of a baby's innocent eyes to close their own eyes to all the horrors they have seen. One passes them, saying silently: "Good luck and a safe return!"

This isn't really a digression. I'm still talking about a nation's advertising—only not of a business and national sort; it's just the advertising of the sad, brave heart of the soldier.

The Gentle Passion

WILLIAM GILLETTE, the actor, was showing George H. Broadhurst, the playwright, over his country estate. They arrived at the sheepfold, and at sight of their master the woolly inmates came bleating to the bars.

"See how the little things love me, George!" said the owner proudly.

"Love—thunder!" said Broadhurst. "They come to you because they are hungry and they think you are going to feed them."

"George," said Gillette, "when you have reached a certain age that passes for love."

"I'll give them all Girards!"

Merry thought! A wise and liberal giver. That's the sensible gift from man to man.

And how about *your* loyal friends and faithful employees? How about your good customers and the smokers in your own family circle? Have you planned to give each of them a box of these joyous and satisfying smokes for Christmas?

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

You can't go wrong in giving the Girard. It is America's favorite cigar "a mild combination of solace and good cheer." A cigar whose full-flavored, age-mellowed Havana tobacco makes the smoker's soul sing.

The "Broker" Actual Size, 10c

And you can get Girards wherever you are. The nearest Girard dealer will supply you. Or, if you prefer your own dealer and he doesn't sell Girards, show him our address and he will get them for you.

Or, if you wish, we will deliver them direct.

Just send us a list of those to whom you want to give Christmas Girards. Name the colors and shapes wanted (Light, Medium or Dark, 5¼-inch Perfecto, 5-inch Panatela or 5-inch Blunt). These are all 10-cent sizes. Enclose your check or money order. And we will have them delivered, prepaid, promptly on the date you name.

14 sizes. 10c and up
Boxes of 25, 50 and 100 cigars.

Christmas is the time to make friends and keep them. And Girards will help you to do it. Get action today—do your Girard shopping early.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871
PHILADELPHIA

The Stein-Bloch Co. The Smart Shop Rochester N.Y. — This Mark Marks the Smartest Ready-to-Wear Clothes

This was the first clothing label registered in America. Today, the ideal it represents remains unchanged. It could be no higher. And that is why

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

have maintained their superiority for "Sixty-Two Years of Knowing How."

"The Morley" is the most popular model for *young men.* It has the smartness of youth refined by the good taste of maturity. Three-button coat with patch pockets and semi-form-fitting body.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Rochester, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL CUTLERY

WHENEVER you have occasion to buy a Pocket Knife, a pair of Shears, a Carving Set or an assortment of Table or Kitchen Cutlery ask to see the UNIVERSAL brand. You'll notice particularly the pleasing designs, the wide variety of patterns to choose from, the fine sharp cutting edges of the blades and the perfect balance of each piece.

The Cutting Edges Remain Sharp and True Through Years of Service

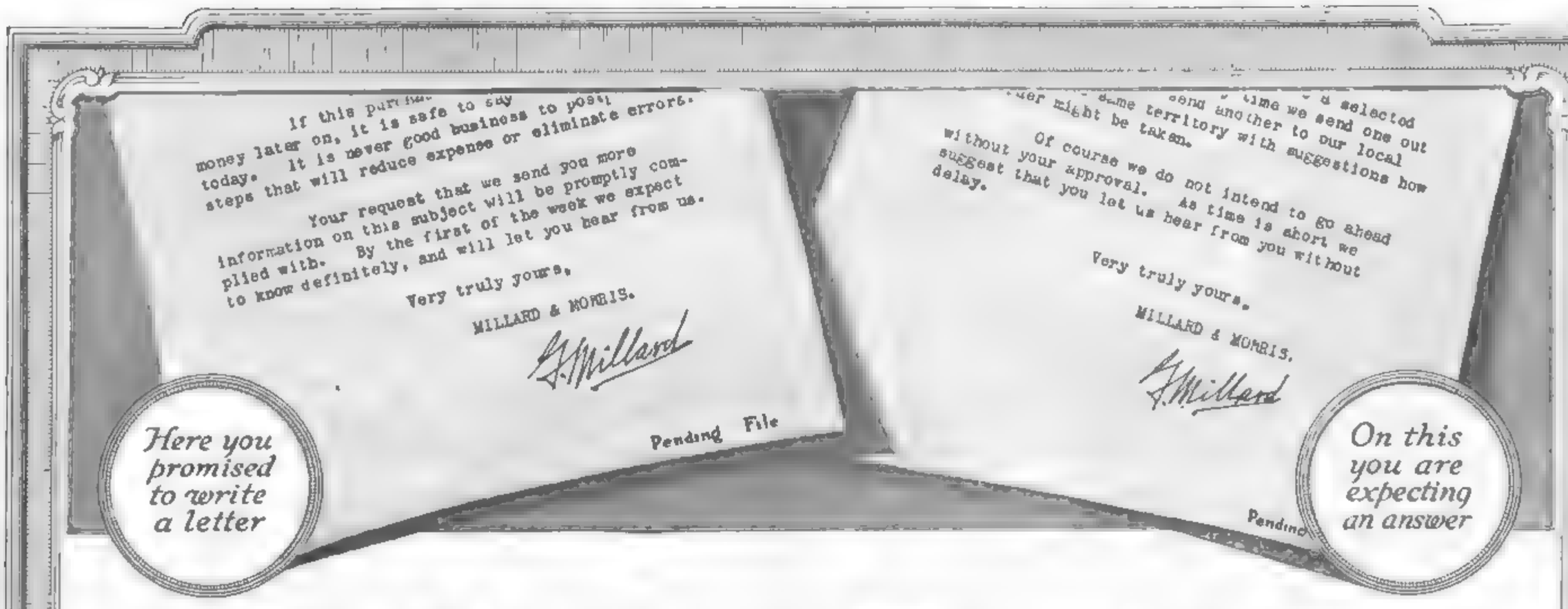
Remember, the manufacturer's guarantee of over fifty years' standing goes with each piece of UNIVERSAL Cutlery, that UNIVERSAL Cutlery costs no more than any other and that it is made for every household use. Think of this when you are tempted to buy unknown or unbranded flimsy pieces of cutlery that are being sold at catch-penny prices.

Standardize your household cutlery by buying only that which bears the UNIVERSAL Trade Mark.

Look for this Trade Mark UNIVERSAL on each piece or label

On sale at all Good Stores. Write for Free Booklet.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
"Master Cutlers for over half a century"
701 Center Street, New Britain, Conn.


If this purchase
money later on, it is safe to say
today. It is never good business to post
steps that will reduce expense or eliminate errors.
Your request that we send you more
information on this subject will be promptly com-
plied with. By the first of the week we expect
to know definitely, and will let you hear from us.
Very truly yours,
MILLARD & MORRIS.
G. Millard
Pending File
Here you promised to write a letter
time we send one out
a selected
send another to our local
dome territory with suggestions how
uer might be taken.
Of course we do not intend to go ahead
without your approval. As time is short we
suggest that you let us hear from you without
delay.
Very truly yours,
MILLARD & MORRIS.
G. Millard
Pending
On this you are expecting an answer

It Never Forgets

DO you write all the letters you promise to write? Do you get answers to all the letters you write that require answers?

Do you remember to write the supplementary letter you promised and do you remember to jog the other fellow for his answer?

That is the use of a pending file. The pending file never forgets.

One Carbon Copy Isn't Enough

The regular carbon copy of your letter goes to the file. Men who do not want to overlook things are having two carbons made, one for the regular files, one on a distinctive color, green or blue, for a little pending file that is laid on their desks every morning.

When a pending matter is attended to and out of the way, tear up your pending copy and throw it away.

A pending file won't let you forget. It is nothing you have to buy. It consists merely of a portfolio or a large envelope.

Just look at it every morning, and you know exactly where you stand on everything that requires your attention.

Begin to use it and you can say of yourself, without boasting, "I never forget."

This is just a suggestion to business men. It is a fair sample of the ideas to be found in the different portfolios of specimen forms done on Hammermill Bond.

We have prepared a series of portfolios, each applying to some special business. There are Hammermill Portfolios for retail stores, hotels, manufacturers, advertising departments, mail order firms, banks, insurance companies, department stores, wholesale houses, schools and colleges, newspaper and magazine publishers, farms and estates, professional men, state and municipal departments, real estate agents, forms for keeping the vital statistics of your business, and one on the Signal System.

Frequently a business man gets from the Hammermill Portfolios an idea, or sees a form that is just what he needs in his business—always he sees ways in which he can save money on his business printing by standardizing on Hammermill Bond.

The portfolio that applies to your business is free. Every printer should have and may have a complete set of Hammermill Bond Portfolios.

Write us. Tell us your line of business and get your portfolio.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pennsylvania

This Watermark Is Our Word of Honor to the Public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

"I've got to keep my feet happy!" she says

A WISE woman in Denver writes us:

"I never had a shoe that was so comfortable, wore so well, and gave such satisfaction as your Educator. My friends tell me that they never saw a better fitting shoe on my foot.

"And that's going some, because I aim to *please my feet*, so as to keep them in good humor. There isn't any sense in keeping one's feet growling all the time because of an ill-fitting shoe. I've got to keep my feet *happy*—they are my nearest neighbors, and you know how uncomfortable it is to live next door to a fussy neighbor."

Made for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get the whole family into Educators today. But don't forget to look on the sole for EDUCATOR, branded in. That mark guarantees you the correct, orthopaedic Educator shape that "let's the feet grow as they should." Send for

"*Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet*"

a booklet of startling foot facts by orthopaedic experts. Learn How to Walk Correctly; How to Have Foot-Health. Free. Write now.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
16 High Street, Boston, Mass.

Who also make All-America and Signet Shoes for Men, and the Mayfair for Women

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

THEME: THE CELEBRITY

(Continued from Page 7)

suddenly learning that he is nearby, with indeed but a wall or two between, can be calm and cool. But I am not like that. Although long supression has taught me to disemble at times, where my Heart is concerned I am powerless.

For it was at last my heart that was touched. I, who had scorned the Other Sex and felt that I was born cold and always would be cold, that day I discovered the truth. Reginald Beecher was my ideal. I had never spoken to him, nor indeed seen him, except for his pictures. But the very mention of his name brought a lump to my Throat.

Feeling better imediately I got Sis out of the room and coaxed Hannah to bring me some dinner. While she was sneaking it out of the pantrey I was dressing, and soon, as a new being, I was out on the stone bench at the foot of the lawn, gazing with wrapt eyes at the sea.

But Fate was against me. Eddie Perkins saw me there and came over. He had but recently been put in long trowsers, and those not his best ones but only white flannels. He was never sure of his garters, and was always looking to see if his socks were coming down. Well, he came over just as I was sure I saw Reginald Beecher next door on the veranda, and made himself a nusance right away, trying all sorts of kid tricks, such as snaping a rubber Band at me, and pulling out Hairpins.

But I felt that I must talk to somone. So I said:

"Eddie, if you had your choice of love or a Career, which would it be?"

"Why not both," he said, hitching the rubber band onto one of his front teeth and playing on it. "Niether ought to take up all a fellow's time. Say, listen to this! Talk about a eukelele!"

"A woman can never have both."

He played a while, struming with one finger until the band sliped off and stung him on the lip.

"Once," I said, "I dreamed of a Career. But I beleive love's the most important."

Well, I shall pass lightly over what followed. Why is it that a girl cannot speak of Love without every member of the Other Sex present, no matter how young, thinking it is him? And as for mother maintaining that I kissed that wreched Child, and they saw me from the drawing-room, it is not true and never was true. It was but one more Misunderstanding which convinced the Familey that I was carrying on all manner of afairs.

Carter Brooks had arrived that day, and was staying at the Perkins' cottage. I got rid of the Perkins' baby, as his Nose was bleeding—but I had not slaped him hard at all, and felt little or no compunction—when I heard Carter coming down the walk. He had called to see Leila, but she had gone to a beech dance and left him alone. He never paid any attention to me when she was around, and I received him cooly.

"Hello!" he said.

"Well?" I replied.

"Is that the way you great me, Bab?"

"It's the way I would great most any Left-over," I said. "I eat hash at school, but I don't have to pretend to like it."

"I came to see *you*."

"How youthfull of you!" I replied, in stinging tones.

He sat down on a Bench and stared at me.

"What's got into you lately?" he said. "Just as you're geting to be the prettiest girl around, and I'm strong for you, you—you turn into a regular Rattlesnake."

The kindness of his tone upset me considerably, to who so few kind Words had come recently. I am compeled to confess that I wept, although I had not expected to, and indeed shed few tears, although bitter ones.

How could I posibly know that the chaste Salute of Eddie Perkins and my head on Carter Brooks' shoulder were both plainly visable against the rising moon? But this was the Case, especialy from the house next door.

But I digress.

Suddenly Carter held me off and shook me somewhat.

"Sit up here and tell me about it," he said. "I'm geting more scared every minute. You are such an impulsive little Beast, and you turn the fellow's heads so—look here, is Jane Raleigh lying, or did you run away and get married to somone?"

I am aware that I should have said, then and there, No. But it seemed a shame to spoil Things just as they were geting interesting. So I said, through my tears

"Nobody understands me. Nobody. And I'm so lonely."

"And of course you haven't run away with anyone, have you?"

"Not—exactly."

"Bless you, Bab!" he said. And I might as well say that he kissed me, because he did, although unexpectedly. Sombody just then moved a Chair on the porch next door and coughed rather loudly, so Carter drew a long breath and got up.

"There's somthing about you lately, Bab, that I don't understand," he said. "You - you're mysterious. That's the word. In a couple of Years you'll be the real thing."

"Come and see me then," I said demurly. And he went away.

So I sat on my Bench and looked at the sea and dreamed. It seemed to me that Centuries must have passed since I was a light-hearted girl, running up and down that beech, paddling, and so forth, with no thought of the future farther away than my next meal.

Once I lived to eat. Now I merly ate to live, and hardly that. The fires of genius must be fed, but no more.

Sitting there I suddenly made a discovery. The boat house was near me, and I realized that upstairs, above the Bathhouses, et cetera, there must be a room or two. The very thought intriged me (a new word for interest, but coming into use, and sounding well).

Solatude—how I craved it for my work. And here it was, or would be when I had got the Place fixed up. True, the next door boat-house was close, but a boat-house is a quiet place, generaly, and I knew that nowhere, aside from the dessert, is there perfect Silence.

I investigated at once, but found the place locked and the boatman gone. However, there was a latice, and I climbed up that and got in. I had a Fright there, as it seemed to be full of people, but I soon saw it was only the familey bathing suits hung up to dry. Aside from the odor of drying things it was a fine study, and I decided to take a small table there, and the various tools of my proffession.

Climbing down, however, I had a surprise. For a man was just below, and I nearly put my foot on his shoulder in the darkness.

"Hello!" he said. "So it's *you*."

I was quite speechless. It was Mr. Beecher himself, in his dinner clothes and bareheaded.

Oh flutering Heart, be still. Oh Pen, move steadily. Oh tempora o mores!"

"Let me down," I said. I was still hanging to the latice.

"In a moment," he said. "I have an idea that the instant I do you'll vanish. And I have something to tell you."

I could hardly beleive my ears.

"You see," he went on, "I think you must move that Bench."

"Bench?"

"You seem to be so very popular," he said. "And of course I'm only a transient and don't matter. But some evening one of the admirers may be on the Patten's porch, while another is with you on the bench. And—the Moon rises beyond it."

I was silent with horor. So that was what he thought of me. Like all the others, he, to, did not understand. He considered me a Flirt, when my only Thoughts were serious ones, of imortality and so on.

"You'd better come down now," he said. "I was afraid to warn you until I saw you climbing the latice. Then I knew you were still young enough to take a friendly word of Advise."

I got down then and stood before him. He was magnifacent. Is there anything more beautiful than a tall man with a gleaming expance of dress shirt? I think not.

But he was stareing at me.

"Look here," he said. "I'm afraid I've made a mistake after all. I thought you were a little girl."

"That needn't worry you. Everybody does," I replied. "I'm seventeen, but I shall be a mere Child until I come out."

"Oh!" he said.

"One day I am a Child in the nursery," I said. "And the next I'm grown up and ready to be sold to the highest Bider."

"I beg your pardon, I ——"

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

Ginger Ale

The American people are rapidly finding out what a splendid beverage good ginger ale is.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is showing them. Clicquot Club has found its place in the ice-boxes of thousands of American homes.

People drink it because of its character—its snappy, gingery flavor, its abounding, bubbling life and sparkle, its purity and the fact that it is a safe thirst-quencher on the hottest day.

It is good in any climate and enjoyable at any hour. It mixes well with almost anything. *And it's made of ginger.*

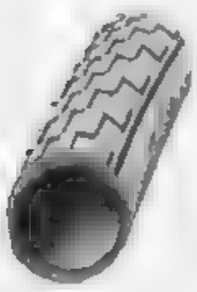
Good grocers and druggists sell it by the case. At fountains, clubs and restaurants.

The Clicquot Club Company
Millis, Mass.

BLUE STREAKS

These Bicycle Tires *Must* Serve You Well

$2.50 Each



Guaranteed

Here is a message to the bicycle-riding boy:

You, who are pushing the pedals on your bike today, will probably be throwing in the clutch on your very own automobile before long.

You will be a customer for Goodyear Automobile Tires.

Or you may become a manufacturer requiring Goodyear Belting, or in charge of a power plant where Goodyear*ite*, the wonderful asbestos packing, could be used.

The Goodyear Company cannot risk your displeasure now by selling you a poor bicycle tire and thus lose your future business.

Nor can they, for the trifling sum of two dollars and a half—the price of a Blue Streak Bicycle Tire—lose your father's confidence, for he may be a Goodyear customer *now*.

The Goodyear Company *knows* that Blue Streaks will serve you faithfully and well.

That they will uphold the fine name of Goodyear.

Blue Streaks mean a long life of service—handsome appearance—speed.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

DRI-FOOT, the Shoe Waterproofing, will keep your feet absolutely dry anywhere and everywhere in any kind of weather. Softens and preserves the leather and doubles the life of shoes.

25 CENTS

buys enough Dri-Foot to waterproof a pair of shoes for six months. Sold and recommended by 10,000 better class shoe stores.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us ten cents in stamps for trial can with enough to waterproof your shoes for two months.

DRI-FOOT
THE SHOE WATERPROOFING
FITZ CHEMICAL COMPANY, PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.
Foreign Representative, 12 Broadway, New York City

"But I am as grown up now as I will ever be," I said. "And indeed more so. I think a great deal now, because I have plenty of Time. But my sister never thinks at all. She is to busy."

"Suppose we sit on the Bench. The moon is to high to be a menase, and besides, I am not dangerous. Now, what do you think about?"

"About Life, mostly. But of course there is Death, which is beautiful but cold. And—one always thinks of Love, doesn't one?"

"Does one?" he asked. I could see he was much interested. As for me, I dared not consider whom it was who sat beside me, almost touching. That way lay madness.

"Don't you ever," he said, "reflect on just ordinary things, like Clothes and so forth?"

I shruged my shoulders.

"I don't get enough new clothes to worry about. Mostly I think of my Work."

"Work?"

"I am a writer," I said in a low, earnest tone.

"No! How—how amazing. What do you write?"

"I'm on a play now."

"A comedie?"

"No. A tragedy. How can I write a comedie when a play must always end in a catastrofe? The book says all plays end in Crisis, Dénouement and Catastrofe."

"I can't beleive it," he said. "But, to tell you a Secret, I never read any books about Plays."

"We are not all gifted from berth, as you are," I observed, not to merely please him, but because I considered it the simple Truth.

He pulled out his watch and looked at it in the moonlight.

"All this reminds me," he said, "that I have promised to go to work tonight. But this is so er thrilling that I guess the work can wait. Well—now go on."

Oh, the joy of that night! How can I describe it? To be at last in the company of one who understood, who—as he himself had said in "Her Soul"—spoke my own langundge! Except for the occassional mosquitoe, there was no sound save the turgescent sea and his Voice.

Often since that time I have sat and listened to conversation. How flat it sounds to listen to father prozing about Gold, or Sis about Clothes, or even to the young men who come to call, and always talk about themselves.

We were at last interupted in a strange manner. Mr. Patten came down their walk and crossed to us, walking very fast. He stopped right in front of us and said

"Look here, Reg, this is about all I can stand."

"Oh, go away, and sing, or do somthing," said Mr. Beecher sharply.

"You gave me your word of Honor," said the Patten man. "I can only remind you of that. Also of the expence I'm incuring, and all the rest of it. I've shown all sorts of patience, but this is the limit."

He turned on his Heal, but came back for a last word or two.

"Now see here," he said, "we have everything fixed the way you said You wanted it. And I'll give you ten minutes. That's all"

He stocked away, and Mr. Beecher looked at me.

"Ten minutes of Heaven," he said, "and then perdetion with that bunch. Look here," he said, "I—I'm awfully interested in what you are telling me. Let's cut off up the beech and talk."

Oh night of Nights! Oh moon of Moons!

Our talk was strictly business. He asked me my Plot, and although I had been warned not to do so, even to David Belasco, I gave it to him fully. And even now, when all is over, I am not sorry. Let him use it if he will. I can think of plenty of Plots.

The real tragedy is that we met Father. He had been ordered to give up smokeing, and I considered had done so, mother feeling that I should be encouraged in leaving off cigarettes. So when I saw the cigar I was sure it was not Father. It proved to be, however, and although he passed with nothing worse than a Glare, I knew I was in more trouble.

At last we reached the Bench again, and I said good night. Our relations continued business-like to the last. He said,

"Good night, little authoress, and let's have some more talks."

"I'm afraid I've board you," I said.

(Continued on Page 37)

The Golden Rule in Service

This is at once apparent when you enter Hotel La Salle—the spirit of kindliness and good will in service.

To find a stately palace in brick and stone, in bronze and marble, radiating an atmosphere of cheer and friendliness, is the *double* pleasure which awaits you on arrival at

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

Here, every day, may be seen people of world-wide fame and authority, who appreciate the efficiency of Hotel La Salle service—its comfortable equipment and unsurpassed cuisine.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1036 rooms—834 with private bath

LaSalle at Madison St.
CHICAGO

ERNEST J. STEVENS, Vice Pres. & Mgr.

The only hotel in Chicago maintaining floor clerks and individual service on every floor

Fraternal Insurance

As An American Institution Fraternal Insurance Began Its Active Work About 1880

IT is no reflection upon those who established the fraternal beneficiary associations that their plans were more or less crude and imperfect, and that they did not work out all that had been hoped for by their founders.

These institutions were **born of the heart** rather than of the head. It is, therefore, not strange that in the early operation they made many mistakes.

The need of home protection appealed to the affections of men. They groped in the darkness seeking a way to provide this protection at the minimum of cost. They did not study the mathematical and financial sides of the problem. They did not fully realize the extent of their undertakings, but it is to their everlasting credit that **they saw and attempted to provide for the need of their families in this relation.**

Out of this sense of duty came the fraternal beneficiary system of America—one of the wonders of the age.

Fraternal Insurance has done more to popularize life insurance than all other agencies combined, because it brought such benefits to the masses—those who needed them—at the minimum of cost.

Through the lodge system and co-operation it engenders a spirit of human interest—a desire to help one another—establishes social centers, cares for the sick and the disabled as well as the widow and the orphan, and in a general way extends fraternal sympathy and help. It inculcates habits of thrift and is conducive to the preservation of health and independence in life, and affords the greatest amount of protection and fraternal assistance for the least money. In short, it embodies the teachings of the Golden Rule, hence it is not strange that it has a "strong grip" on the hearts of the American people.

It has had a marvellous growth and has already attained gigantic proportions.

At the close of 1915 it had 8,573,739 members in 120,123 local lodges.

It had certificates in force amounting to $9,443,671,501 00.

It had paid to the widows and orphans and disabled members, up to that time, $2,058,312,537.00.

It had net assets amounting to $234,775,140.00.

During the year 1915 it admitted 960,735 new members, and paid benefits amounting to $103,508,093.00.

It is thoroughly democratic—of the people, for the people, by the people—economical, serviceable, beneficial, has no investment features, purely for protection, and is not carried on for profit

It has shown wonderful vitality in its power to reorganize and readjust its rates of contribution upon a scientific basis

The enormous growth it has had during such period of reconstruction, increasing its membership by more than two millions, is sufficient evidence of its adaptability to the needs of the people in the way of home life insurance protection

The education and legislation of recent years all combine to place this system of mutual home protection on a strong and stable basis. The early weakness in the matter of insufficiency of contribution is being overcome, as evidenced by its net assets of $234,775,140.00 at the close of 1915

Fraternal insurance will be preserved and strengthened as the years pass by, because **it is the chief protection of more than eight millions of American homes, which would be poor indeed without its protecting arms.**

The Maccabees

"The idol of her heart" and the object of our care.

The Maccabees is one of the oldest of these institutions; having been established in 1878. It is no longer an experiment.

It has passed through the various stages of development from the time when it was on a "pass the hat" basis to the present, when its **rates of contribution are adequate, computed on standard mortality tables,** so that the contributions to its funds are equal to its promised benefits.

It was one of the first to take the important step of getting right financially, which it did in 1904. It then recognized the **duty** it owed to its members and the public—to be honest—that when it made a promise to protect the widow and orphans it should provide the funds with which to do this.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door." *We care for the old man too.*

ITS RITUALISM is wholesome, inspiring, patriotic. Benefits are provided in case of death, sickness, accident and old age.

Certificates are issued on popular easy-payment plans for $500 to $3,000.

The contributions or premiums can be paid monthly, semi-annually or annually.

Admits to membership only white persons between eighteen and fifty years of age. Requires a careful medical examination of applicants.

By reason of the Lodge system, the **expense** of general management is **very small—only 10c per member per month.**

The **membership** of the Association is now **more than 300,000.** It is non-political and non-sectarian.

Has over 5,600 subordinate local lodges—Tents—one or more in nearly every city and town of any importance in the United States and Canada.

All its investments are made in government and municipal bonds — no better securities obtainable.

Now issues Certificates on the **Whole-Life Special, Whole-Life 20 Annual Payment** plans, contributions for which are based on The American Experience Table of Mortality and 4%—same Table used by commercial companies. These Certificates provide for paid-up and extended insurance protection after three full years of membership, and the following additional privileges and benefits:

(a) In case of permanent total disability, at the option of the member, one-half of the amount of the face of the Certificate.

(b) At age seventy, full accumulation not less than one-half of the face of the Certificate.

(c) $200 for loss by accident of one foot, one hand, or the sight of one eye. (Not deducted from Certificate.)

(d) A life membership, free of cost, in the Maccabee Home and Relief Association, where aged and indigent members are provided for.

(e) Certificates can be made payable to beneficiaries in any number of annual installments.

(f) Face of Certificate at death.

Members may transfer to these new plans without cost and receive credit for all accumulations

It has paid to widows, orphans and disabled members nearly $90,000,000 00.

Its invested funds and other **assets now amount to more than $21,000,000 00**

The social and fraternal privileges of a great International brotherhood, with more than 300,000 members in local lodges nearly everywhere you go in America, care and assistance in sickness or distress, are by no means the least of its many advantages and privileges.

If there is no local lodge (Tent) at your home, and you would like one there, or if you desire further information as to plans and benefits, fill out the coupon below and mail to our general offices at Detroit, Mich.

THE MACCABEES—General Offices, 1021 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Michigan

D. P. MARKEY, Supreme Commander L. E. SISLER, Supreme Record Keeper

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TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 34)

"Board me!" he said. "I haven't spent such an evening for years!"

The Familey acted perfectly abserd about it. Seeing that they were going to make a fuss I refused to say with whom I had been walking. You'd have thought I had comitted a crime.

"It has come to this, Barbara," mother said, paceing the floor. "You cannot be trusted out of our sight. Where do you meet all these men? If this is how things are now, what will it be when given your Liberty?"

Well, it is to painful to record. I was told not to leave the place for three days, although allowed the boat-house. And of course Sis had to chime in that she'd heard a rumer I had run away and got married, and although of course she knew it wasn't true, owing to no time to do so, still where there was Smoke there was Fire

But I felt that their confidence in me was going, and that night, after all were in the land of dreams, I took that wreched suit of clothes and so on to the boathouse, and hid them in the rafters upstairs

I come now to the strange Event of the next day, and its sequel

The Patten place and ours are close together, and no other house near. Mother had been very cool about the Pattens, owing to nobody knowing them that we knew. Although I must say they had the most interesting people all the time, and Sis was crazy to call and meet some of them.

Jane came that day to visit her aunt, and she ran down to see me first thing.

"Come and have a ride," she said. "I've got the Runabout, and after that we'll bathe and have a real time."

But I shook my head.

"I'm a prisoner, Jane," I said.

"Honestly! Is it the Play, or somthing else?"

"Somthing else, Jane," I said. "I can tell you nothing more. I am simply in trouble, as usual."

"But why make you a prisoner, unless ——" She stopped suddenly and stared at me.

"He has claimed you!" she said. "He is here, somwhere about this Place, and now, having had time to think it over, you do not want to go to him. Don't deny it. I see it in your face. Oh, Bab, my heart aches for you."

It sounded so like a play that I kept it up. Alas, with what results!

"What else can I do, Jane?" I said.

"You can refuse, if you do not love him. Oh Bab, I did not say it before, thinking you loved him. But no man who wears clothes like those could ever win my heart. At least, not permanently."

Well, she did most of the talking. She had finished the bath towle, which was a large size, after all, and monogramed, and she made me promise never to let my husband use it. When she went away she left it with me, and I carried it out and put it on the rafters, with the other things—I seemed to be geting more every day.

Things went all wrong the next day. Sis was in a bad temper, and as much as said I was flirting with Carter Brooks, although she never intends to marry him herself, owing to his not having money and never having asked her.

I spent the morning in fixing up a Studio in the boat-house, and felt better by noon. I took two boards on trestles and made a desk, and brought a Dictionery and some pens and ink out. I use a Dictionery because now and then I am uncertain how to spell a word.

Events now moved swiftly and terrably. I did not do much work, being exhausted by my efforts to fix up the studio, and besides, feeling that nothing much was worth while when one's Familey did not and never would understand. At eleven o'clock Sis and Carter and Jane and some others went in batheing from our dock. Jane called up to me, but I pretended not to hear. They had a good time judgeing by the noise, although I should think Jane would cover her arms and neck in the water, being very thin. Legs one can do nothing with, although I should think stripes going around would help. But arms can have sleaves.

However—the people next door went in to, and I thrilled to the core when Mr. Beecher left the bathhouse and went down to the beech. What a physic! What shoulders, all brown and muscular! And to think that, strong as they were, they wrote the tender Love seens of his plays. Strong and tender—what descriptive words they are! It was then that I saw he had been vacinated twice.

To resume. All the Pattens went in, and a new girl with them, in a one-peace Suit. I do not deny that she was pretty. I only say that she was not modest, and that the way she stood on the Patten's dock and pozed for Mr. Beecher's benafit was unecessary and well, not respectible.

She was nothing to me, nor I to her. But I watched her closely. I confess that I was interested in Mr. Beecher. Why not? He was a Public Character, and entitled to respect. Nay, even to love. But I maintain and will to my dying day, that such love is diferent from that ordinaraly born to the Other Sex, and a thing to be proud of.

Well, I was seeing a drama and did not even know it. After the rest had gone, Mr. Patten came to the door into Mr. Beecher's room in the bathhouse—they are all in a row, with doors opening on the sand—and he had a box in his hand. He looked around, and no one was looking except me, and he did not see me. He looked very Furtive and Glum, and shortly after he carried in a chair and a folding card table. I thought this was very strange, but imagine how I felt when he came out carrying Mr. Beecher's clothes! He brought them all, going on his tiptoes and watching every minute. I felt like screaming.

However, I considered that it was a practicle Joke, and I am no spoil sport. So I sat still and waited. They staid in the water a long time, and the girl with the Figure was always crawling out on the dock and then diving in to show off. Leila and the rest got sick of her actions and came in to Lunch. They called up to me, but I said I was not hungry.

"I don't know what's come over Bab," I heard Sis say to Carter Brooks. "She's crazy, I think."

"She's seventeen," he said. "That's all. They get over it mostly, but she has it hard."

I lothed him.

Pretty soon the other crowd came up, and I could see every one knew the joke but Mr. Beecher. They all scuttled into their doorways, and Mr. Patten waited till Mr. Beecher was inside and had thrown out the shirt of his batheing Suit. Then he locked the door from the outside.

There was a silence for a minute. Then Mr. Beecher said in a terrable voice.

"So that's the Game, is it?"

"Now listen, Reg," Mr. Patten said, in a soothcing voice. "I've tried everything but Force, and now I'm driven to that. I've got to have that third Act. The company's got the first two acts well under way, and I'm getting wires about every hour. I've got to have that script."

"You go to Hell!" said Mr. Beecher. You could hear him plainly through the window, high up in the wall. And although I do not approve of an oath, there are times when it eases the tortured Soul.

"Now be reasonable, Reg," Mr. Patten pleaded. "I've put a fortune in this thing, and you're lying down on the job. You could do it in four hours if you'd put your mind to it."

There was no anser to this. And he went on:

"I'll send out food or anything. But nothing to drink. There's Champane on the ice for you when you've finished, however. And you'll find pens and ink and paper on the table."

The answer to this was Mr. Beecher's full weight against the door. But it held, even against the full force of his fine physic.

"Even if you do break it open," Mr. Patten said," you can't go very far the way you are. Now be a good fellow, and let's get this thing done. It's for your good as well as mine. You'll make a fortune out of it."

Then he went into his own door, and soon came out, looking like a gentleman, unless one knew, as I did, that he was a Whited Sepulcher.

How long I sat there, paralized with emotion, I do not know. Hannah came out and roused me from my Trance of grief. She is a kindly soul, although to afraid of mother to be helpful.

"Come in like a good girl, Miss Bab," she said. "There's that fruit salad that cook prides herself on, and I'll ask her to brown a bit of sweetbread for you."

"Hannah," I said in a low voice, "there is a Crime being comitted in this neighborhood, and you talk to me of food."

"Good gracious, Miss Bab!"

"I cannot tell you any more than that, Hannah," I said gently, "because it is only being done now, and I cannot make up my Mind about it. But of course I do not want any food."

(Continued on Page 40)

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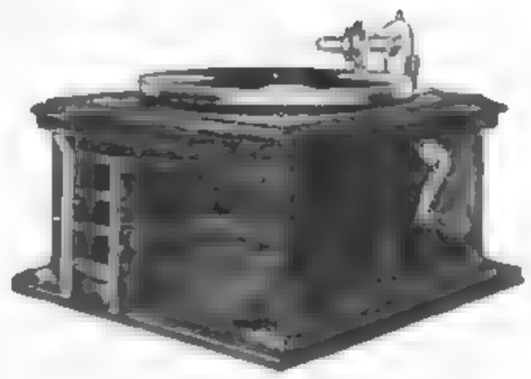

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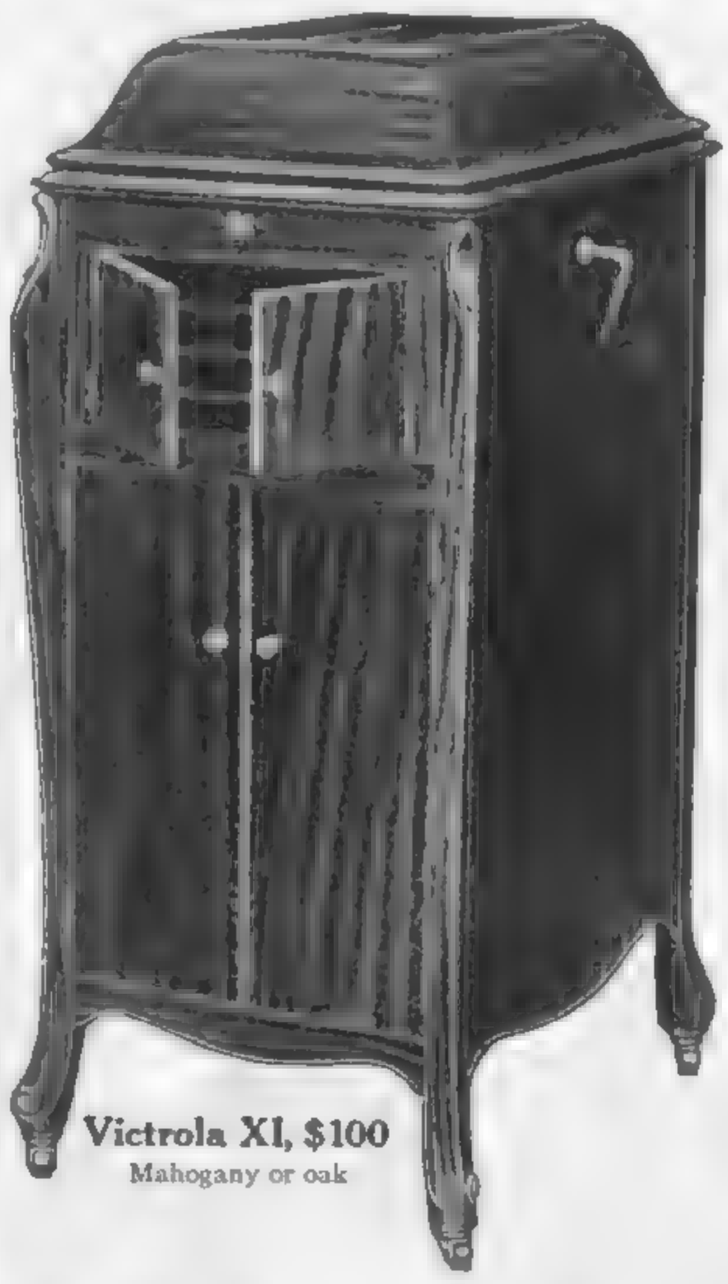

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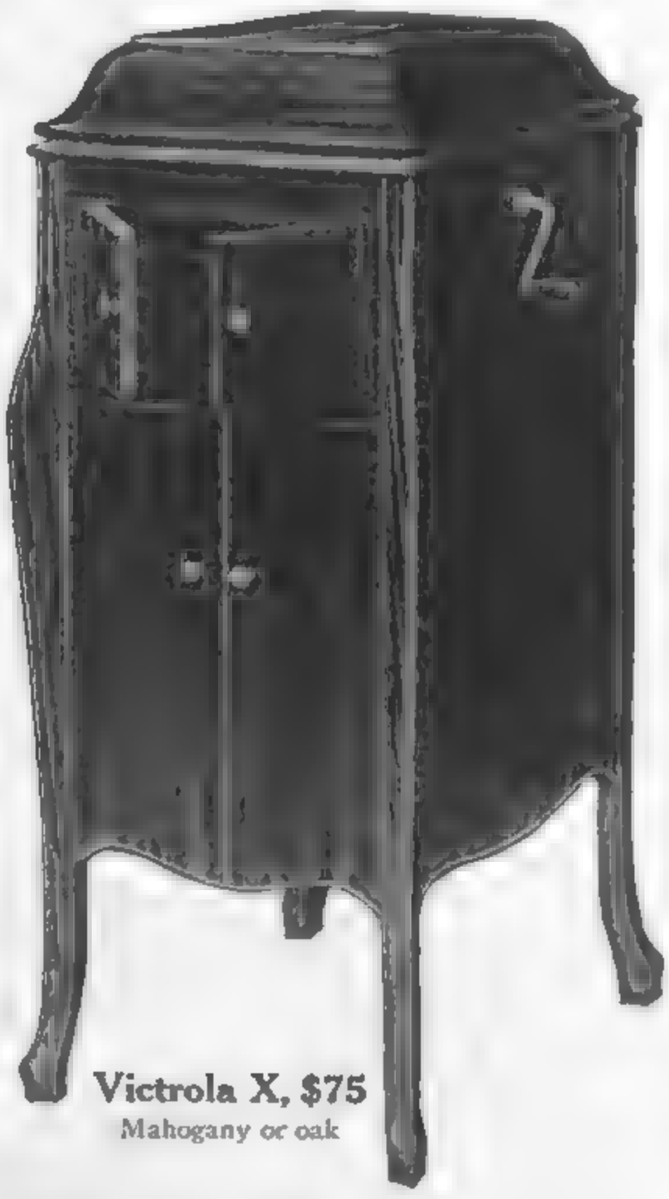

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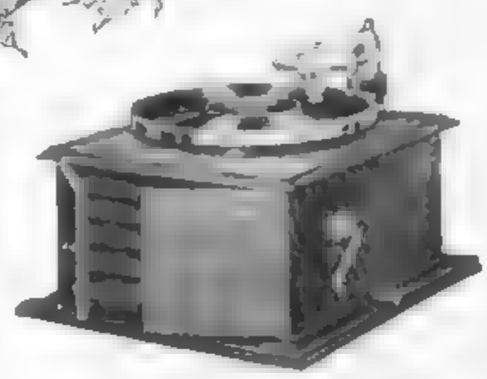

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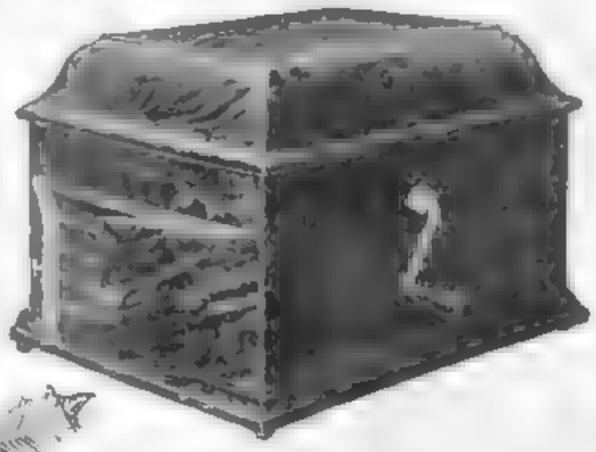

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(Continued from Page 37)

As I say, I was perfectly gentle with her, and I do not understand why she burst into tears and went away.

I sat and thought it all over. I could not leave, under the circumstances. But yet, what was I to do? It was hardly a police matter, being between friends, as one may say, and yet I simply could not bare to leave my Ideal there in that damp bath-house without either food or, as one may say, raiment.

About the middle of the afternoon it occured to me to try to find a key for the back of the bath-house. I therfor left my Studio and proceded to the house. I passed close by the fatle building, but there was no sound from it

I found a number of trunk-keys in a drawer in the library, and was about to escape with them, when father came in. He gave me a long look, and said:

"Bee still buzzing?"

I had hoped for some understanding from him, but my Spirits fell at this speech.

"I am still working, father," I said in a firm if nervous tone. "I am not doing as good work as I would if things were diferent, but—I am at least content, if not happy."

He stared at me, and then came over to me.

"Put out your tongue," he said.

Even against this crowning infamey I was silent.

"That's all right," he said. "Now see here, Chicken, get into your riding togs and we'll order the horses. I don't intend to let this play-acting upset your health."

But I refused. "Unless, of course, you insist," I finished. He only shook his head, however, and left the room. I felt that I had lost my last friend.

I did not try the keys myself, but instead stood off a short distance and through them through the window. I learned later that they struck Mr. Beecher on the head. Not knowing, of course, that I had flung them, and that my reason was pure Friendliness and Idealizm, he through them out again with a violent exclamation. They fell at my feet, and lay there, useless, regected, tragic.

At last I summoned courage to speak.

"Can't I do somthing to help?" I said, in a quakeing voice, to the window.

There was no anser, but I could hear a pen scraching on paper.

"I do so want to help you," I said, in a louder tone.

"Go away," said his voice, rather abstracted than angry.

"May I try the keys?" I asked. Be still, my Heart! For the scraching had ceased.

"Who's that?" asked the beloved voice I say 'beloved' because an Ideal is always beloved. The voice was beloved, but sharp.

"It's me."

I heard him mutter somthing, and I think he came to the Door.

"Look here," he said. "Go away. Do you understand? I want to work. And don't come near here again until seven o'clock."

"Very well," I said faintly.

"And then come without fail," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Beecher," I replied. How commanding he was! Strong but tender!

"And if anyone comes around making a noise, before that, you shoot them for me, will you?"

"*Shoot* them?"

"Drive them off, or use a Bean-shooter. Anything. But don't yell at them. It distracts me."

It was a Sacred trust. I, and only I, stood between him and his *magnum opum*. I sat down on the steps of our bath-house, and took up my vigle.

It was about five o'clock when I heard Jane approaching. I knew it was Jane, because she always wears tight shoes, and limps when unobserved. Although having the reputation of the smallest foot of any girl in our set in the city, I prefer Comfort and Ease, unhampered by heals—French or otherwise. No man will ever marry a girl because she wears a small shoe, and catches her heals in holes in the Boardwalk, and has to soak her feet at night before she can sleep. However ——

Jane came on, and found me croutched on the doorstep, in a lowly attitude, and holding my finger to my lips.

She stopped and stared at me.

"Hello," she said. "What do you think you are? A Statue?"

"Hush, Jane," I said, in a low tone. "I can only ask you to be quiet and speak in Whispers. I cannot give the reason."

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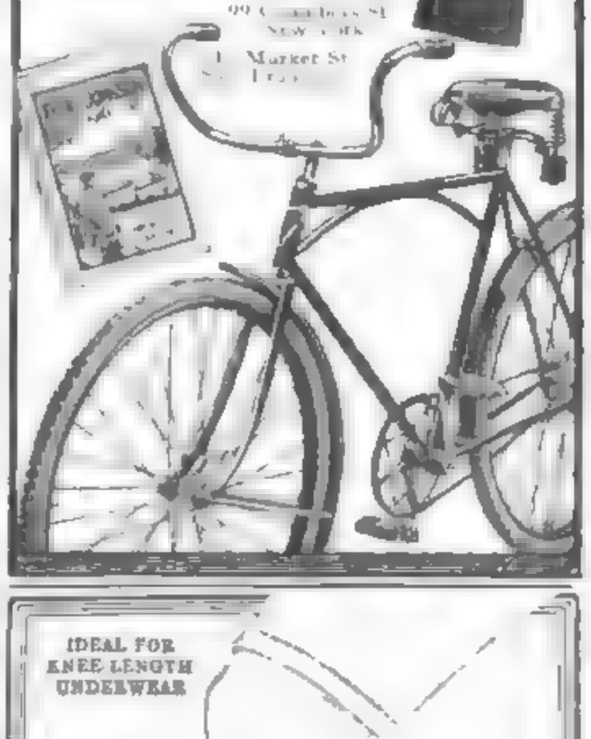

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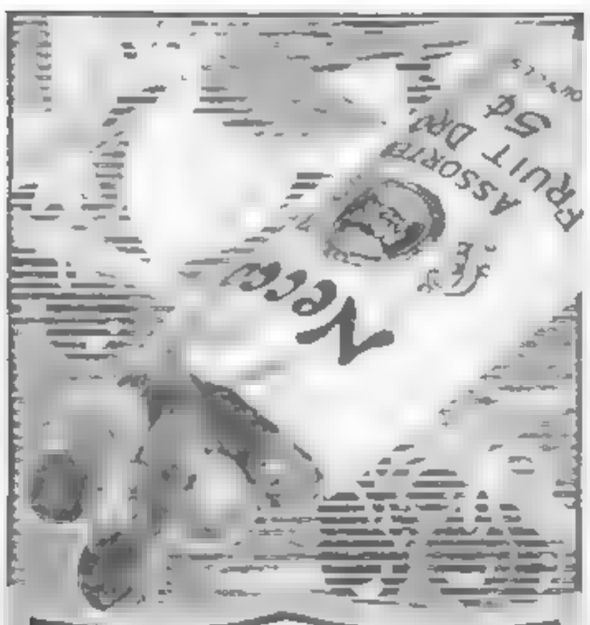

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"Good heavens!" she whispered. "What has happened, Bab?"

"It is happening now, but I cannot explain."

"*What* is happening?"

"Jane," I whispered, ernestly, "you have known me a long time and I have always been Trustworthy, have I not?"

She nodded. She is never exactly pretty, and now she had opened her mouth and forgot to close it.

"Then ask No Questions. Trust me, as I am trusting you." It seemed to me that Mr. Beecher through his pen at the door, and began to pace the bath-house. Owing of course to his being in his bare feet, I was not certain. Jane heard somthing, to, for she clutched my arm.

"Bab," she said, in intence tones, "if you don't explain I shall lose my mind. I feel now that I am going to shreik."

Well, I had to tell her somthing, so I said:

Sombody is a Prisoner. That's all."

It was the truth, was it not? And was there any reasons for Jane Raleigh to jump to conclusions as she did, and even to repeat later in Public that I had told her that my lover had come for me, and that father had locked him up to prevent my running away with him, imuring him in the bath-house? Certainly not.

Just then I saw the boatman coming who looks after our motor boat, and I tiptoed to him and asked him to go away, and not to come back unless he had quieter boats and would not whistel. He acted very ugly about it, I must say, but he went.

When I came back, Jane was sitting thinking, with her forhead all puckered.

"What I don't understand, Bab," she said, "is, why no noise?"

"Because he is writing," I explained. "Although his clothing has been taken away, he is writing. I don't think I told you, Jane, but that is his business. He is a Writer. And if I tell you his name you will faint with surprise."

She looked at me searchingly.

"Locked up—and writing, and his clothing gone! What's he writing, Bab? His Will?"

"He is doing his duty to the end, Jane," I said softly. "He is writing the last Act of a Play. The Company is rehearsing the first two Acts, and he has to get this one ready, though the Heavens fall."

But to my surprise, she got up and said to me, in a firm voice:

"Either you are crazy, Barbara Putnam, or you think I am. You've been stuffing me for about a week, and I don't beleive a Word of it. And you'll apolagize to me or I'll never speak to you again."

She said this loudly, and then went away. And Mr. Beecher said, through the door:

"What the Devil's the row about?"

Perhaps my nerves were going, or possibly it was no luncheon and probably no dinner. But I said, just as if he had been an ordinary person:

"Go on and write and get through. I can't stew on these steps all day."

"I thought you were an amiable Child."

"I'm not amiable and I'm not a Child."

"Don't spoil your pretty face with frowns."

"It's *my* face. And you can't see it anyhow," I replied, venting in feminine fashion, my anger at Jane on the nearest object.

"Look here," he said, through the door, "you've been my good Angel. I'm doing more work than I've done in two months, although it was a dirty, low-down way to make me do it. You're not going back on me now, are you?"

Well, I was mollafied, as who would not be? So I said:

"Well?"

"What did Patten do with my clothes?"

"He took them with him."

He was silent, except for a muttered word.

"You might throw those Keys back again," he said. "Let me know first, however. You're the most acurate Thrower I've ever seen."

So I through them through the window and I beleive hit the ink bottle. But no matter. And he tried them, but none availed.

So he gave up, and went back to Work, having saved enough ink to finish with. But a few minutes later he called to me again, and I moved to the Doorstep, where I sat listening, while aparently admiring the sea. He explained that having been thus forced, he had almost finished the last Act, and it was a corker. And he said if he had his clothes and some money, and a key to get out, he'd go right back to Town

(Continued on Page 44)

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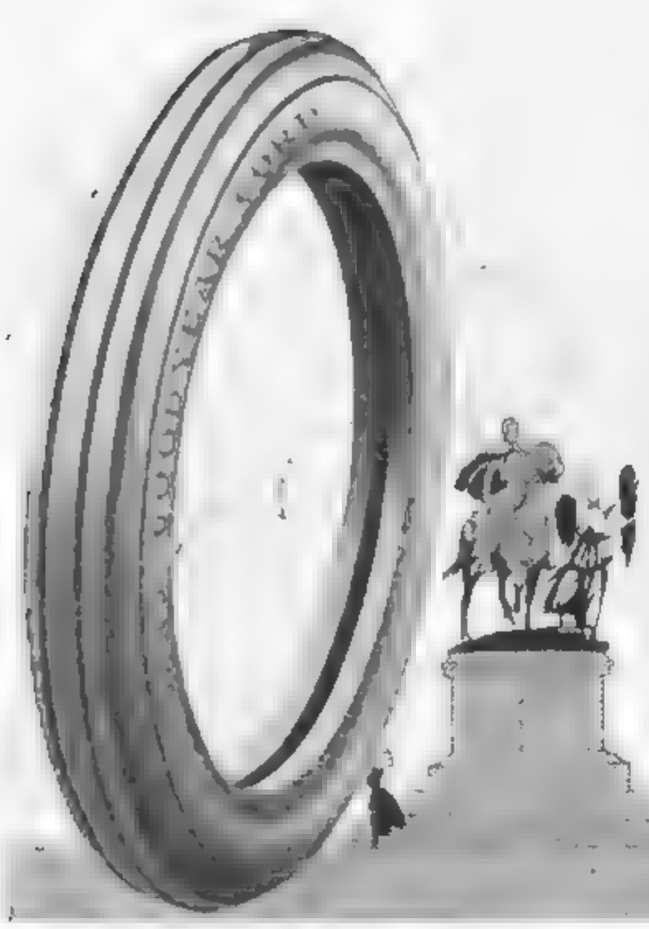

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What you should do is to read

THE HORNET

It starts in this week's issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

5 cents a copy. Of any Newsdealer or Curtis Boy

(Continued from Page 41)

with it and put it in rehearsel. And at the same time he would give the Pattens something to worry about over night. Because, play or no play, it was a Rotten thing to lock a man in a bath-house and take his clothes away.

"But of course I can't get my clothes," he said "They'll take cussed good care of that. And there's the Key too. We're up against it, Little Sister"

Although excited by his calling me thus, I retained my faculties, and said:

"I have a suit of Clothes you can have."

"Thanks awfully," he said. "But from the slight acquaintance we have had, I don't beleive they would fit me"

"Gentleman's Clothes," I said fridgidly.

"You have?"

"In my Studio," I said. "I can bring them, if you like. They look quite good, although Creased."

"You know," he said, after a moment's silence, "I can't quite beleive this is realy happening to me! Go and bring the suit of clothes, and—you don't happen to have a cigar, I suppose?"

"I have a large box of Cigarettes."

"It is true," I heard him say through the door. "It is all true. I am here, locked in. The Play is almost done. And a very young lady on the doorstep is offering me a suit of Clothes and Tobaco. I pinch myself. I am awake."

Alas! Mingled with my joy at serving my Ideal there was also grief. My idle had feet of clay. He was a slave, like the rest of us, to his body. He required clothes and tobaco. I felt that, before long, he might even ask for an apple, or something to stay the pangs of hunger. This I felt I could not bare.

Perhaps I would better pass over quickly the events of the next hour. I got the suit and the cigarettes, and even Jane's bath towle, and through them in to him. Also I beleive he took a shower, as I heard the water running. At about seven o'clock he said he had finished the play. He put on the Clothes which he observed almost fitted him, although gayer than he usually wore, and said that if I would give him a hair pin he thought he could pick the Lock. But he did not succeed.

Being now dressed, however, he drew a chair to the window and we talked together. It seemed like a dream that I should be there, on such intimite terms with a great Playwright, who had just, even if under compulsion, finished a last Act. I bared my very soul to him, such as about resembling Julia Marlowe, and no one understanding my craveing to acheive a Place in the World of Art. We were once interupted by Hannah looking for me for dinner. But I hid in a bath-house, and she went away.

What was Food to me compared with such a conversation?

When Hannah had disappeared, he said suddenly:

"It's rather unusual, isn't it, your having a suit of clothes and everything in your—er—studio?"

But I did not explain fully, merly saying that it was a painful story.

At half past seven I saw mother on the veranda looking for me, and I ducked out of sight. I was by this time very hungry, although I did not like to mention the fact. But Mr. Beecher made a suggestion, which was this: that the Pattens were evadently going to let him starve until he got through work, and that he would see them in perdetion before he would be the Butt for their funny remarks when they freed him. He therfore tried to escape out the window, but stuck fast, and finaly gave it up.

At last he said:

"Look here, you're a curious child, but a nervy one. How'd you like to see if you can get the Key? If you do we'll go to a hotel and have a real meal, and we can talk about your Career."

Although quivering with Terror, I consented. How could I do otherwise, with such a prospect? For now I began to see that all other Emotions previously felt were as nothing to this one. I confess, without shame, that I felt the stiring of the Tender Passion in my breast. Ah me, that it should have died ere it had hardly lived!

"Where is the key?" I asked, in a wrapt but anxious tone.

He thought a while.

"Generaly," he said, "it hangs on a nail at the back entry. But the chances are that Patton took it up to his room this time, for safety. You'd know it if you saw it. It has some buttons off sombody's batheing suit tied to it."

Here it was necessary to hide again, as father came stocking out, calling me in an angry tone. But shortly afterwards I was on my way to the Patten's house, on shaking Knees. It was by now twilight, that beautiful period of Romance, although the dinner hour also. Through the dusk I sped, toward what? I knew not.

The Pattens and the one-peace lady were at dinner, and haveing a very good time, in spite of haveing locked a Guest in the bath-house. Being used to servants and prowling around, since at one time when younger I had a habit of taking things from the pantrey, I was quickly able to see that the Key was not in the entry. I therfore went around to the front Door and went in, being prepared, if discovered, to say that somone was in their bath-house and they ought to know it. But I was not heard among their sounds of revelry, and was able to proceed upstairs, which I did.

But not haveing asked which was Mr. Patten's room, I was at a loss and almost discovered by a maid who was turning down the beds—much to early, also, and not alowed in the best houses until nine-thirty, since otherwise the rooms look undressed and informal.

I had but Time to duck into another chamber, and from there to a closet.

I remained in that closet all night.

I will explain. No sooner had the maid gone than a Woman came into the room and closed the door. I heard her moving around and I suddenly felt that she was going to bed, and might get her *robe de nuit* out of the closet. I was petrafied. But it seems, while she really *was* undressing at that early hour, the maid had laid her night clothes out, and I was saved.

Very soon a knock came to the door, and sombody came in, like Mrs. Patten's voice and said: "You're not going to bed, surely!"

"I'm going to pretend to have a sick headache," said the other Person, and I knew it was the One-peace Lady. "He's going to come back in a frenzey, and he'll take it out on me, unless I'm prepared."

"Poor Reggie!" said Mrs. Patten. "To think of him locked in there alone, and no Clothes or anything. It's too funny for words."

"You're not married to him."

My heart stoped beating. Was *she* married to him? She was indeed. My dream was over. And the worst part of it was that for a married man I had done without Food or Exercise and now stood in a hot closet in danger of a terrable fuss.

"No, thank Heaven!" said Mrs. Patten. "But it was the only way to make him work. He is a lazy dog. But don't worry. We'll feed him before he sees you. He's always rather tractible after he's fed."

Were *all* my dreams to go? Would they leave nothing to my shattered ilusions? Alas, no.

"Jolly him a little, to," said —— can I write it?—Mrs. Beecher. "Tell him he's the greatest thing in the World. That will help some. He's vain, you know, awfully vain. I expect he's written a lot of piffle."

Had they listened they would have heard a low, dry sob, rung from my tortured heart. But Mrs. Beecher had started a vibrater, and my anguished cry was lost.

"Well," said Mrs. Patten, "Will has gone down to let him out. I expect he'll attach him. He's got a vile Temper. I'll sit with you till he comes back, if you don't mind. I'm feeling nervous."

It was indeed painful to recall the next half hour. I must tell the truth however. They discussed us, especialy mother, who had not called. They said that we thought we were the whole summer Colony, although every one was afraid of mother's tongue, and nobody would marry Leila, except Carter Brooks, and he was poor and no prospects. And that I was an incorrigible, and carried on somthing gastly, and was going to be put in a convent. I became justly furious and was about to step out and tell them a few plain Facts, when sombody hammered at the door and then came in. It was Mr. Patten.

"He's gone!" he said.

"Well, he won't go far, in batheing trunks," said Mrs. Beecher.

"That's just it. His batheing trunks are there."

"Well, he won't go far *without* them!"

"He's gone so far I can't locate him."

I heard Mrs. Beecher get up.

"Are you in ernest, Will?" she said. "Do you mean that he has gone without a Stich of clothes, and can't be found?"

Mrs. Patten gave a sort of screach

Continued on Page 46

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(Continued from Page 44)

"You don't think—oh Will, he's so tempermental. You don't think he's drowned himself?"

"No such luck," said Mrs. Beecher, in a cold tone. I hated her for it. True, he had decieved me. He was not as I had thought him. In our too conversations he had not mentioned his wife, leaveing me to beleive him free to love "where he listed," as the poet says.

"There are a few clues," said Mr. Patten. "He got out by means of a wire hairpin, for one thing. And he took the manuscript with him, which he'd hardly have done if he meant to drown himself. Or even if, as we fear, he had no Pockets. He has smoked a lot of cigarettes out of a candy box, which I did not supply him, and he left behind a bath towle that does not, I think, belong to us.

"I should think he would have worn it," said Mrs. Beecher, in a scornfull tone.

"Here's the bath towle," Mr. Patten went on. "You may recognize the initials. I don't."

"B. P. A.," said Mrs. Beecher. "Look here, don't they call that—that fliberty-gubet next door 'Barbara'?"

"The little devil!" said Mr. Patten, in a rageing tone. "She let him out, and of course he's done no work on the Play or anything. I'd like to choke her."

Nobody spoke then, and my heart beat fast and hard. I leave it to anybody, how they'd like to be shut in a closet and threatened with a violent death from without. Would or would they not ever be the same person afterwards?

"I'll tell you what I'd do," said the Beecher woman. "I'd climb up the back of father, next door, and tell him what his little Daughter has done. Because I know she's mixed up in it, towle or no towle. Reg is always sappy when they're seventeen. And she's been looking moon-eyed at him for days."

Well, the Pattens went away, and Mrs. Beecher manacured her Nails,—I could hear her fileing them—and sang around and was not much concerned, although for all she knew he was in the briney deep, a corpse. How true it is that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

I got very tired and much hoter, and I sat down on the floor. After what seemed like hours, Mrs. Patten came back, all breatheless, and she said:

"The girl's gone to, Clare."

"What girl?"

"Next door. If you want Excitement, they've got it. The mother is in histerics and there's a party searching the beech for her body. The truth is, of course, if that towle means anything——"

"That Reg has run away with her, of course," said Mrs. Beecher, in a resined tone. "I wish he would grow up and learn somthing. He's becoming a nusance. And when there are so many Interesting People to run away with, to choose that chit!"

Yes, she said that. And in my retreat I could but sit and listen, and of course perspire, which I did freely. Mrs. Patten went away, after talking about the "scandle" for some time. And I sat and thought of the beech being searched for my Body, a thought which filled my Eyes with tears of pity for what might have been. I still hoped Mrs. Beecher would go to bed, but she did not. Through the key hole I could see her with a Book, reading, and not careing at all that Mr. Beecher's body, and mine to, might be washing about in the cruel Sea, or have eloped to New York.

I lothed her.

At last I must have slept, for a bell rang, and there I was still in the closet, and she was ansering it.

"Arrested?" she said. "Well, I should think he'd better be, if what you say about clothing is true. . . . Well, then—what's he arrested for? . . . Oh, kidnapping! Well, if I'm any judge, they ought to arrest the Putnam girl for kidnapping *him*. No, don't bother me with it tonight. I'll try to read myself to sleep."

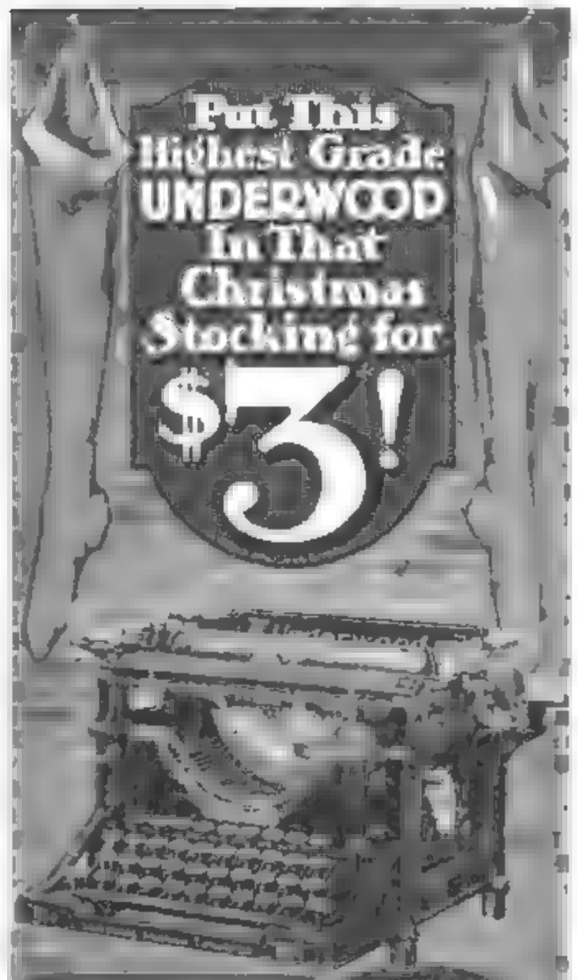
So this was Marriage! Did she flee to her unjustly acused husband's side and comfort him? Not she. She went to bed.

At daylight, being about smotherd, I opened the closet door and drew a breath of fresh air. Also I looked at her, and she was asleep, with her hair in patent wavers. Ye gods!

The wife of Reginald Beecher thus to distort her looks at night! I could not bare it.

I averted my eyes, and on my tiptoes made for the Window.

(Continued on Page 48)



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Hearing is believing. To get you to hear Rythmodik Rolls we are offering a really heartfelt and appealing interpretation of the favorite "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" played by Brockway, for 20 cents. Detach the coupon and mail with 20 cents in coin or stamps. Offer expires January 15th.

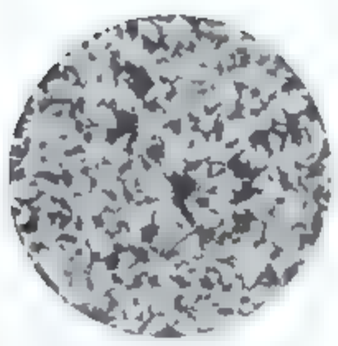
AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY
29 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

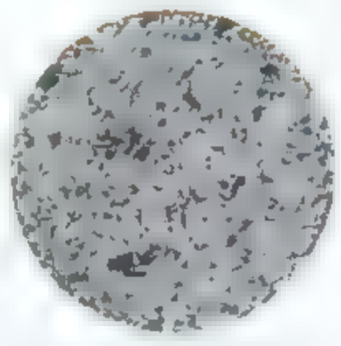
Name [illegible]
Street [illegible]
City [illegible] State [illegible]

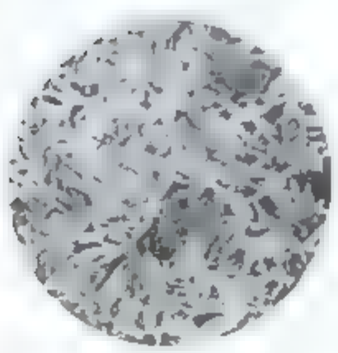
Maxwell Laboratory—Microscope and [illegible] equipment for [illegible] photographing steel structure

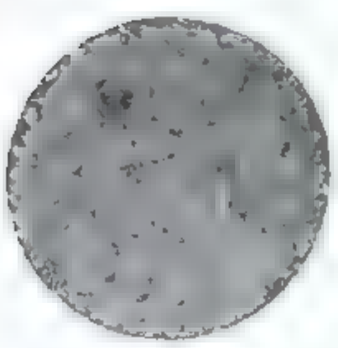
Maxwell Laboratory—Apparatus for determining amount of carbon in steel

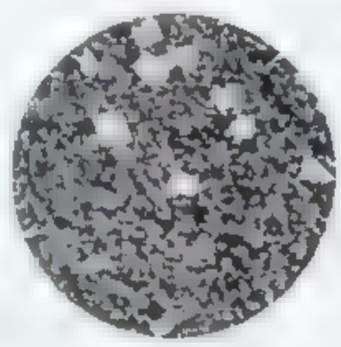
A CAR OF FINE METAL

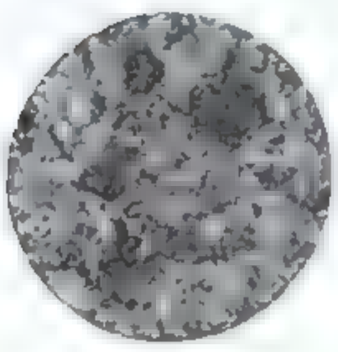


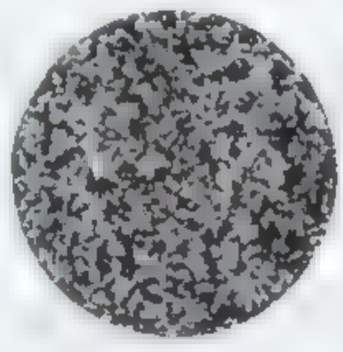












ALL metal entering into the construction of Maxwell Cars must undergo a careful examination and a critical laboratory analysis. It must conform to the standard of excellence set and rigidly maintained throughout Maxwell Factories.

Approximately 160 tons of steel are heat-treated in our furnaces every day. Before and after heating, small sample discs are cut off the bar. These discs are etched, polished and then viewed or photographed through powerful microscopes which show the steel structure enlarged from 100 to 2000 diameters.

The micrographs here reproduced illustrate different forms of steel crystallization created by various degrees of heat. If steel is underheated or overheated, if it is heated or cooled too rapidly, the structural deterioration will be detected by means of the laboratory equipment we have installed.

Every precaution, however tedious or expensive, is taken to exclude inferior materials from Maxwell Cars. For we have always proceeded on the theory that a big and permanent success must be founded on the enduring satisfaction of the buyer.

And this, in turn, springs from the excellence and unfailing service rendered by the product.

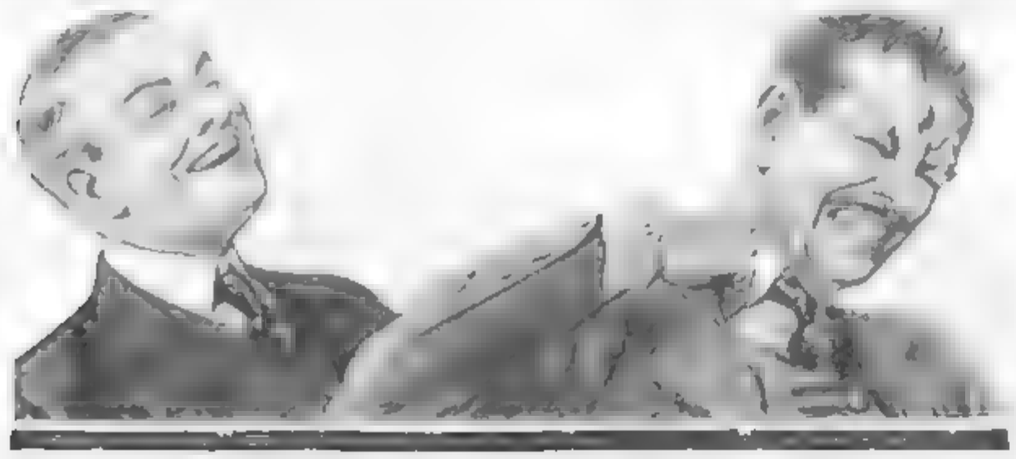
The Maxwell phrase, "*The World's Greatest Motor Car Value,*" is not a mere slogan. It is a real, provable fact which we defend with an enviable reputation and the almost limitless resources at our command.

Maxwell

Motor Company Inc. Detroit, Mich.

Roadster
$580
F.O.B. DETROIT

Touring Car
$595
F.O.B. DETROIT



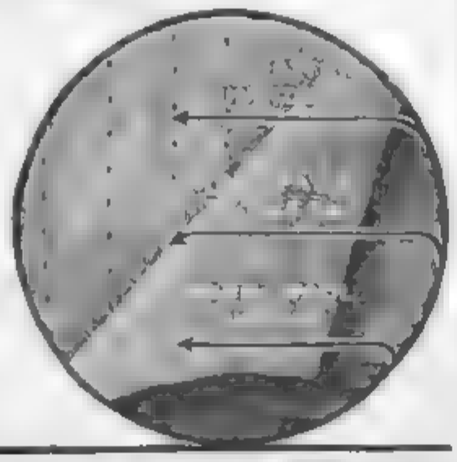
No itch—when the Wool doesn't touch the skin!

You are always warm enough outdoors in your Duofold, and also perfectly *comfortable* indoors, even in overheated rooms—because the wool in Duofold is *all* on the *outside* of the garment. Only fine, soft, soothing cotton touches the skin. And the outside layer of wool absorbs bodily moisture from the inside layer of cotton and keeps the whole garment *fresh* and *dry*.

Duofold Health Underwear

Just as you sleep with a cotton sheet next you for comfort and a wool blanket outside for warmth, so can you also protect and comfort yourself during the day with the same principle—in Duofold.

Here you have *Warmth with Light Weight*—and without any of that "wool itch." You are best protected against catching cold because the warm wool outer layer keeps cold *out* and natural warmth *in*—and the *air space* between the cotton and wool layers provides healthful ventilation.



Give Duofold a winter's trial and you'll adopt it every winter. Your dealer has it or can quickly get it. Or write us.

Send for Sample of Fabric and Description.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
13 Elizabeth St., Mohawk, N.Y.

No. 37 of a series

A GREATLY IMPROVED STORAGE FILE: NEVER "STICKS"—DRAWERS ARE ON "SLED-RUNNERS." FILING CAPACITY IS 92% OF SPACE OCCUPIED.

BAKER-VAWTER STEEL STORAGE UNITS

Die-formed, out of jointless sheet steel, on the bottom of each drawer, is a pair of "sled-runners." A fully-loaded drawer glides open or shut, on these steel runners, as easily as a sled rides the snow. Two points of contact offer far less friction to movement than does a flat bottom scraping across a flat surface. Can't "stick" or "jam" at sides or top, either (see illustration). Baker-Vawter Company, who originated steel storage units, have thus further improved them

Baker-Vawter Steel Storage Units take up but 8% more space than the actual bulk of the records they hold. Think what a wonderful filing capacity this gives in a vault or where space is limited! All records being closer together, any desired papers are quickly located.

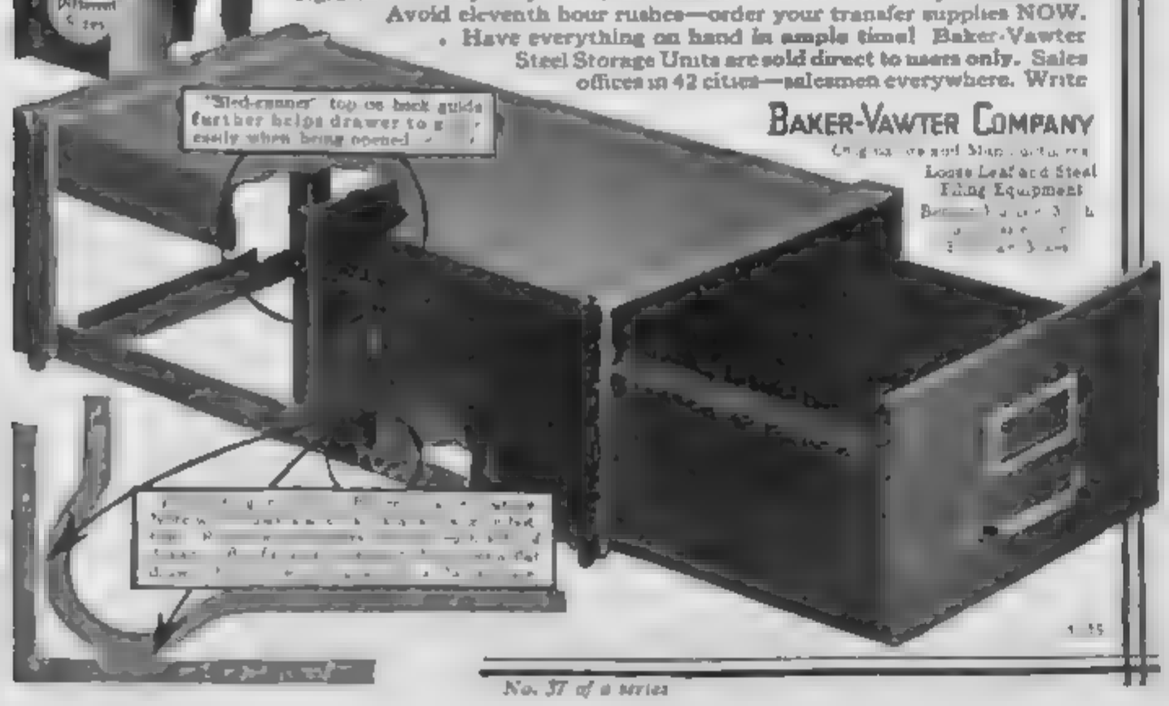
Non-inflammable. Moisture, rat, mice, dirt and dust proof. Longer-lived than wood—therefore less costly. Stack to any height or width, interlocking vertically and horizontally. Can't topple or pull apart. Frames rigid as steel skyscrapers. 7 drawer sizes—a size for every record

Avoid eleventh hour rushes—order your transfer supplies NOW.

Have everything on hand in ample time! Baker-Vawter Steel Storage Units are sold direct to users only. Sales offices in 42 cities—salesmen everywhere. Write

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment



No. 37 of a series

(Continued from Page 46)

My sufferings were over. In a short time I had slid down and was making my way through the dewey morn toward my home. Before the sun was up, or more than starting, I had climbed to my casement by means of a wire trellis, and put on my *robe de nuit*. But before I settled to sleep I went to the pantrey and there satisfied the pangs of nothing since Breakfast the day before. All the lights seemed to be on, on the lower floor, which I considered wastful of Tanney, the butler. But being sleepy, gave it no further thought. And so to bed, as the great English dairy-keeper, Pepys, had said in his dairy.

It seemed but a few moments later that I heard a scream, and opening my eyes, saw Leila in the doorway. She screamed again, and mother came and stood beside her. Although very drowsy, I saw that they still wore their dinner clothes.

They stared as if transfixed, and then mother gave a low moan, and said to Sis:

"That unfortunate man has been in Jail all night."

And Sis said: '"Jane Raleigh is crazy. That's all." Then they looked at me, and mother burst into tears. But Sis said:

"You little imp! Don't tell me you've been in that bed all night. *I know better.*"

I closed my eyes. They were not of the understanding sort, and never would be.

"If that's the way you feel I shall tell you nothing," I said wearily.

"*Where have you been?*" mother said, in a slow and dreadful voice.

Well, I saw then that a part of the Truth must be disclosed, especialy since she has for some time considered sending me to a convent, although without cause, and has not done so for fear of my taking the vale. So I told her this. I said:

"I spent the night shut in a clothes closet, but where is not my secret. I cannot tell you "

"Barbara! You *must* tell me."

"It is not my secret alone, mother."

She caught at the foot of the bed.

"Who was shut with you in that closet?" she demanded in a shaking voice. "Barbara, there is another wreched Man in all this. It could not have been Mr. Beecher, because he has been in the Station House all night."

I sat up, leaning on one elbow, and looked at her ernestly.

"Mother," I said, "you have done enough damage, interfering with Careers—not only mine, but another's imperiled now by not haveing a last Act. I can tell you no More, except"—here my voice took on a deep and intence fiber—"that I have done nothing to be ashamed of, although unconventional."

Mother put her hands to her Face, and emited a low, despairing cry.

"Come," Leila said to her, as to a troubled child. "Come, and Hannah can use the vibrator on your spine."

So she went, but before she left she said:

"Barbara, if you will only promise to be a good girl, and give us a chance to live this Scandle down, I will give you anything you ask for."

"Mother!" Sis said, in an angry tone.

"What can I do, Leila?" mother said. "The girl is atractive, and probably men will always be following her and making trouble. Think of last Winter. I know it is Bribery, but it is better than Scandle."

"I want nothing, mother," I said, in a low, heart-stricken tone, "save to be allowed to live my own life and to have a Career."

"My Heavens," mother said, "if I hear that word again, I'll go crazy."

So she went away, and Sis came over and looked down at me.

"Well!" she said. "What's happened, anyhow? Of course you've been up to some Mischief, but I don't suppose anybody will ever know the Truth of it. I was hopeing you'd make it this time and get married, and stop worrying us."

"Go away, please, and let me Sleep," I said. "As to getting married, under no circumstances did I expect to marry him. He has a Wife already. Personally, I think she's a totle loss. She wears patent wavers at night, and sleeps with her Mouth open. But who am I to interfere with the marriage bond? I never have and never will "

But Sis only gave me a wild look and went away.

This, dear readers and schoolmates, is the true story of my meeting with and parting from Reginald Beecher, the playwright. Whatever the papers may say, it

The Coward Shoe

Eases the Bunion

This special bunion shoe is designed to give comfort and ease to the sensitive bunion and at the same time have a trim appearance. It has a pocket shaped into the leather right where the bunion protrudes, which protects it from friction.

Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD
262-274 Greenwich St., N. Y.
(Near Warren St.)
Mail Orders Filled Send for Catalog

is not true, except the Fact that he was recognized by Jane Raleigh, who knew the suit he wore, when in the act of pawning his ring to get money to escape from his captors (*i. e.*, The Pattens) with. It was the necktie which struck her first, and also his gilty expression. As I was missing by that time, Jane put two and two together and made an Elopement.

Sometimes I sit and think things over, my fingers wandering "over the ivory keys" of the typewriter they gave me to promise not to elope with anybody—although such a thing is far from my mind—and the World seems a cruel and unjust place, especialy to those with ambition.

For Reginald Beecher is no longer my Ideal, my Night of the pen. I will tell about that in a few words.

Jane Raleigh and I went to a matinée late in September before returning to our institutions of learning. Jane cluched my arm as we looked at our programs and pointed to something.

How my heart beat! For whatever had come between us, I was still loyal to him.

This was a new play by him!

"Ah," my heart seemed to say, "now again you will hear his dear words, although spoken by alien mouths. The love seens ——"

I could not finish. Although married and forever beyond me, I could still hear his manly tones as issueing from the door of the Bath-house. I thrilled with excitement. As the curtain rose I closed my eyes in ecstacy.

"Bah!" Jane said, in a quavering tone.

I looked. What did I see? The bath-house itself, the very one. And as I stared I saw a girl, wearing her hair as I wear mine, cross the stage with a Bunch of Keys in her hand, and say to the bath-house door:

"Can't I do something to help? I do so want to help you."

My very words.

And a voice from beyond the bath-house door said:

"Who's that?"

His words.

I could bare no more. Heedless of Jane's Protests and Anguish, I got up and went out, into the light of day. My body was bent with misry. Because at last I knew that, like mother and all the rest, *he to did not understand me, and never would.* To him I was but material, the stuff that plays are made of!

And now we know that he never could know,
And did not understand. ¦ *Kipling.*

Ignoreing Jane's observation that the tickets had cost two dollars each, I gathered up the scattered Skeins of my life together, and fled.

THE BOOM IN SHIPS

(Continued from Page 14)

came on and the ensuing paralysis of shipping seemed a finishing stroke. In October, 1914, therefore, the company defaulted on its bond interest.

The Stock Exchange was closed at that time, so there is no official quotation for the securities; but some months later, when shipping was very decidedly looking up, the common stock sold at one dollar a share, or one per cent of its par value—the common stock representing the equity over and above the securities, which bore a fixed charge. At one dollar a share the market value of this equity would be a little less than five hundred thousand dollars.

A clause in the mortgage provided that six months must elapse after default in bond interest before the mortgage could be foreclosed; so it was in April, 1915, when a receiver was appointed and foreclosure begun. By that time ocean freight rates were three or four times what they had been in the previous fall, when default occurred in the bond interest; and a Richmond banker was much impressed by the notion that there was a future for Mr. Morgan's debilitated ship combine.

He went to New York and impressed a number of Wall Street financiers with his idea. The syndicate went into the market and bought a large quantity of the company's securities. Ocean freights and ship earnings continued to climb. For the month of June, 1916, the company reported profits to the amount of six million nine hundred thousand dollars, or rather more than it had been earning in a year. Last September the common stock sold above fifty dollars a share and the preferred over one hundred and twenty-five dollars a share. At that rate the market value of the stock would be almost ninety million dollars, whereas it had been not much over three million dollars when the receiver was appointed. Meanwhile the bonds advanced from thirty-seven cents on the dollar to a hundred and three and four.

Who Pays the Freight?

Now all this was very comfortable for the shipowner; but how about the people who paid the freight?

A statement was made at Washington that, before the war, the people of the United States were paying tribute to foreign shipowners for the carriage of the country's foreign trade to the amount of three hundred million dollars a year.

If that was true, our foreign trade having about doubled and ocean freights having multiplied ten or fifteen times, we must obviously in the current year be paying tribute in the tidy sum of from six to nine billion dollars—or, say, one-fifth of the total national income.

But that figure of three hundred million dollars was unquestionably a gross exaggeration. The National Foreign Trade Council, which has exceptionally good facilities for getting at the facts, calculated that, under normal ante-bellum conditions, the average freight charge on goods imported into the United States did not exceed three per cent of the value of the goods; in fact, it considered three per cent a high estimate. Exports, on the whole, are cheaper than imports in proportion to their bulk; besides, as exports decidedly exceed imports in bulk, there is usually a stronger demand for outbound tonnage. The Council calculated that freight on exports might amount to five per cent of the value of the goods. Applying these percentages to the water-borne exports and imports for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, it found that the total ocean freight bill would be one hundred and fifty-three million dollars.

Sir George Paish's Statement

But it is obvious that we do not pay the freight on both exports and imports. When goods are transported either the buyer or the seller pays the freight. Both do not pay it. So we do not pay the freight both when we buy from Europe and when we sell to Europe. We pay only one way.

As a general proposition the buyer of the goods pays the freight. That is perfectly clear in the case of this extensive war-munitions trade. The American manufacturer names the price he will take for his goods at his factory door and gets that price. Whether the buyers pay three per cent or thirty per cent to get the goods across the sea is no concern of his.

One day in the middle of October, 1915, wheat jumped over seven cents a bushel in the Chicago market on news that the British Government had taken over the importation of wheat, presumably for itself and its Allies. The British Government has impressed about half of England's merchant-marine fleet into its own service and exercises control over a considerable amount of tonnage in addition. The news above referred to was accompanied by a report that His Majesty would arbitrarily and forthwith cut down the freight rate on wheat between New York and Liverpool from twenty-eight cents a bushel to ten cents. In the opinion of the Board of Trade the producer's, or seller's, position was sufficiently strong to enable him to grab the greater part of this putative reduction in freight rates. In other words, if the buyer paid less freight he must pay that much more for his wheat at the point of shipment—an illustration of the indubitable fact that, though Liverpool marks down the figures, it by no means fixes the price of wheat.

On the general proposition, then, that the buyer pays the freight, we would pay ocean freights on our imports, but not on our exports; and ocean freights on imports in the year ending June 30, 1916, were estimated by the National Foreign Trade Council at fifty-two million dollars. But part of these imports were carried in American bottoms, leaving the tribute to foreign

"Unquestionably the Pennsylvania has developed to a high degree the science of being a railroad." —*New York World.*

Commerce has its masterpieces no less renowned than art.

Probably the greatest commercial masterpiece of the ages is that all-steel modern Pegasus of the rails, the

Broadway Limited

The Broadway Limited is the Pennsylvania Railroad's 20-hour train between New York, Philadelphia and Chicago—one of the best examples of the high type of modern transportation.

In addition to its quick schedule it offers such special features as barber and valet, bath, smoking parlor; stenographer; ladies' maid, observation parlor, library, current periodicals, and restaurant car service.

It runs on the strongest steel rails ever made, over a smooth, substantial, rock-ballasted track that is thoroughly inspected twice every day. It is protected by the surest safety signals, the most efficient air brakes, and is driven by enginemen whose records are as nearly perfect as humans ever achieve.

The route is the *short line* between New York and Chicago, avoiding excessive speed, promoting safety, and insuring maximum comfort.

We solicit your patronage for the Broadway Limited because of its economy of time, its convenient schedule and its high-grade service.

Lvs. New York . .	2.45 P.M.	Lvs. Chicago . .	12.40 P.M.
" North Philadelphia	4.31 P.M.	Ars. North Philadelphia	7.54 A.M.
Ars. Chicago . .	9.45 A.M.	" New York . .	9.40 A.M.

Through Sleeping Cars between Washington, Baltimore and Chicago are also operated on this train.

The Steel Car Route

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The Standard Railroad of the World

THE making and keeping of a good complexion depends upon just one thing—keeping the myriad of pores open and unclogged.

Occasional vigorous massaging won't do this. What you need is an oft-repeated, gentle massaging every time you wash your face: *with a Miller Rubber Sponge.*

The hundreds of little vacuum cups all over its surface really do massage the face, freeing the pores of their secretions and gently stimulating the circulation in thousands of minute blood vessels.

Miller Standard RUBBER SPONGES

Scientific tests have proved beyond question that the Miller Rubber Sponge is far more sanitary than the old-fashioned washcloth or the natural sponge. The bubbles of the sponge are self-cleaning. Every trace of soap is removed by simply compressing and rinsing in clear water immediately after use. To completely sterilize a Miller Rubber Sponge, simply drop it into boiling water and leave it for a few minutes.

The Best Bath Sponge

The qualities that make the Miller Rubber Sponge ideal for the face, make it also the finest bath sponge. There are ten different sizes to pick from, some as low as 15 cents.

Miller Standard Rubber Goods are sold by Miller drug stores everywhere. They include:

Hot Water Bottles	Surgeons' Gloves
Fountain Syringes	Household Gloves
Combination Sets	Ear and Ulcer Syringes
Ice Caps	Vaginal Douches
Rubber Sponges	Sanitate Aprons and Diapers

Look for the Miller Agency Sign when buying any rubber goods

THE MILLER RUBBER CO.
Also Makers of the Famous Geared-to-the-Road Tires
AKRON, U. S. A.

DEALERS—The Miller Merchandising Plan often real sales help. Write for details.

shipowners slightly under forty-seven million dollars. Further, out of this forty-seven million the foreign shipowner pays us very considerable sums on account of docks, ship supplies, and so on.

Sir George Paish, who is no doubt as competent to deal with the subject as anybody, wrote a volume on the Trade Balance of the United States for the National Monetary Commission some years ago. His conclusion, after a quite elaborate investigation, was that "the net sum which the United States pays to other countries for transportation is about twenty-five million dollars a year." This referred to the fiscal year 1908–9, since when, of course, imports have largely increased.

But increased imports under these high freight rates have been quite largely of raw materials, which entered into our manufactures and in finished form were sold to Europe. The price that Europe paid for them absorbed whatever freight our manufacturers paid on the raw materials. Whoever looks over the United States to-day with a candid mind will agree that it is not being ruined by ocean freights.

Though at the beginning of the war we had but little over seven hundred thousand tons of steam vessels engaged in foreign trade—or considerably less than Norway, with a population about equal to that of Chicago—and though since then we have been shipping goods in and out by sea on a scale never before approached by any nation, this shipping boom, with its staggering freight rates, has been a good thing for us, as I hope to demonstrate later on.

Down in that heaped and tortuous tip of Manhattan Island below Wall Street, where shipping business and its adjuncts are largely conducted, they now and then speak of the boom in the past tense. It is true, the emoluments of the ocean carrier are not what they were last spring. Recurring to that average rate on grain from New York to Liverpool as a dependable illustration of the general situation, we find that it declined from a trifle under fifty cents in March, 1916, to only a little over forty cents in April; and so downward—with a slight spurt in August—until it was but thirty cents in September. Contrasted with three cents in the spring of 1914, that might look decidedly like a boom; but the man who paid top price for a time charter, and contrasts thirty cents with fifty, may be forgiven if he speaks of the boom in the past tense.

According to the most expert opinions on the subject that I am able to get, freight rates are not likely to return to the mountain peaks of last spring. Notwithstanding mine and submarine, there has probably been some increase in available tonnage, for every plant that can build a ship has been working to the limit. We have a light wheat harvest—so has Canada; and shipments, though holding up in value, are not so great in bulk. All round, the situation appears to be somewhat better in hand. But freight rates, ten times what they were before the war, could not be described as normal. Nor is there the slightest expectation that any such rates will outlast the war.

Ocean Freight Pools

Some six million tons of German and Austrian merchant marine, now tied up, will be released as soon as war ends. About half of England's great merchant fleet of nearly twenty million tons is working for the government. Part of this British tonnage is carrying commerce substantially as it would be in peace; but part is engaged in special services created by war. This part—how much, nobody knows—will be available for ordinary commercial uses when the war is over. Broadly speaking, tonnage destroyed in the war is replaced by new ships, and every free shipyard is working to capacity and piled with orders. So a great increase in available tonnage is certain, and freight rates will drop.

How far, shipping men would naturally like to know. They have been dreaming for many years about stability in ocean rates and in ship earnings—something like that degree of stability, for example, which appears in the rates and earnings of American railroads. Probably Mr. Morgan's shipping combination was a glance in that direction. For years a considerable part of the shipping of the world has been involved in a web of pools, agreements, conferences, and so on—all for the purpose of stabilizing rates and earnings. A congressional committee reported:

"In the trade with foreign ports the committee found at least seventy-six agreements or understandings whose purpose was to fix and maintain rates, regulate the traffic, and in many cases pool the business. These agreements govern nearly all the regular lines operating in American foreign commerce to Europe, Africa, South America and the Caribbean Sea. Practically all lines serving both coasts are members of conferences or work in cooperation, through written or oral agreements."

That would look as though shipowners had the business very tightly sewed up; and, in fact, for certain branches of the business, such as from our North Atlantic ports to South America, rates were quite stable for a long period. Yet, on a broad view, there is perhaps no other great business whose earnings have been so uncertain.

When we landfaring people think of shipping at all it is usually some big line, like the Hamburg-American or the Cunard, or some big ship like the Lusitania or the Imperator, that comes to mind; but, in fact, the greater part of the world's ocean carrying is done by "tramps"—that is, by cargo boats, which go wherever they can find cargoes. It is said that two-thirds of the deep-water tonnage consists of this sort of vessel—over two-thirds of the tramp tonnage being owned in England.

The great express liners are negligible as freight carriers. The Mauretania, registered at thirty-two thousand tons, carried only fifteen hundred tons of goods, or one-quarter as much as the dingy cargo boat that looks like an unkempt dwarf beside her. In spite of all conferences and agreements, the tramp is compelled to be more or less of an individualist, going for cargoes where it can find them and taking what it can get for hauling them.

Sharp Fluctuations in Rates

There is always about so much tonnage looking for cargoes, while the volume of goods shipped overseas varies from season to season and from year to year. A big wheat crop in North America and Australia may send rates up and a poor one send them down. In the Atlantic there is a great passenger trade. Before the war, about a million and a half aliens, immigrant and other, landed in the United States, most of them coming by sea. Cargo space on many of the boats that brought them was a sort of by-product, and the owners were much more interested in stable passenger rates than in stable freight rates.

One thing that helps England very materially to maintain her big fleet of tramps is her great export trade in coal. A vessel coming in with a cargo from any part of the world may pick up an outbound cargo of coal. An American consular report, covering a year before the war, showed that freight rates on coal from Cardiff, Wales, to Copenhagen fluctuated from one dollar and six cents to two dollars and seven cents, and to the River Plate, from three dollars and fifty-two cents to six dollars and seven cents. Our railroads make a great point of a change of five per cent in freight rates; but here is a fluctuation—in a stable trade over well-beaten lines—of from seventy to a hundred per cent. Sometimes a vessel that happens to be in a port where there is a cargo to be moved quickly will get double what would be paid if the shippers had to wait four or five days for her. On the other hand, two ships where there is only one cargo sends rates down.

In 1912–13 there was quite a boom in shipping, due partly to big wheat exports. Fair Play, a most respectable British authority on shipping, reported that British cargo boats earned eleven per cent on their capital investment in 1912 and thirty-three per cent in 1913. But for 1911, earnings, as reported by the same journal, were six-tenths of one per cent less than nothing, and in 1910 nearly four per cent to the bad. For ten years—1904–1914—Fair Play gives average dividend of British cargo boats as five and a third per cent on the capital; but says that in some of the years depreciation was not fully charged off. Moreover, these earnings, as indicated above, came in lumps, with exceedingly lean stretches in between.

The British shipowner nowadays is continually reminding his government that, though earnings are very large at present, there were many starveling years prior to 1915, for which he justly deserves compensation; and there may be more starveling years after the war for which he ought to lay by something out of present profits.

Indeed, though the world is talking about enormous freight rates and dazzling profits

(Concluded on Page 53)

The newest GRUEN achievement

—the 19 jewel Very-Verithin

TRADE MARK

Ultra gold-filled $50
14k solid gold $75

FOR this, the newest Gruen achievement, we claim, frankly, the greatest combination of watch values, at the price.

We claim, in plain terms, that you, the buyer, can secure in this watch more for this money than in any other.

The achievement consists not only in making a high-class 19 ruby jewel watch so beautifully thin, *but at a moderate price.*

And we ask your judgment of the value of this achievement by a direct comparison, point by point, upon the three great essentials of watch value, namely, time-keeping quality, serviceability, and beauty.

As a timekeeper

Just as all good motor cars run so do all good makes of watches keep time. No watch manufacturer could stay in business whose watches were not accurate timekeepers.

Like all Gruen models this Very-Verithin is guaranteed to perform well with the best timekeeping standards set by watch-users. But it is no slow-coach timekeeper. It is built to keep time in your pocket, day after day.

It has 19 ruby jewels—set in raised solid gold settings. It is adjusted to six positions, to temperature and isochronism.

Its movement is made of the finest hardened materials, and has every known improvement such as shock-resister, visible safety-stem, patent regulator, non-magnetic screws, and Breguet hairspring.

Its very compactness insures its durability. How this thinness is secured, is shown in the wheel train illustration below.

And—"Oh! Isn't it beautiful!"

This is the exclamation that seems to come involuntarily from everybody to whom this watch is shown.

It is thinner than the famous Gruen Verithin, and "fits your pocket like a silver dollar."

It has that charm which comes from perfect designing, like the curves of a Packard motor car. It has three efficient, "precision" look which makes such a machine "a beauty."

It has undoubtedly an even greater claim to that title earned by the Gruen Verithin—*The Most Beautiful Watch in America.*

We urge comparison

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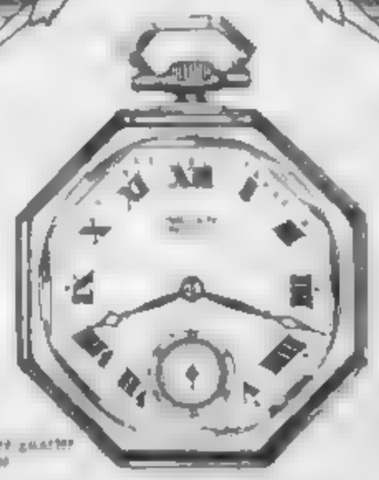
Model No. VV75—14k solid gold case. Price $75.00.

Compare this watch with any other at any price. Check our claims—see if we are not justified in making them.

See the countersigned certificate of real value in the box, guaranteeing this watch under the "Gruen-Special-Service-System."

If your jeweler should not have this watch, write us naming model you are interested in, and we will arrange for you to see it. THE GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING CO. 31 Fountain Sq. Cincinnati, Ohio. Makers of the famous Gruen watches since 1874. Factories: Cincinnati and Movado, Switzerland. Canadian Branch, Toronto, Can.

Patent train which made the Gruen Verithin possible



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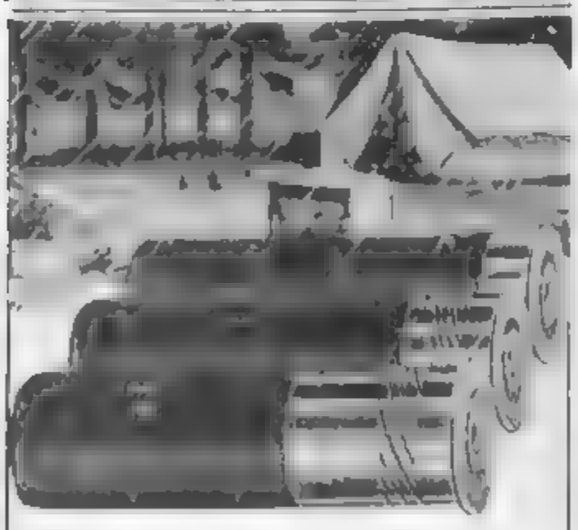

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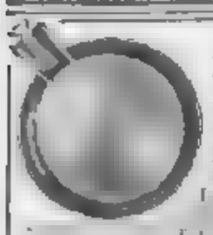

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(Concluded from Page 50)

on ships, shipowners are by no means an entirely joyous lot. There is, of course, the Teutonic shipowner, who is earning nothing at all and sees his vessels gracefully rusting at dock, with heavy overhead charges. As to the British shipowner, about half of his tonnage has been taken over outright by the government at rates fixed by the government, and as to which the shipowner has nothing whatever to say.

And the government is not paying any extravagant rates for this shipping. In general it pays on a pre-war basis; so the shipowner whose vessel is taken over by the government at two and a half or three dollars a ton, when the free ship is getting several times that, may have some unspoken reservations in the back of his patriotic head. Also, the government requires certain space on certain boats to be reserved for the carriage of breadstuffs and munitions at rates fixed by itself. The government insures the boat against war risk, but the regular marine risk is borne by the owner. One owner observes: "If the government takes my boat at eleven shillings a ton, and sends it to the White Sea, the marine insurance costs me fifteen per cent; so I get nothing for the use of the ship and am out of pocket besides."

Then there is the painful matter of taxes. The chairman of a large shipping company recently calculated, for the edification of his stockholders, that, what with the tax on war profits, the regular income tax and the surtax, the government was taking seventy-three per cent of the shipowners' net earnings—after having taken half his tonnage, at a rate that gave only a modest return on the investment.

The Plight of the Shipping Men

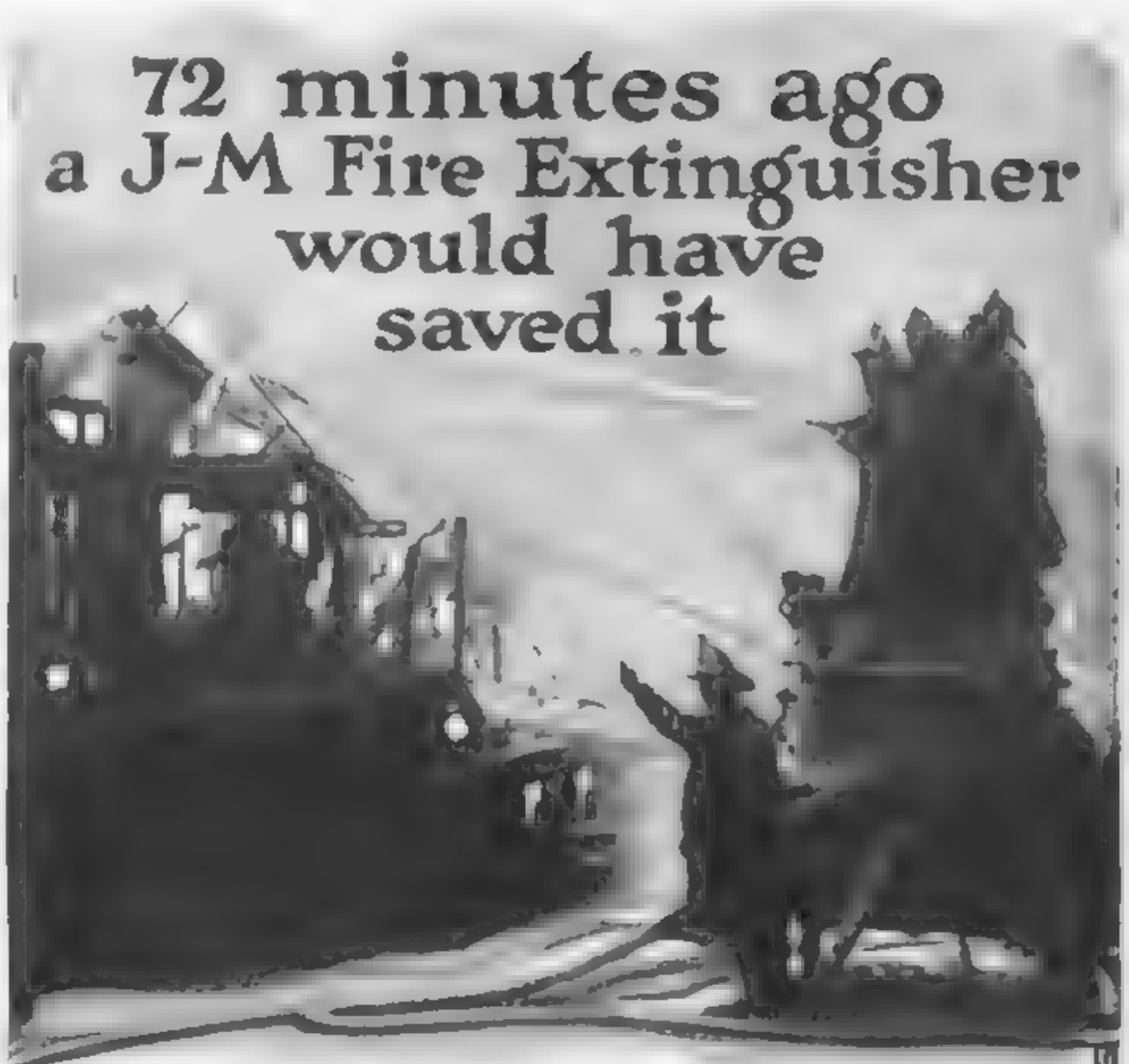
A director of an important British shipping company put it this way: "Practically fifty per cent of our tonnage is in possession of the Admiralty. Consequently we are unable to keep up our service without calling in outside boats, and have been compelled on occasion to charter neutral ships. In order to secure them it has been necessary to pay these neutrals from three to five times the amount we receive from the Admiralty for an equivalent tonnage. Of the capacity of steamers engaged in the regular North American service one-third must be allotted to the carriage of wheat and flour; practically another third to the carriage of munitions and military stores. This leaves us about one-third of our space for other commodities, for some of which minimum rates are also, as a matter of fact, fixed by the government."

Our merchant-marine fleet on June 30, 1915, comprised eight million four hundred thousand tons, according to the statement of the Department of Commerce. That is a really imposing total; but it comprises practically everything afloat that bears the American flag—except war vessels, of course. The report in detail shows that six and a half million tons are engaged in fisheries and in the coastwise trade; while of the tonnage engaged in foreign trade over half a million tons was sail—leaving only a million three hundred thousand-and-odd tons of steam vessels engaged in foreign trade.

The six and a half million tons engaged in coastwise trade has, to some extent, suffered a strange retribution. Practically always, heretofore, when ships and railroads came into competition, the shipping rate has held down the rail rate. But, with this enormous leap in ocean freights, there have been various instances in which the rail rate has held down the water rate, and ships that were in competition with railroads have earned less than those not in such competition; in fact, a considerable number of ships have withdrawn from the coastwise trade and gone into foreign service, because profits in the latter were greater.

The real cream of the boom has gone to the Norwegians. They got in early and for every krone they were worth. They have bought bottoms wherever bottoms were to be had, chartered ships where they could not buy, and choked the free shipyards of the world with their orders for new ships.

While we have spent a sea of ink about upbuilding our merchant marine, talked about it more or less to the point, and legislated about it very little to the point, the Norwegians—who number, all told, two and a half million souls, or about as many as there are in and immediately round Philadelphia, and who have no money to speak of—have gone out and done it.



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Are necessary winter equipment for every automobile. They are on sale everywhere and cost only $1.25 each. They are simple, effective and can't get out of order.
They are made in the world's largest spark plug factory, under the same exacting methods as all Champion Dependable Spark Plugs. They carry the same sweeping guarantee. Get your set of Champion Dependable Priming Plugs today. See that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.
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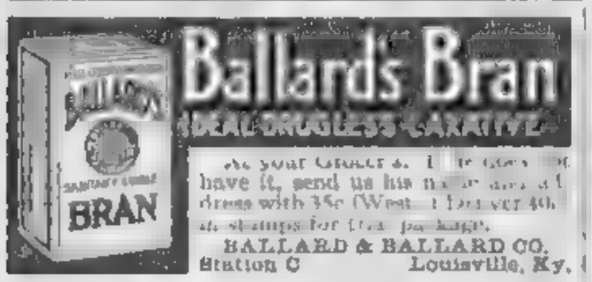

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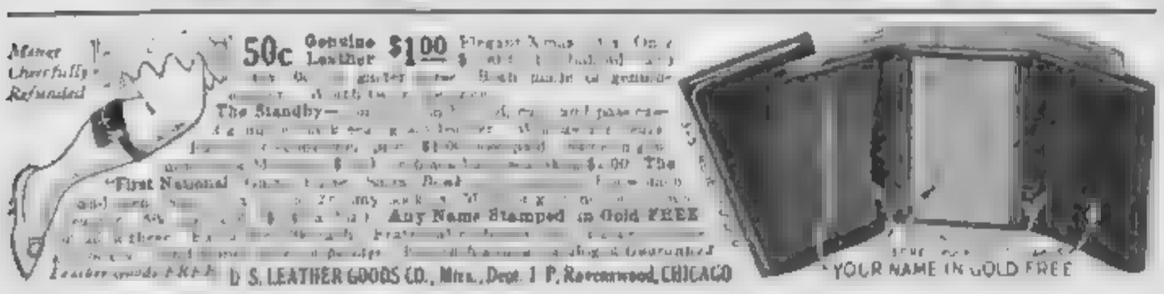
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LEEZIE, THE CITY SLICKER

(Continued from Page 12)

"Why can't you stay in here?" he demanded at supper. "It's nice and comfortable. Where's your modesty?"

"When do I get those pants?"

"If none come to-morrow from Semple & Russ," answered the deputy, "I'll rustle up something. A lady offered to lend me an old skirt to-day. She saw you. What do you know about that? Yes, huh?"

"I won't wear a skirt," replied Dabney firmly. "You may as well forget it."

When the dishes had been cleared away Tio presented him with a sheet of paper. It was a statement, made out in clumsy imitation of a hotel bill:

Room for 3 days	$15
9 meals served private	27
3 baths at pump	3
Cigars and drinks	10
	$55

Deeming it a joke, J. Dabney laughed and carried it to Morales, crying:

"Fine! But you forgot to charge me for my little bedfellows. They've nipped me in forty places."

His host did not enter into the spirit of the jest.

"I don't take boarders," he said gravely. "And when one comes it upsets things. Those are my rates."

"Do you mean to tell me," sputtered Drake—"Do you mean to tell me you seriously expect me to pay this bill?"

"I do. Why not?"

"Because I won't! You're crazy! Besides, I have no money; so you'll have to board me free. Har-har!"

"Oh, no; I don't think so. Didn't you say that I owed Semple & Russ three hundred and twenty-nine dollars and seventy cents? Well?"

Dabney eyed him a moment.

"Go to it!" he said cheerily. "Charge your head off!"

"I won't raise the rates on you," the deputy promised. "You know what they are now, and you're welcome to stop as long as you like."

At the end of the week a parcel arrived from Semple & Russ. Dabney opened it with trembling hands. Inside was a boy's white sailor suit. There were, also, dear little blue socks, and a sailor hat, size six, with a battleship's name in gold letters on the ribbon.

When Drake came to he murmured feebly:

"All right! Gimme that skirt."

It would not meet round his body; so there was nothing to do but turn it upside down and wear it inverted. The effect beat a hobble skirt all to nothing, and he could walk only in a short, jerky shuffle. However, he came within the law. He draped the serape over the upper portion of his body, leaving one shoulder and both arms bare; and his host, after a diligent search, found a battered straw hat that would fit him.

When, at last, Dabney Drake stood fully arrayed Morales laughed himself blue in the face.

"I suppose it looks like hell," Drake broke out angrily; "but I'm going out all the same. If I stick inside this hole any longer I'll go dippy."

"Sure!" assented the deputy, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Take a nice walk, Leezie. Yes, huh?"

The drummer started.

"Lizzie? What d'you mean—Lizzie?"

"That's your name now," replied Morales chokingly. "You—look—like—Leezie!"

"Now you listen here! I won't be called Lizzie. I don't like it and I won't have it."

The deputy's merriment continuing unabated, he flounced out of the room, pursued by peal on peal.

There was nobody in the street when Drake emerged. He glanced up and down and about, to make sure; not a soul. Then he set off toward the river for a swim. The narrow skirt cramped his leg action; so he ripped it at the bottom, giving it a slit effect.

A half-clad urchin was the first to espy him. He let out a frightened yell and dashed for cover. The yell acted like a fire alarm; instantly the citizens poured from their houses—men and women, old and young, boys and girls and toddling babes. They flocked at his heels.

Drake pretended not to see them. About twenty mongrels hovered on flank and rear, barking and snapping their jaws hungrily. There were shouts and shrieks, laughter from the hardy, prayers to the saints from the timid. The village humorist ranged alongside and tried to hug Dabney. A ribald ancient tickled him under the arms and squealed. Dabney shoved them off and stumbled blindly on.

The water carrier came up the road from the river with a full barrel on his cart. His burro, which had not stirred out of a walk in seventeen years, took one agonized look at Drake and ran away four miles.

The press finally became so great that Dabney could not advance. He tried to maintain his dignity, and they howled the louder. A small boy bumped him, and he tripped and fell. A hurricane of huzzas! He picked himself up and waddled back to the store.

"Leezie!" shouted Morales in greeting; and Dabney banged the door behind him.

After that he was known as Leezie throughout all Saureda. When he stayed indoors they yelled it at him through the windows. There was no privacy or peace for him, and he finally determined to brave public ridicule for the sake of the fresh air and exercise he so badly needed.

For a while he strove to preserve a dignified front despite the absurd appearance he made, but the effort was futile and he speedily abandoned it. Clothes do help make the man. He found himself losing pride and growing callous; they teased him less when he took their jeers and guffaws with good nature. Soon he was kicking up his heels or mincingly imitating a woman in order to amuse them. From that it was only a short step to exchange of repartee and friendliness. They frequently left off tormenting Dabney to converse with him.

He and the water carrier became special cronies, and often Dabney would accompany him to the river and help fill the barrel. This functionary's job was to peddle water to the inhabitants, which he did daily in a two-wheeled cart.

The days slipped by, but no further word came from Semple & Russ. In vain did Drake plead with the deputy to send for clothes in which he could appear in civilization. With such on, he would undertake to walk to the nearest town.

"It is not my beesiness," said Morales pleasantly. "How do I know you would pay me back?"

And he would not be argued into it. Drake rapidly came to the conclusion that Morales found a savage pleasure in keeping him a prisoner. Perhaps, also, he enjoyed his society in the evenings, for after the day's work the deputy dearly loved to gather a few intimates in the summerhouse and play monte by the light of a lantern. Of course Dabney could only be an onlooker, but he was useful as a butt. He became court jester for Morales and his hangers-on; also, he was obliged to fetch them drinks and cigars. Nor did he dare refuse, lest the deputy cut off his meals.

They played with the stoicism of a cigar-store Indian. The average Mexican will lose his last penny without blinking an eye. The bets were generally trifling, but they represented their all. Two-bit wagers were not infrequent, but the bulk of the money laid on the cards was in nickels. And when those nickels went the "busted" gambler pulled his hat a mite farther over his eyes, stepped back, and after loitering about for a while in the foolish hope that somebody might stake him, went home to explain to his wife.

So they clustered round the table in the summerhouse and played from dark until the small hours. Morales always dealt. From time to time he would pass round a bottle of mescal, and he never forgot to nod at Dabney to take a drink. While the dealing went on it was deathly still, the players smoking their villainous cigarettes without cessation; but when the bets had been paid, or swept in, they broke into animated talk.

"Let me get in this," begged Dabney one night.

Morales glanced up with a frown.

"*No se da credito,*" he replied brusquely, and Drake subsided.

However, you cannot keep a squirrel on the ground, and no earthly power could prevent J. Dabney from horning into a game of chance.

(Continued on Page 57)

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By such thorough and consistent effort every Pullman passenger receives the greatest possible protection from the discomfort of dust and dirt usually associated with railway travel.

(Continued from Page 54)

"How much're my shoes worth?" he inquired at the next session.

"About a dollar," said Morales cautiously.

"All right. Give it here."

Smiling, the deputy tossed him four quarters and Dabney sank into a vacant place. That dollar meant worlds to him. Somehow its possession dissipated his feeling of helplessness, bolstered his self-esteem, gave him confidence—even a sense of power.

"So you think you're some dealer, Morales?" he queried in an altered, gibing tone. "All you Border fellers have got it figured out that nobody else knows these games. But if you're the Border Gambler, I'm the City Slicker. See? So watch your step!"

The deputy was pleased by the sally and grinned at him.

"That's music to me. Leezie, the City Slicker, against the Border Gambler; yes, huh?"

"Come on! Deal a card," urged Dabney, and the game was on.

"You're a bettin' fool!" observed his host uneasily at the end of an hour.

"I have to do that to pay my board," was the cheerful response. "With a fifteen-dollar rate at the Hotel Morales, I got to push my luck."

Soon all the other players except one dropped out to watch the duel. That one trailed Dabney's every bet and was rapidly accumulating a pile of his own. The two of them stuck the bank for eighty dollars, of which the drummer took sixty-five; then a few bad bets occurring, he prudently cashed in.

"Nigger luck!" sneered Morales.

"Shucks!" retorted Drake, holding his winnings tightly in his fist. "I let up out of pity. This is just triflin'. Why don't you play a man's-size game and get some action?"

"You want something different—something beeg—yes, huh?"

"Sure I do! The way you play this game is like peckin' at birdseed. You'd ought to take up parcheesi."

The deputy made no reply. He was shuffling and cutting the cards with deft fingers.

Drake repaired to his room. Before lying down he took the precaution of barricading the door with the table, in order that nobody might enter without disturbing him. Then he stretched out and quickly fell asleep.

It seemed to Drake that he had hardly closed his eyes when a tremendous uproar brought him wide awake. A crash of falling furniture and breaking glass, cries of "Help!" and sounds of a struggle came from the deputy's room. To give him his due, Dabney was not frightened. He jerked the table from the door and threw it wide open. The noises ceased abruptly. Only a low moaning came from the opposite room, and he hurriedly entered.

"What's the matter? Who is it?"

"It's me. Light the lantern. I'm hurt!"

Complying, Dabney beheld his host lying across the bed, clad in the heavy underwear he wore summer and winter, day and night. But the shirt of it was almost torn from his back.

"Did you see him?" asked Morales feebly.

"See who? What made all the racket?"

"Why," said the deputy, raising himself feebly, "somebody sneaked in here and jumped on me. Yes, huh? And we had a fight. Did you see him?"

"Nobody passed me," Drake declared positively. "Sure you weren't dreaming? A nightmare, maybe?"

"No; no nightmare. It was a beeg feller, and he grabbed me—so—and tried to choke me. Look at my shirt! And I am seeck of the head."

"Huh!"

"He must have jumped out of the window," Morales concluded.

"It's like that's what he did. Gee, you're lucky to get off so easily! Anything I can do?"

"No; I am all right. Good night."

"Good night," returned Dabney, and went back to his own room very thoughtfully.

As he was closing the door behind him he perceived a shadowy form in the corridor and inquired what was up.

"It is me—Tio. I hear the noise and I come in," answered the cook hurriedly. "Who has been killed?"

"Nobody. It was just a scare. Better go back to bed."

The first thing Drake did when alone was to slip his hand under the blanket. The money he had won was gone!

"You were dead right," he announced with a laugh, reappearing at the deputy's door. "There was a burglar here. He stole my roll."

"No!" cried Morales in shocked accents.

"Yes!"

The deputy got stiffly to his feet.

"I tell you what," he exclaimed: "It is that prisoner, Callea! He is an awful mean feller—just awful mean. He came back here and done it."

"Sure!" Dabney agreed. "That's one of the meanest guys I ever met up with. Well, no use going after him to-night, sheriff. We might just as well forget it and go to sleep. So long!"

Evidently the burglary did not depress Morales, for he was unwontedly cheerful next day and did not hesitate to joke his guest about the theft at breakfast. Dabney replied in the same spirit, and they understood each other perfectly.

"Leezie ——"

"I told you to quit callin' me Lizzie."

"Certainly! Well, I have some painful news for you, Leezie."

"That lady don't want her skirt back?" demanded Drake hastily.

"No. It is not that. But I am about to leave you."

"Is that so? Well, I'll just have to bear up under that, Tomas. It's tough, but maybe I can stand it."

"But when I go, I go for good; and my store and my house, they will be closed up tight. Where, then, will you stop?"

"Where you going?"

The other smiled and threw out his hands, and Dabney gave up. Whenever a native does that, questions are wasted. But he wondered, as he scrutinized the deputy's impassive face, what this new move might mean and what Morales had up his sleeve.

They did not discuss the matter further, and in the middle of the afternoon Sauceda's siesta was broken by the entrance of eight riders. They appeared suddenly from the brush and ambled up to the store, with jingling of rowels and bit chains, and there halloed for Tomas. He looked startled when he came out to greet them, and glanced apprehensively up and down the street; but a few words sufficed to reassure him and he conducted the band to the corral, where the jaded horses were turned loose to feed.

They spent the remainder of the day in the summerhouse, smoking and drinking. Dabney could hear their loud talking, but he did not go near. At suppertime Tio came into his room and announced:

"He says we will eat out there. And he wants you to wait on them."

"You tell him to go dig a hole in the river and crawl in!" roared the insulted drummer.

"Tell him yourself. They are nine, and some of them are bad men—very."

He departed for the kitchen to finish the cooking, leaving Dabney to think it over. The result of his thinking was that Drake carried out the heaped tray when Tio shouted to him it was ready.

Morales and his guests were shaking dice when he appeared in the path, and they welcomed him with gusts of laughter.

"She is a wonder, Leezie is!" cried Morales. "Tio and I, we would never have got through the summer without her help."

"You ain't through it yet," rejoined Dabney, flirting his skirt; and there was another outburst.

They were weatherbeaten and in a woeful state, and gave off a mingled odor of horse and sweated leather and unwashed humanity. All wore cartridge belts over the shoulder and revolvers at their hips, and their rifles were piled in a corner.

"Gee, they're tough guys!" thought Dabney, watching them while they ate. "Tomas sure has some nice friends."

After the meal the party disposed themselves for cards and dice, and Drake was given a respite. He needed it badly, for they had kept him on the run.

"Bring all the bottles off the top shelf," Morales ordered, "and then you can go to bed. To-morrow will be a hard day for you, Leezie."

Dabney did as bidden and retired. When he left them Morales was keeping bank, with a pile of bills and silver in front of him.

But Drake did not go to bed. He listened for a long time at the window, then took off the serape and skirt. Tiptoeing down the corridor, he entered the yard from the back door. It was an easy matter

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to approach the summerhouse without being detected, three of its sides being closely screened by vines; and he crouched down against it, where the umbrella chinaberry cast a blotch of shadow.

Soundlessly he stole away a few minutes later and reëntered the kitchen, coming out soon with a can of kerosene. He carried this to the corral and began to saturate the fence on the far side. That done, he sped back to the house and stretched out on the couch like a Christian.

It was long past midnight before the party in the summerhouse broke up. Even then they called it off only at the angry insistence of Morales; Dabney could hear him haranguing them. But at last they went trooping out to the corral, where they were to bed down for the night, and the deputy entered the house. He stopped in the corridor and listened at Drake's open door, then moved on into the store.

It seemed ages before he came creaking back along the passage, but he did not take long to undress. Drake heard the whine of the springs as the deputy crawled into bed; but not until the regular whistling expulsion of breath that he knew so well apprised him that Morales slept, did Dabney move. Then he rose softly, threw his leg over the window sill, and dropped to the ground.

Within five minutes he was back and donning his skirt. Hardly had he tied it on when a glare shot up in rear of the house; there were loud ejaculations, shouted orders, a rush of hoofs. A bunch of riderless horses dashed madly down the street, and from the corral came panicky firing.

An oath came from the deputy's room as he woke and saw the whole place alight; then he went running along the corridor into the store. Dabney followed, and when Morales shoved his arm down deep into a sack of meal Drake was watching him through the doorway. One look was all he needed. He scurried back just as Tio arrived in the house.

"The corral's on fire!" cried the latter to Morales.

"Is that all?" the deputy answered in evident relief. "I thought it was the store. What were they doing all that shooting for?"

"At first they thought the fire was a blind, and so they shot into the dark," was the reply.

Followed by the cook, Morales went out to ascertain the cause of the trouble. As he passed Dabney's door he perceived him standing at the window and said:

"Don't be scared. It's only a fence burning. Want to come out and see it?"

"No; I'll stay here."

He stayed there only long enough to make certain that the deputy was helping to fight the blaze, and then crept into the store. It was as light as day there, because of the flames. He sank his arm into the sack and felt about with his fingers. They closed on a hard object, which he hastily drew out. It was the deputy's moneybag.

Two minutes and Dabney was out in the street, padding through the dust toward the wagon road. And soon the brush enveloped him.

"Halt! Who goes there?" challenged Private Bud Reid, of the Third Regiment, Texas National Guard, as an animated scarecrow issued at high noon from a mesquite thicket a few miles from Mercedes.

"Friend!" bellowed J. Dabney.

"Friend, hell!" said the sentry. "You're no friend of mine. Stop right where you are! I don't like your looks."

To his consternation, the unlovely object sat down in the dirt and began to cry like a child.

"Here!" cried Bud roughly. "Don't do that. What ails you anyhow?"

"I'm all in!" sobbed Drake. "I haven't got any clothes and I've walked a thousand miles; and my feet're killin' me. And nobody'll help!"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Take me to your captain—that's all. And hurry, son! It's important—bandits!"

"Bandits?" echoed Private Reid. "Why didn't you say so in the first place, sister? Come on! Gee, your feet're scratched up! Can you walk? Then, let's go."

He escorted his prisoner to camp, where he turned him over to the officer of the day thusly:

"A lady to see you, captain."

Before the officer could protest or forbid it, Dabney went surging in, pouring out his story all in a breath.

"Send down there right quick," he ended, the perspiration streaming down his dirty face, "and you'll catch the whole bunch! They aim to sneak up on Donna to-night and blow up the power plant; and then they'll beat it across the river."

The captain gazed at him dubiously.

"All right!" he cried, strapping on his automatic. "I'll go see the colonel and get permission to rush my company down there in trucks. But you stick round. If you're fooling us I'd like to talk to you again."

"I'll be right here, brother," Dabney answered. "I got to buy me some clothes."

The palms and oleanders in the Square almost wilted when he limped into town and made his way to the bank. He still had on the old black skirt, now in tatters; the serape hung limply from his shoulders, leaving considerable portions of him bare, and a tuft of hair stuck out through a hole in his hat. He was sore of foot and every bone ached; and a two-weeks stubble covered his cheeks. Small wonder they were for throwing this apparition out at first sight! But when he produced a leather bag and extracted therefrom a sum in excess of six hundred dollars, it was realized that he might be a human being after all; and they gave ear unto his tale.

"And now," said Drake, "where can I get me some clothes? For the love of Mike, show me a store where they sell men's sizes!"

He was proceeding toward the one the cashier pointed out, when the sight of a Mexican crossing the Square halted him in his tracks. The individual in question was slightly tipsy; but it was not that which held Dabney's fascinated gaze. It was his attire. The gentleman was wearing striped silk pyjamas in the full glare of day, apparently under the delusion they represented a metropolitan costume for summer wear! On his head was a gray soft hat.

One hoarse roar and Dabney bore down upon him. The native whirled at his coming, but it was too late. Two hundred and sixty pounds struck him squarely abeam, and down he went as though hit by a pile driver. Drake promptly fell on top and began to belabor him with fists and knees.

Some soldiers ran up and pried him off.

"Say, what's this?" demanded a sergeant, endeavoring to shake Dabney. "What're you trying to do?"

"Why, that—that guy's got my pyjamas on! He stole all my clothes and my money, and everything! Lemme go! Lemme go, I say! Here; you watch out or first thing you know I'll bust you too."

"I did not! I did not!" whimpered the Mexican, tenderly feeling a swollen eye. "Morales, he leave me go. He keep your money and your clothes. Yes. All he gave me was a dollar and this suit. I swear it!" Dabney stared at him, too overcome for speech. "Me, I never did any harm. But Tomas, he is head of the family and we must do as he says."

"Scat!" cried Drake. "Turn him loose, boys. I reckon him and me are quits—and Tomas sure don't owe me anything!"

On the fourth day following these happenings the senior member of Semple & Russ found a letter in his morning's mail, dated at Corpus Christi:

Mr. Semple: You have been wondering why I did not write and why you have not heard from me. But, Mr. Semple, I have a reason. Maybe you saw in the papers what they did to me and what came off; but a lot of it was lies. They stole my pants and I could not get away for seventeen days. Mr. Semple, it is the truth! You do not believe me or you would have sent me some new clothes; but I am telling you facts.

That Morales is a bad actor. He was fixing to blow up the waterworks, and then beat it and take all the stock with him—him and some of his sweet-scented friends. Now he is in jail, and his creditors are in possession of the store.

Inclosed find cashier's check for three hundred and twenty-nine dollars and seventy cents, in full settlement of claim against firm of T. Morales & Company. And now please give me back my territory, like Mr. Russ promised he would. I want my old job. I do not like collecting at all.

Well, Mr. Semple, I came here to rest up after all I have been through. It was horrible! But I guess I will not get any rest, because the wife is coming to-night. She is liable to get in any time. Now, Mr. Semple, I want to ask you a favor. Please write to my wife what I said; and stick to it, no matter what, Mr. Semple. She wouldn't believe me.

But it is the truth. He went and stole my pants. It will not occur again.

yrs truly, J. DABNEY DRAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. Top Notch Rubber Leaders of the Rubber "400" request the pleasure of your company in the rain.

Uncle Sam gave us a patent on Top Notch heel construction.

The famous Cincher Cushion Heel that lasts as long as the sole.

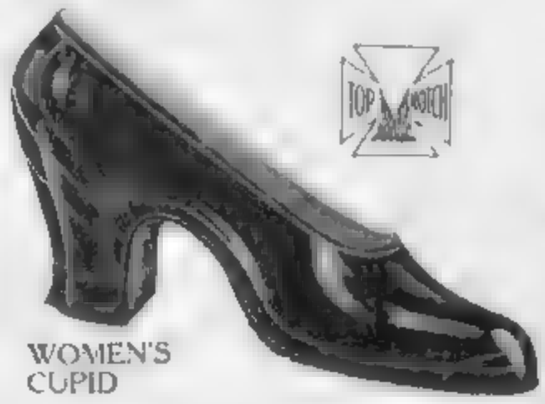
Put a pair of Top Notch rubbers on your feet! You'll be surprised indeed to find how different they are from ordinary rubbers—how small they make the feet look—how graceful and stylish and light they are.

Top Notch rubbers fit your shoes so snug and trim that you'd scarcely know that you had rubbers on. They fit as no rubbers ever fitted before. Even for high heeled shoes there's a Top Notch rubber that makes a lady's foot as neat and stylish looking as fashion could wish.

And how they wear! Uncle Sam gave us a patent on Top Notch heel construction. Most rubbers, you know, break through at the heel long before the rest of the rubber is worn out. But the patent Clincher Cushion Heel of Top Notch rubbers *lasts as long as the sole.* Every point of wear is scientifically reinforced, making them *balanced* rubbers—the most durable and economical rubbers you can buy.

TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

An exceedingly stylish Top Notch rubber which fits snugly over the fashionable shoes now in vogue.



WOMEN'S CUPID

The next time that you buy rubbers buy *Top Notch* balanced rubbers! They are made in a wide variety of styles and sizes, to fit every member of the family. Dollar for dollar, the Top Notch line gives you greater rubber footwear value than any other. It is just what its name implies—top notch in every respect.

Thousands of the best shoe stores all over the country sell Top Notch goods. Write today for the complete, illustrated Top Notch booklet "J" and name of the Top Notch dealer in your town.

A very dressy rubber for men, to fit the prevailing styles of shoes made on English lasts.

MEN'S APOLLO

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"A Car That Will Out-perform Any Other in Its Price-class"

After all, performance is the most jealously prized motor car attribute.

And when you come to seek the reason for the overwhelming success of Saxon "Six" you'll find it, most likely, in its ability to out-perform any other in its field.

Since the first Saxon "Six" went into service some two years back it has been passing through a constant state of development.

And at this time you will find an even wider margin of difference between Saxon "Six" and its price rivals than ever before.

Uniform torque—perfect power-flow—was the standard sought and now attained.

Each explosion merges into the next—with no interval interposing to produce the vibration that shortens the life and impairs the efficiency of less able motors.

Consider, for instance, a comparative case if you would know how surprisingly Saxon "Six" surpasses any other at less than $1200.

Running one of the best-known cars of less than six cylinders at 20 miles per hour there are 1512.73 power impulses per minute.

Running Saxon "Six"—under the same conditions—at 20 miles per hour there are 2993.925 power impulses per minute.

That is to say, Saxon "Six" produces 97.9% more impulses per minute at a 20 mile per hour speed than this well-known car of "less-than-six-cylinders." This is practically perfect continuity of power-flow.

Think how much less friction there is in the Saxon "Six" motor.

Think how much less wear and tear there is on parts as well.

Think how much longer life this gives Saxon "Six," since friction is the greatest enemy to a motor's endurance.

Translated into dollars and cents, think how little will be your repair service cost on Saxon "Six" as compared with the car with less-than-six-cylinders.

You will find the super-ability of this Saxon "Six" motor reflected to your benefit in many ways.

First, in unusual quietness and smoothness. Engineers estimate the power-flow smoothness of Saxon "Six" to be nearly 98% greater than that of the "less-than-six."

Second, in astounding quickness of "pick-up"—from standing start to 45 miles per hour in 23 seconds.

This "less-than-six" we cite required 30 seconds in that test.

Third, in amazing flexibility. Seldom indeed do Saxon "Six" owners resort to gear shifting.

Fourth, in unrivaled pulling power.

In a noted Eastern hill-climb; at the San Diego Exposition, competing with higher-priced sixes, eights, and twelves; and in many other public tests, as well as in everyday private performance, Saxon "Six" has definitely demonstrated its superior prowess on hills and in heavy going.

The Saxon "Six" owner revels in the confidence that his car can cope successfully with any set of road conditions motoring may present.

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SAXON "SIX"

A BIG TOURING CAR FOR FIVE PEOPLE

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

SHOESTRINGS

(Continued from Page 20)

"Joe Babbett didn't run away," said Miss Negley painfully. "I was horrid; I told him I didn't wish ever to see him again." For a moment at the thought her eyes grew misty. "He said the money had turned my head. Yes, and from the first he'd begged me not to listen to Mr. Belcher, telling me Belcher was trying to flimflam us all. I wouldn't listen to Joe, though. I thought with the money I could give up my place and get married—you know how it is. There was a little house out on the Twin Peaks line, eight rooms and a bath, with hardwood floors and a sleeping porch; and —— Well, never mind!" said Miss Negley, choking down a sob. "When it turned out Mr. Belcher hadn't flimflammed us, and I had the money, Joe Babbett up and told me I was stuck-up, that I wanted to marry a swell or something, that no piker would do me now! And I'd never mentioned such a thing! Why, I don't even know what he meant by 'piker,'" she concluded.

"You're well out of it, that's my opinion," said Mrs. Niblo, who was still breathing through her nostrils. "All men are alike," she announced. "Ain't I had experience?"

"Well, I haven't," said Miss Minch; and she added: "I wouldn't care if they were all as you say. Think of it—a little home with vines over the front porch, a fire crackling on the hearth, pictures on the wall, and upstairs the sound of little feet pattering over the carpet!

"Say," said Miss Minch, her voice cracking all at once, "if anyone was to give me that, the brute could come home nights and beat me to a pulp!"

Mrs. Niblo stared, her mouth drooping.

"You give me a pain!" she said.

"Well, go take something for it!" snapped Miss Minch, herself again; and turning to Miss Negley, she twined an arm about the girl's shoulders. "Don't cry, dear; it's all right! Joe's a good fellow, a good sport. Once he's over his grouch, he'll come back, never fear. Now listen to me," said Miss Minch, her face bright; "I'll tell you what to do."

Maybe, as she said, she hadn't been successful, never having married; but then, you couldn't blame the men for that—not if you looked at her. Still, she knew a thing or two.

"Now, you have a good time over there at the Beach," she went on. "You dance and swim and run about all you want; and if some swell makes up to you, don't you put him in cold storage—not too soon, anyways. You string him along a bit, little girl!"

That was the way, she explained, to bring Joe Babbett to time. He'd hear of it somewheres—a little bird'd tell him, Miss Minch wouldn't wonder; and once he'd seen someone else was attentive to Miss Negley, he'd come to his senses soon enough. Make a man think you're valuable, sought after elsewhere, and you can do as you will with him.

"I guess that's what's been the trouble with me," added Miss Minch. If ever a man had come after her, she hadn't stood him off enough. She had, as she said, "Died of a Tuesday nearly."

"After you?" inquired Mrs. Niblo. "There was someone, then?"

"Not a nibble," returned Miss Minch calmly. "Not so much as a Niblo even." While Mrs. Niblo was digesting this, her jaws working, Miss Minch added: "But then, desperate as I am, I've never been hopeless."

This said, she turned brightly to Miss Negley.

"Now, mind," she begged, "you'll do as I say, won't you?"

Miss Negley was disposed at first to demur, so Mrs. Wallop, too, added her entreaties.

"I'll tell you what," Mrs. Wallop exclaimed brightly: "We can get Babbett down and fix him a little celebration, a swell dinner. That's what tickles a man!"

Story books might say a man's heart was in his breast, but cookbooks, in Mrs. Wallop's mind, were more practical. For twenty years she had had experience.

"All right, very well," said Miss Negley. She rose, her face resolute, a spot of color burning on each of her cheeks. "I'll do as you say," she said, and Joe Babbett would have been astonished had he seen her now. Her air was as if she would show him something. Even Miss Minch, as she saw the look, gazed at her curiously; and as for Mrs. Niblo, that lady, her jaw set, grinned sardonically.

The idea, all that bother about a man!

"There, that's a dear!" Mrs. Wallop exclaimed enthusiastically. Bustling about she helped Miss Negley get on her hat and coat; and this accomplished, she was hurrying to the door, when her eye fell on the club sandwich she had left uneaten.

Miss Minch seemed to divine her thought.

"If you're going on the cars you'll want to eat, of course," she said idly; "some people always do."

"Huh?" inquired Mrs. Wallop suspiciously.

Miss Minch indicated the club sandwich.

"Don't let anything I say prevent you. Take it."

Mrs. Wallop did so.

IX

"HELLO, what's the row now?"

Outside, at the sea wall opposite the bungalow, half a dozen touring cars had drawn up, their tonneaus crowded, each of the occupants displaying the most singular animation, not to say excitement; and shoving back his chair, Joe Babbett hastily rose.

Young Mr. Alsop had just asked him: "You don't happen to have a couple o' hundred on you, do you—bones, you know; iron men?" and as Joe didn't, his host was explaining why he'd asked. The explanation had something to do with the rancher, the gentleman from Imperial Valley, as well as Mr. Belcher, of Lubin & Co. The ranch gentleman having shown the five clubs he held pressed to his shirt front, Mr. Alsop had, in turn, given him an I O U for what it had cost to look at them. As for Mr. Belcher, though, when Mr. Alsop spoke of him he bubbled.

It was this way, Mr. Alsop said: That fellow Belcher was a burglar; he was a murderer too. The murder, it appeared, consisted in having told Mr. Alsop to sell Nineveh when at the same time he'd told Tams to buy.

Little things like this are quite common in Wall Street. They insure business, at the same time insuring also that all a firm's customers do not win at once. If they did there would be no Wall Street, much less Wall Street brokerage offices. Certainly not offices like Lubin's. However, Mr. Alsop having been cleaned out, he was explaining with full details what he'd do the next time he saw that highwayman, Belcher, when the uproar in the street distracted his hearer's attention.

Joe hurriedly parted the window hangings.

"Looks like a dog fight!" he exclaimed eagerly.

Mr. Alsop rose also to take a look. A single glance sufficed him.

"Shucks! That's just that San Diego outfit; they're always over here. As I was saying now, that hot-air card, Belcher ——" Mr. Alsop was continuing, when Joe again let fall an exclamation.

"Look!" he cried.

"Yes, yes, I know!" Mr. Alsop said irritably; "they're just pulling one of their stunts. Now, Belcher ——"

Another exclamation interrupted him.

"Look! Great Scott! Tams!"

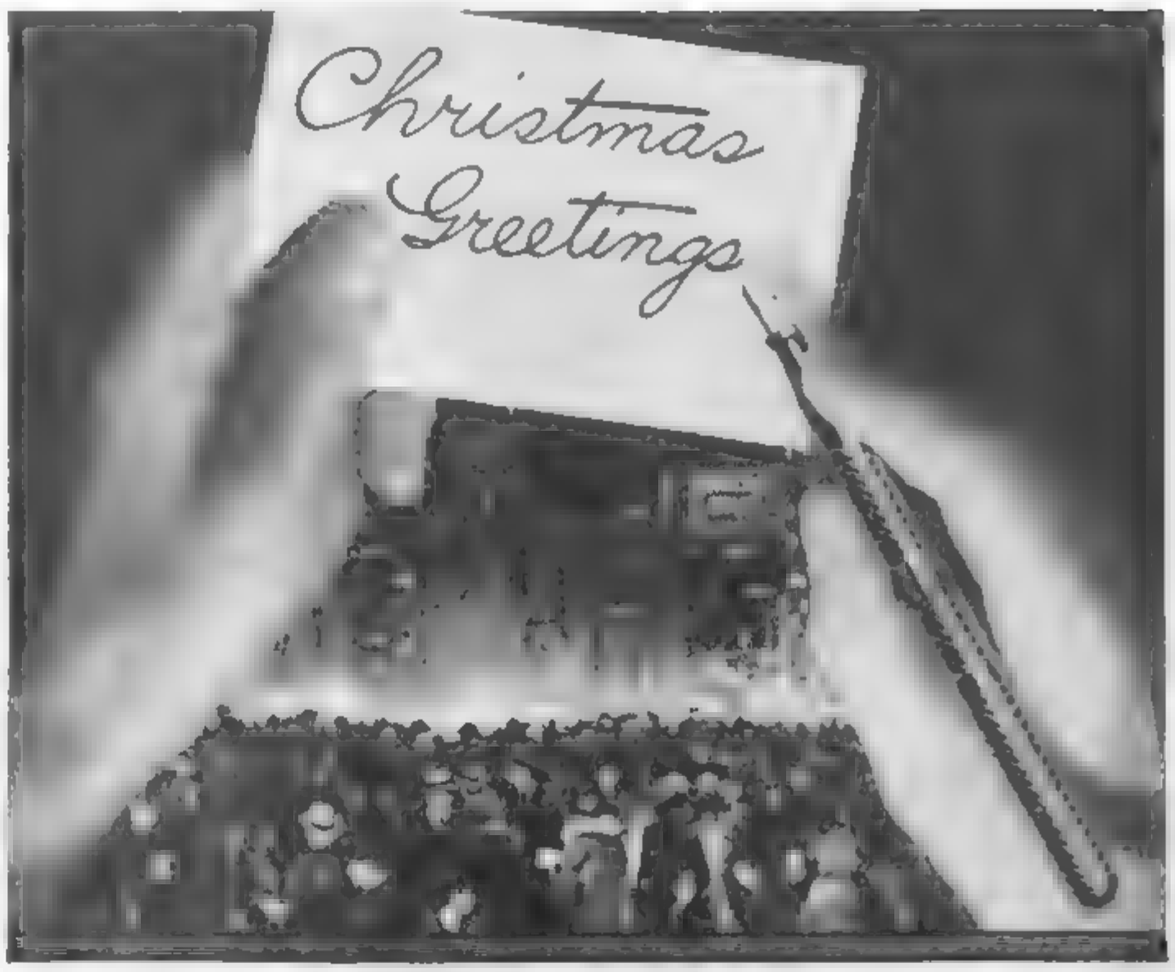
Mr. Alsop looked. He was just in time to see Mr. Tams leap from the door of a taxicab.

In his hands was a silk umbrella. One hand clutched it by the stick, the other hand was inserted beneath the folds of silk. His hat had fallen off, knocked from his head as he leaped, and Mr. Tams kicked it out of the way. His face, pale and moist, was set rigidly.

A few feet away from him an elderly gentleman with white whiskers and a benevolent appearance was kneeling in the roadway, his hands clasped in an attitude of supplication. As Mr. Tams, however, leaped into view the gentleman's air of agonized entreaty changed into one of astonishment.

Hands clasped, he gaped. At the same time uproar broke forth. There was a babel of shouts, yells, imprecations. A man in the background, who had been assiduously turning the crank of a photographic machine, now stopped his cranking. Mouth wide, he, too, gaped.

Two horses, each a thoroughbred, were dashing along the road, a girl on one horse and a young man in a Norfolk jacket on the other. Mr. Alsop had just seen this, when



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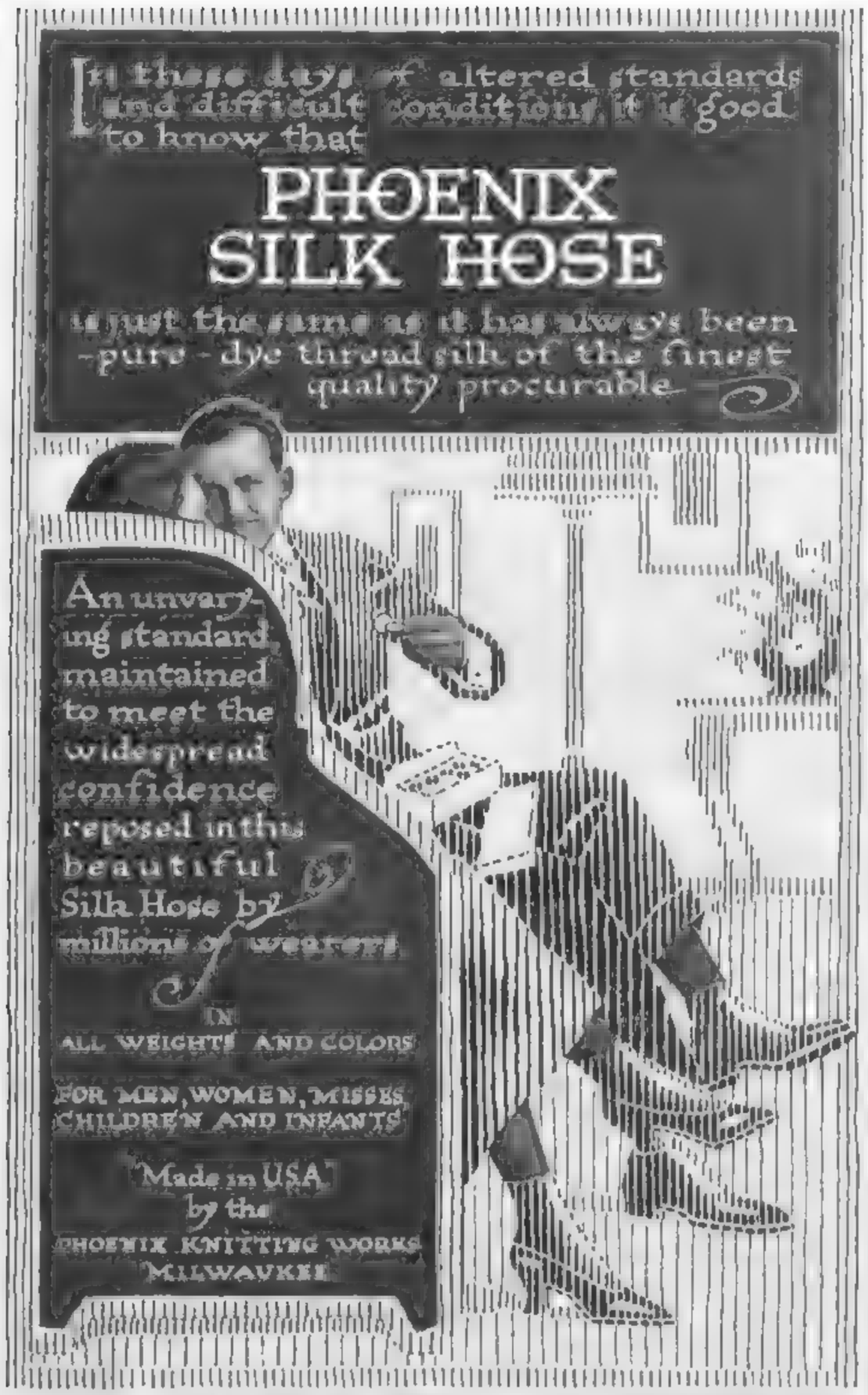
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Made in USA by the
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
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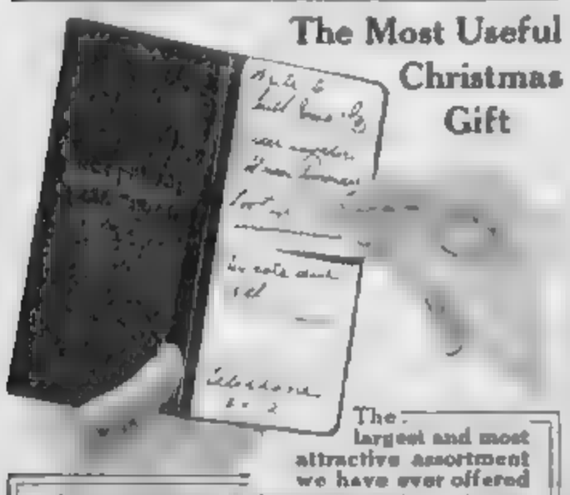
The Most Useful Christmas Gift



The largest and most attractive assortment we have ever offered

I have a suggestion that is really useful—one that is in keeping with the spirit of business men, professional people and people in all walks of life are using them and many more are going to select them this year as Christmas gifts.

THE ROBINSON REMINDER

No more lost memoranda. The pages are composed, just each note on a separate coupon and tear it out when it ceases to be of value. The pads are enclosed in a handsome leather case. Large size, 3½ x 7 in., 6 coupons to the page, with pocket for special papers and one extra filler—$1.00. Extra fillers 90c per doz.

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Name in gold on each pad 25c extra. Remembering several needs, especially for the Christmas trade

[illegible] $1.00
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OPEN ACCOUNTS

Special discounts. Order at once and be prepared for the holiday demand. Order now

Robinson Manufacturing Co., Dept. E, Westfield, Mass.

Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies

So exceptionally different—so delightfully delicious that they furnish a never forgotten treat to all chocolate lovers. Made of the purest, richest, most wholesome chocolate with select almond and filbert centers. No cream filling.

Give them for Christmas

Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies give a new meaning to Christmas sweets—an out-of-the-ordinary holiday gift that is hailed with delight. Send $3.00 for three full pounds (sold in three pound boxes only) prepaid and insured to you. For two boxes or more at one time deduct 25 cts. per box. Money back if not satisfied.

AMBROSIA CHOCOLATE CO.
335-7 Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Dealers write for special dozen quantity offer on Ambrosia Chocolate Specialties

at the same time he seemed to divine Mr. Tams' intention.

"Hey, you big boob!" he shouted spontaneously.

If he heard, however, Mr. Tams did not heed. The first horse was almost on him when he flung open the umbrella in its face.

"Well, of all the nuts!" murmured Mr. Alsop, marveling.

The result that ensued was not only convulsive, it was chaotic. An explosion of horse, gray tweeds, golden hair, riding boots, crops, saddle leathers and Norfolk jackets seemed to rise in mid-air; and hovering for an instant suspended, to descend afterward in a shower, terminating, as it struck the roadway, with a crash. Its pivotal center appeared to be Mr. Tams. Much of it, at any rate, rained down upon him; and bowled into by the two frantic horses, he somersaulted along the roadway like a shot rabbit; then lay there limp, unconscious.

Beside him lay the remains of his new silk hat. It was crushed into a shapeless ruin.

"Can you tie it?" inquired Mr. Alsop, marveling. "I ask you, did ever you see the beat?"

Several minutes had passed. Mr. Tams, picked from the roadway, had been carried into the house; and now, his eyes fluttering, his figure feebly stirring, he was slowly returning to his senses. It was not without pain, it seemed; and his hands active, he was striving, as he stirred, to locate where it hurt him the most.

Then he seemed to realize.

"Is she safe?" he murmured. "Did I save her?"

Joe Babbett had disappeared. There were reasons why he wished to remain unseen; and at the first flicker of Mr. Tams' returning consciousness he had flitted. It was to Mr. Alsop that Mr. Tams addressed the query.

"Did you do what?" inquired Mr. Alsop.

"Save her," repeated Mr. Tams. "Rescue the young lady."

"I get you now," said Mr. Alsop. "You did! The rescue was a complete success." Gertie, he added, had lost a few hairpins and some skin, but then Gertie was used to that. A little plaster would fix her all right.

"Gertie?" echoed Mr. Tams.

"Gertie Pickell," said Mr. Alsop.

Evidently the name was vaguely familiar to Mr. Tams. Several times he repeated it, as if striving to recall where he'd heard it before; and Jimmy Alsop stared curiously. Not know Gertie Pickell?

"One of the younger set, isn't she?" asked Mr. Tams.

Mr. Alsop did not reply. Instead, he gaped. Then a thought seemed to strike him; and after a sharp glance, a look somewhat evasive in its nature, he turned from Mr. Tams and went quickly to the door.

A crowd had clustered outside the bungalow. Its members were still the same persons who had driven up in the touring cars. Among them was the white-whiskered person of benevolent appearance, as well as the young man in the Norfolk jacket. The jacket now was slit up the back, one sleeve was off; and its wearer, his face furious, his hat gone and both hands employed in nursing himself as Mr. Tams had done, was talking to the benevolent, elderly gentleman. "The bonehead! The boob! The jay!" were among the epithets he was using.

Furious as his air was, it was as nothing compared to the fury of another gentleman standing by the curb. He was the same person whose voice, bawling from a motor car, had sounded loudest during the previous proceedings. He was threatening now to "have the law" on someone.

Miss Pickell was seated on the curb. Her hat was on one side, her golden locks thrust under it, and it was evident that her slender form was quivering with some suppressed emotion.

"What a joke, Lynch!" she bubbled. "What a wheeze!"

Mr. Lynch did not seem to get its humor.

"Cut out the laughs, Gertie," he returned sourly; "you don't register."

Mr. Alsop, at that moment, appeared. As if inspired at the sight of him, Mr. Lynch again resumed his calisthenics, his voice at the same time rising. Unaffected, however, Jimmy Alsop told him to cut out the third-act stuff.

It was a bum reel anyway, he said calmly, that Mr. Lynch had staged. Rescuing heroines might go with the acts other studios were pulling off, but Los Angeles had canned it last year. Mr. Lynch would be a back number if he didn't look out.

The term "back number" seemed to make Mr. Lynch froth anew. Mr. Alsop had better ring off, he advised. The act was an A-1 card. Alec Bagsworth was playing lead to Gertie, and there was real heart-interest. The title was Hearts Across the Ocean, and as Muriel Delavere, the Chicago heiress, Gertie Pickell was a knockout. Alec, who "filmed opposite" her, as Mr. Lynch expressed it, was Sir Lionel Vavasour, of the Royal Irish Fusileers; and after the rescue scene there were cut-ins showing him and Muriel in the French trenches.

"Rotten!" said Jimmy Alsop. "A regular fry!" He then directed Mr. Lynch to lower his voice for fear he'd ruin it. "You're not going to get the law on anyone, either," said Mr. Alsop. "I've got a good thing here, and you're going to be nice, real nice. Now you listen to me!"

Mr. Lynch listened. As he listened his look of bubbling wrath subsided, interest succeeded, and presently he gave a grunt. As for Miss Pickell, she laughed outright.

"What a scream!" she said.

Mr. Alsop was still exhorting Mr. Lynch. Hadn't he, Alsop, done favors for Lynch? Hadn't he let his company film the bungalow for Juanita's Troth, a Romance of Old Castile. Hadn't they worked it in, too, in the Duke's Vendetta, that reel laid in Corsica?

Then there was the Newport moonlight love scene; the swell Bar Harbor kidnaping reel as well. For all these Mr. Alsop had lent the bungalow; and now he wanted the favor returned.

Mr. Lynch's interest increased.

"The guy has money, you say?"

"A wad," returned Mr. Alsop; "he's sewed with it. And you know what'll happen if you go blow this so the papers hear of it. They'll guy the life out of you and Alec, for one thing—Gertie too—only that's nothing. I'll lose the chance to a little something honest. Get me, don't you? If the fellow tumbles to what he's done—the rescue and all that—he'll light out, breeze away from here, taking his roll with him. Now be good, will you? Promise me you won't whisper, and don't let Alec or old whiskers Draper do it, either."

Mr. Lynch promised. So did Gertie Pickell.

A few minutes later, accompanied by Mr. Alec Bagsworth, the engaging and well-known matinée idol, Mr. Alsop reëntered his seaside home.

Mr. Tams, still reclining on the sofa, was gazing raptly at the ceiling. Every now and then he groaned; but on his face, between twinges, there stole a look of pleasant absorption.

One of the younger set! Probably the daughter of the Burlingame Pickells. Who knew!

"Mr. Tams," said Mr. Alsop briskly, "meet Sir Lionel Vavasour! Sir Lionel, meet Mr. Tams!"

"Charmed!" murmured Mr. Tams. "Delighted!"

It was thus, suffering but elated, that he made his entry into Coronado.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HUDSON SUPER SIX

DECEMBER 1—$175 MORE

Your Last Chance to Save That *on a* HUDSON SUPER-SIX

All fine car makers confront the same conditions as the Hudson. High-grade materials have enormously advanced. All must use lesser materials, in our opinion, or advance the price, if their profit is now a fair one. Now is the time to decide your next year's car.

The Hudson Factory is just completing its current year's production. Some Hudson dealers have sold their year's allotment—some have not.

These are the last cars to be built from materials contracted a year ago.

On Dec. 1, we start our new production. There will be no change in models. The only changes, if any, will be minor refinements.

The materials for these coming cars will cost us vastly more than the first cars cost us. That is due to market conditions. No quality maker can escape the higher material prices now prevailing. The Hudson price must advance $175.

If your dealer can supply you a Super-Six today, you will save $175 by getting any model, open, enclosed or all-season.

Fair Warning

We announce this in simple fairness. Any Hudson dealer who has unsold cars will be very glad to keep them. He can sell them next spring at the new prices.

But, as for ourselves, we won't advance the price until our cost advances. And that is on the new production, starting December 1. Until then, your Hudson dealer, if he has cars, should sell at present prices. Go and see.

1917 Costs Are Fixed

It is the custom in this line to contract materials for one year in advance. It is now essential, else car makers cannot get them.

So, whatever the coming year's conditions, the cost of fine cars will not drop. All must pay the current prices for quality materials. Eighteen have already announced price advances.

Not all cars will advance, perhaps. But all makers who use Hudson grade of materials must provide for this added cost. So the Hudson Super-Six, even at the advance, will undersell like-grade cars.

The Pinnacle Car
But Not the Top Price

The Hudson Super-Six, in a hundred tests, has proved itself the greatest car built. It holds all the world's records which mean anything to owners.

It holds all the stock-car speed records. It holds the stock-motor speed record of 102.53 miles per hour. It holds the 24-hour record of 1819 miles. It holds the Pike's Peak hill-climbing record—the greatest event of its kind—against 20 famous competitors.

It has twice with one car, in one continuous trip, broken all transcontinental records. It ran from San Francisco to New York and back in 10 days and 21 hours. No other car ever before attempted the round trip against time. Only the endurance of the Super-Six is equal to that run of 6972 miles—twice across America.

These things prove supreme endurance, due to an almost frictionless motor which is patented by Hudson. It cannot be imitated. And every Hudson detail—finish, luxury and quality—matches with that motor.

So the Hudson Super-Six must now be conceded the highest place in Motordom. Yet note how far it will undersell some cars, even with this advance.

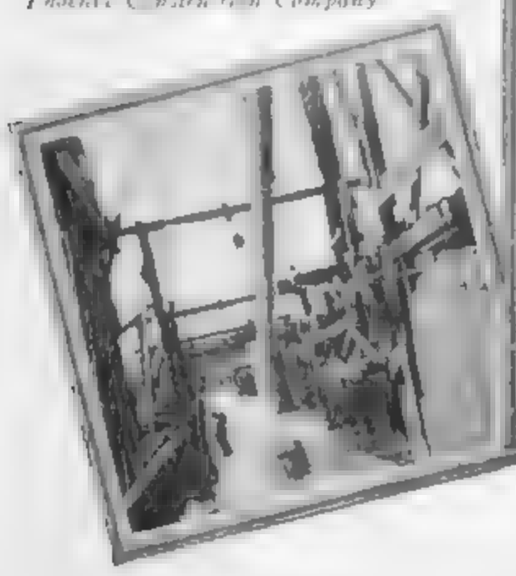
But these are facts for later buyers. Today any Super-Six that is still unsold can be bought at the present price. And in the same models as next spring, save in possible small refinements. With such a saving one could well afford to even lay the car up for the winter.

See if your dealer has an unsold Super-Six.

Phaeton, 7 passenger	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775	*(Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	2850

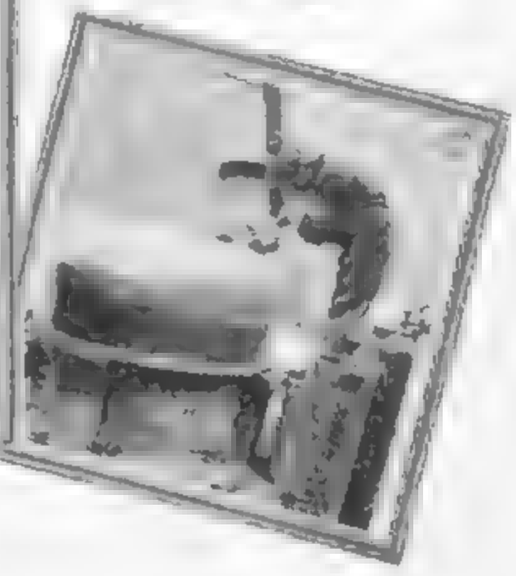
HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Oxy-Acetylene Welding



A pipe line for gas had to be laid across the Brazos River, a turbulent Texas stream. It was welded into one length and then laid by the Phoenix Construction Company

The National Enameling and Stamping Company weldt the seams in manufacturing steel barrels. The above shows a port of the large welding department at their Long Island (N. Y.) plant.



The Albany (N. Y.) Chemical Company welded cracks in its large cast steel kettles. Saving a kettle once this—by a repair that costs about $—pays a self-evident profit

A Texas engineer, a New York steel barrel factory and a chemical works solved three different problems with this process

The pipe line in this instance is for gas, and laid across a river. The joints are permanent, leak-proof and inexpensive. They were welded by the oxy-acetylene process. This process is being widely used for gas, oil and steam pipe lines everywhere.

The steel barrel is just one of the many thousands of manufactured metal products which are stronger, neater and more economical when constructed by welding. If you use bolts, rivets or threaded joints in any product—in automobiles, farm implements, delicate tools or what not—find out what welding can accomplish for you.

And for quick repairs to broken machinery parts or defective castings, the field is practically unlimited. The saving in the prevention of delays is often of even greater importance than the cost of a new part. Used by thousands of railroads, factories, mines, foundries, machine shops, garages, etc.

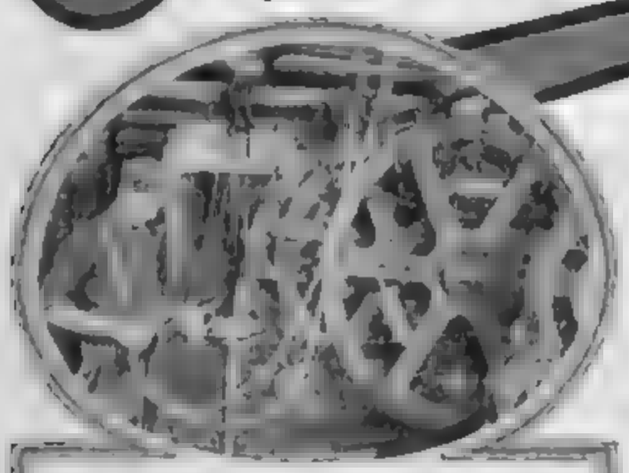
Oxy-acetylene welding does not merely cement two pieces of metal. It *fuses* them at intense heat into *one piece*, with all the strength of the original metal itself.

Any average workman who understands metals can do efficient welding, quickly and easily. We furnish high-grade welding apparatus for $60 (Canada, $75); acetylene service and special metal-cutting blow-pipe at extra cost.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene

(*Ready Made Carbide Gas*)

"The Gas of a Thousand Uses"



Blow Torches for Brazing and Soldering

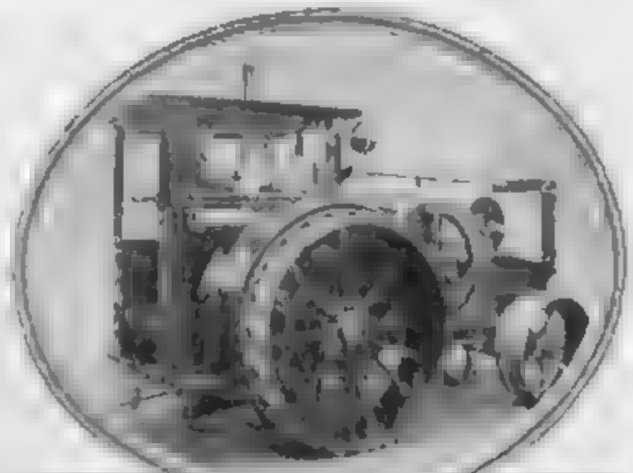
The Wright Wire Company, of Worcester, Mass., uses a number of Prest-O-Lite acetylene blow torches for brazing in the manufacture of wire fence. In many fields this inexpensive device is rapidly displacing the gasoline blow torch because it is quick, convenient and economical. Widely used by jewelers, dentists, electrical repair shops, etc.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene, backed by the universal Prest-O-Lite exchange system, insures better welds, quicker work and lower operating costs. Makes the welding outfit truly portable for use inside or outside the shop, and avoids the initial outlay and depreciation incurred in making crude acetylene in carbide generators.

The uses of Prest-O-Lite gas—solving all sorts of lighting problems, and furnishing a convenient fuel for concentrated heat—are almost without number. When you need heat for a Bunsen burner or a small hot plate, for soldering, brazing or any similar commercial use, or light for any purpose, think of Prest-O-Lite. Full information on any contemplated use sent on request.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc. 53 Branches & Charging Plants on the Principal Industrial Centers

U. S. Main Office and Factory, 860 Speedway, Indianapolis, Indiana
Canadian Main Office and Factory, Department I, Merritton, Ontario



Lighting and Engine Priming

Priming a cold engine for easy starting, or lighting the path of a tractor for night service are only two of the problems easily solved by Prest-O-Lite. Lighting a church, a theatre, a tunnel, or a tent are other simple applications.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

TO THE LAST PENNY

(Continued from Page 23)

shares of our stock. I have prepared a statement showing what we have done and what we are doing, and an estimate of what we expect to do. Our books and our plant are open for examination by any expert your friends may want to send here. We shall have a big surplus, and the book value of the shares will always be much more than par; but we are going to reduce the price of our car every chance we get, and we are going to provide for pensions and life insurance and bonuses for the men. We have no Utopian schemes, and no more elaborate theory than the desire to make this a permanent and continuously productive organization.

"I don't want any man for a stockholder who expects the company to run its business as he would not have the nerve or the conscience to run his own. I am going not only to give but to take a chance in giving. The statement I have prepared for you here is for your guidance, that you may make my intentions clear to your friends. You don't have to call attention to the big fortunes that have been made in the automobile business, because I wish you to interest only people who already are interested in Tom Leigh."

Tommy's feeling of relief had grown as Mr. Thompson spoke. He ceased to think of certain dark possibilities. But there still remained one.

"I don't know whether I can sell the stock or not, Mr. Thompson."

"I don't expect you to succeed. I only expect you to try," Thompson reminded him.

"Of course I'll try," said Tommy hastily.

"My reasons are good business reasons, Tommy, because I have your future in mind. Can you leave to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well."

Tommy hesitated; then he held out his hand and said:

"Good-by, Mr. Thompson."

"Wait a minute. Tell the cashier to let you have a hundred dollars expense account." Then he shook hands.

"Place that stock, Tommy!" he said.

A little later when he said good-by to Bill Byrnes, Tommy realized for the first time how deeply rooted in Dayton his life was. He didn't feel that he was going home, but that he was leaving it!

XVII

THE train rushed eastward, but Tommy's thoughts reached New York first. He did it by considering the task that Thompson had given him to do. He read the typewritten statement very carefully, studied the statistics of growth and profits and values, and fervently blessed Thompson, who had taken pains clearly to indicate the significance of each item so that nobody could fail to understand.

From that Tommy passed on to an elaborate dramatization of his own stock selling campaign. He rehearsed his speeches to the fathers of the friends who ought to become stockholders of the Tecumseh Motor Company. He heard his own arguments very distinctly indeed, but when he came to listen to theirs he was not so successful. To be on the safe side he assumed that he had to overcome indifference, distrust and the exasperating conservatism of old people. It did not occur to him that greed must also be overcome, for he concerned himself with his own inexperience. He felt certain that his own training under Thompson would not be regarded with admiration by Eastern capitalists. And yet in Dayton Thompson was believed to be shrewd and farseeing, and had built up a successful business and was about to do much more. And Tommy was one of Thompson's business Experiments.

"I'll show them!" he said aloud. And in his determination there was quite as much loyalty to Thompson as resolve to demonstrate the worth of Thomas F. Leigh.

Having definitely made up his mind to succeed, he began once more at the beginning. He must get Rivington and his other friends to arrange for meetings with their fathers. The speeches would say themselves when the time came. It all depended upon what manner of men the fathers were. And then he began to think of his own father.

The human mind works curiously. In order to think about his father Tommy found himself compelled to think about himself. The secret had driven him to Dayton. It had taken away his happiness, and in exchange had given to him Thompson, Byrnes, Grosvenor, Nevin, La Grange and the men in the shop—more real friends than he had in New York. It had given to him not only something to do but something to do gladly. The friends and the work had increased his own power to fight. He must always fight everybody, everything that antagonized his friends and his work. After all, what was the secret but the wonderful story of an old man's unreasoning love for his only son, of a loyalty to his wife so steadfast that death had but made it stronger!

Well, as soon as the money was paid back the first thing Tommy would do would be to tell Thompson all about it. Then Tommy could be proud of his father's deed before all men, who would understand. A man who would do such a thing for a son was a big man. To make such a sacrifice for a son who was not worthy of it—that would be the tragedy!

"I'll show them!" again muttered Tommy through his teeth. And that was exactly how Tommy came back to his starting point. He would place the two thousand shares of stock! He would be all business. And yet he regretted that all he had said in his telegram to his father was: "Will arrive in New York to-morrow on business." But he was glad he had signed it as a loving son would sign it: "Tommy!"

When he arrived he felt that he had been absent from New York so long that he really was no longer a part of the life of the town. He had a sense almost of provincialism. He did not quite belong. He did not thrill, as he had expected, at the familiar sights and the typical noises and the characteristic odors.

The New Yorkers he saw were unmistakably New Yorkers, but they were utter strangers to him.

It was an old Daytonian who rang the bell of his house. But Maggie, who opened the door, also opened her mouth at the sight of him and kept it open. And it was not a Daytonian who shouted delightedly:

"Hello, Margarita! How be you?"

He was so glad to see her in the house where he was born, so full of the joy of home-coming, that Dayton utterly vanished from the map of his soul.

"Where is he?" he asked her.

"Upstairs in the lib'ry," answered Maggie quite proudly. Then, as by an afterthought, she said very calmly: "Ye're lookin' well."

"So are you!" he said, and gave her a hug. "How's your steady?"

It was the old, old joke. But she whispered unsmilingly in reply: "He's waitin' fer ye in th' lib'ry."

Tommy ran up the stairs three steps at a time. He was going to empty himself of his love and the oceans of his youth upon his father. Mr. Leigh was standing beside the table on which were the family Bible, the ivory paper-cutter and the silver-framed photograph of Tommy's mother. The photograph was not in the center, as usual, but near the edge of the table; and it was not facing the old man, but the door through which Tommy must enter.

"Hello, dad!" cried Tommy.

Mr. Leigh held his left hand behind his back, where Tommy could not see that it was clenched so tightly that the knuckles showed cream-white, like bare bones. The right hand he extended toward Tommy.

"How do you do, Thomas?" said Mr. Leigh quietly. His face was impassive, but his eyes were very bright. A little older, he seemed to Tommy. Not grayer or more wrinkled or feebler, simply older, as though it came from something within.

Tommy shook his father's hand vehemently. He held it tightly while he answered: "If I felt any better I'd make my will, knowing it couldn't last. And you are pretty well yourself?"

"Yes," said Mr. Leigh simply. Then: "I am very glad to see you, my son. Do you wish to spruce up before dinner? I'll wait."

"I shan't keep you a minute," said Tommy, and left the room feeling not so much disappointed as dazed by his own inability to empty himself of all the love he had firmly intended to pour upon his father's head. And then, possibly because of the instinctive craving for a reason, he recalled that his father seemed more aged.

HANSEN GLOVES

FROM every viewpoint they satisfy. Everybody who wears a Hansen gets a higher, a more friendly feeling for his gloves. Experience with Hansen's reveals new benefits in flexibility with graceful lines and long, comfortable service.

Hansen Gloves are all "Built Like a Hand." For every occasion and time there is the right Hansen in style, fit and material. Among the 500 styles are lined Gauntlets and Mittens showing how Hansen provides for warmth without bulk even in the coldest weather.

Dress wear calls for the irreproachable "Hansenbilt" which can be *washed* in soap and water and still retains shape and texture.

"Semi-Soft" Cuff Auto Gauntlet
—an example of Hansen Glove Science. Specially approved for the safety, "Roll 'em up" feature. Glove, one finger and full mitten styles; fur, lamb or wool lined. If your dealer is not supplied, please let us know. Be sure and send for the book.

O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.
100 E. P. Detroit Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Stays Up

Even when you ride horseback the Ivory Garter stays where it is put. This is because it has no pad, and is so small that it fits in the hollow of the leg. Doesn't bind, either.

Ivory Garter

is made of the very finest materials—is exceedingly light and is most comfortable. It is also a beautiful garter

Is Guaranteed The Ivory Garter is guaranteed in every way. If not satisfactory any dealer will refund your money.

Silk 50 cts. Lisle 25 cts.

DEALERS Order from your jobber or direct from us.

IVORY GARTER CO., Sole Mfrs.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

"Worry!" thought Tommy. He felt a pang of pity that changed sharply into fear! "Poor dad!" he thought, and then the fear spurred him into the fighting mood. He would stand by his father. He would assure him of his loyalty. They would fight together.

He found Mr. Leigh leaning back in his armchair before the table on which stood the silver-framed photograph of Tommy's mother. There was a suggestion of weariness in the old man's attitude, but on Tommy's entrance he rose quickly to his feet and, without looking at Tommy, said:

"Dinner is ready, Thomas."

They left the library together, but at the head of the stairs Mr. Leigh stepped aside to let Tommy go first. Tommy obeyed instinctively. The old man followed.

"It feels good to be back, dad," said Tommy. "It seems to me that I really have not been away from this house more than a day or two." He turned his head to look at his father's face, and stumbled so that he almost fell.

Mr. Leigh, his face terror stricken, reached out his hand to catch his son. "Tom ——" he gasped. Then as Tommy recovered himself his father remarked quietly: "You should not try to do two things at once, Thomas."

Tommy could see that Maggie had strongly impressed upon the cook the fact that Master Thomas had favorite dishes; but neither she nor his father made any allusions to them. It made Tommy almost smile. The reason he didn't was that part of him did not at all feel like smiling. They must have cost money that his father wished to save. So, instead, he talked of Dayton and his friends and his desire to have his father know them, at which his father nodded gravely. But when Tommy said:

"Now, Mr. Thompson wanted me to come to New York to ——" Mr. Leigh interrupted.

"After dinner, Thomas, you will tell me all about it while you smoke."

"I don't smoke," said Tommy with the proud humility of a martyr. But his father said nothing, and Tommy wondered whether the old man, not being himself a smoker, understood.

After dinner, in order that his father might understand the situation as it was, Tommy spoke in detail about Thompson—an elaborate character sketch to which his father listened gravely, nodding appreciatively from time to time. Occasionally Mr. Leigh frowned, and Tommy, seeing this, explained how those were the new business ideals of the great West, where Americanism was more robust than in the East—as though Tommy himself had been born and brought up west of the Rockies.

"And so I am going to try to place the two thousand shares of Tecumseh stock among personal friends. I'm going to see Rivington Willetts to-morrow morning ——"

"Wait. Before you seek to interest investors you ought to be thoroughly familiar with the finances of the company, and I scarcely think your work or your training has given you the necessary knowledge."

"I shall try to interest friends only, or their fathers. And I know as much as there is to know, since I have the figures in black and white ——"

"The vendor's figures, Thomas," interjected Mr. Leigh in a warning voice.

"Thompson's figures," corrected Tommy in the voice of a supreme court justice citing authorities. He took from his pocket the statement which the president of the Tecumseh Motor Company had given to him.

"Here, father, read this." While Mr. Leigh read the statement Tommy in turn tried to read his father's face. But he could not see conviction settling itself on Mr. Leigh's features. When Mr. Leigh finished reading he simply said:

"Now the figures."

Tommy silently handed him the sheets with the vital statistics.

Mr. Leigh looked them over, and Tommy was amazed at the change in the old man's face. It took on an alertness, a look of shrewd comprehension which Tommy never before had seen on it. Then he remembered that his father was an accountant, doubtless an expert at figures. And then he remembered also what his father had been able to do through being an expert at figures.

The reaction made Tommy feel faint and cold.

Mr. Leigh leisurely folded the sheets together and silently returned them to his son.

"Well?" said Tommy, not knowing that he spoke sharply because the secret had come to life again in this room. "What do you think of it now?"

"Did Mr. Thompson himself prepare these figures?"

"Yes—at least I think so. Why?"

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"But you haven't grasped the point, father. I am not looking for capital but for friends ——"

"With capital. It is the same, as far as concerns the owners of the capital."

Tommy had feared the same thing, and also had feared to believe it.

"I must do it somehow," said Tommy very earnestly.

"I naturally wish you to succeed, Thomas," said Mr. Leigh very quietly. After a pause he added almost diffidently: "Possibly I—I might be able to help you, my son ——"

"I must do it myself," interjected Tommy quickly. "I -I must."

Mr. Leigh seemed on the point of saying something that Tommy might not like to hear, but checked himself and finally said: "I hope you may succeed. It will be difficult work and - But you must be tired from your traveling?"

He looked at Tommy doubtfully, and Tommy, who wished to be alone with his thoughts and his new heartache, said:

"I am, rather; but I thought I'd take a look at the evening papers. I'll go out and get them."

"You will find them in the library—all of them."

"All of them?"

"Yes, I—I had forgotten which was your favorite."

The old man would not look at his son. Presently he finished:

"I'll read the Post. Come, my son."

They went upstairs. Tommy tried to read. He looked at all the papers, but not even the football gossip held his attention. From time to time he looked up, to see his father absorbed in the editorial page of the Post. This was evidently a part of his daily routine. Tommy saw him sitting all alone in the gloomy little room called the library, because it had been so christened by his mother long years before. Day in and day out the old man had sat in this room, alone with his thoughts, with the consciousness of loving vows kept at such a cost!

"Father!" irrepressibly cried Tommy.

"Yes?" said Mr. Leigh emotionlessly. Even in the way in which he laid down his paper on his lap there was that curious leisureliness of senility that somehow savored less of age-feebleness than of years and years of unchanging habit.

"I am going to bed. I want to feel particularly fit to-morrow." Tommy stood there waiting for something, he knew not what exactly—something that might give him the emotional relief he was not fully conscious he needed.

"Good night, Thomas," said Mr. Leigh, and resumed his newspaper.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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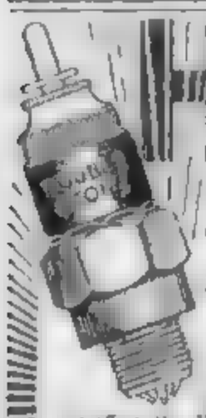

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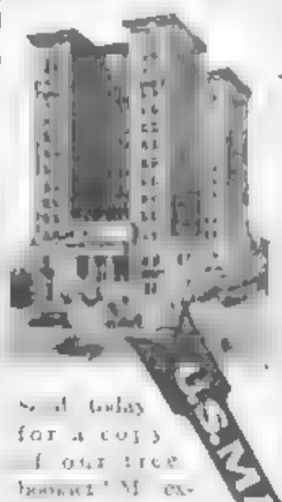

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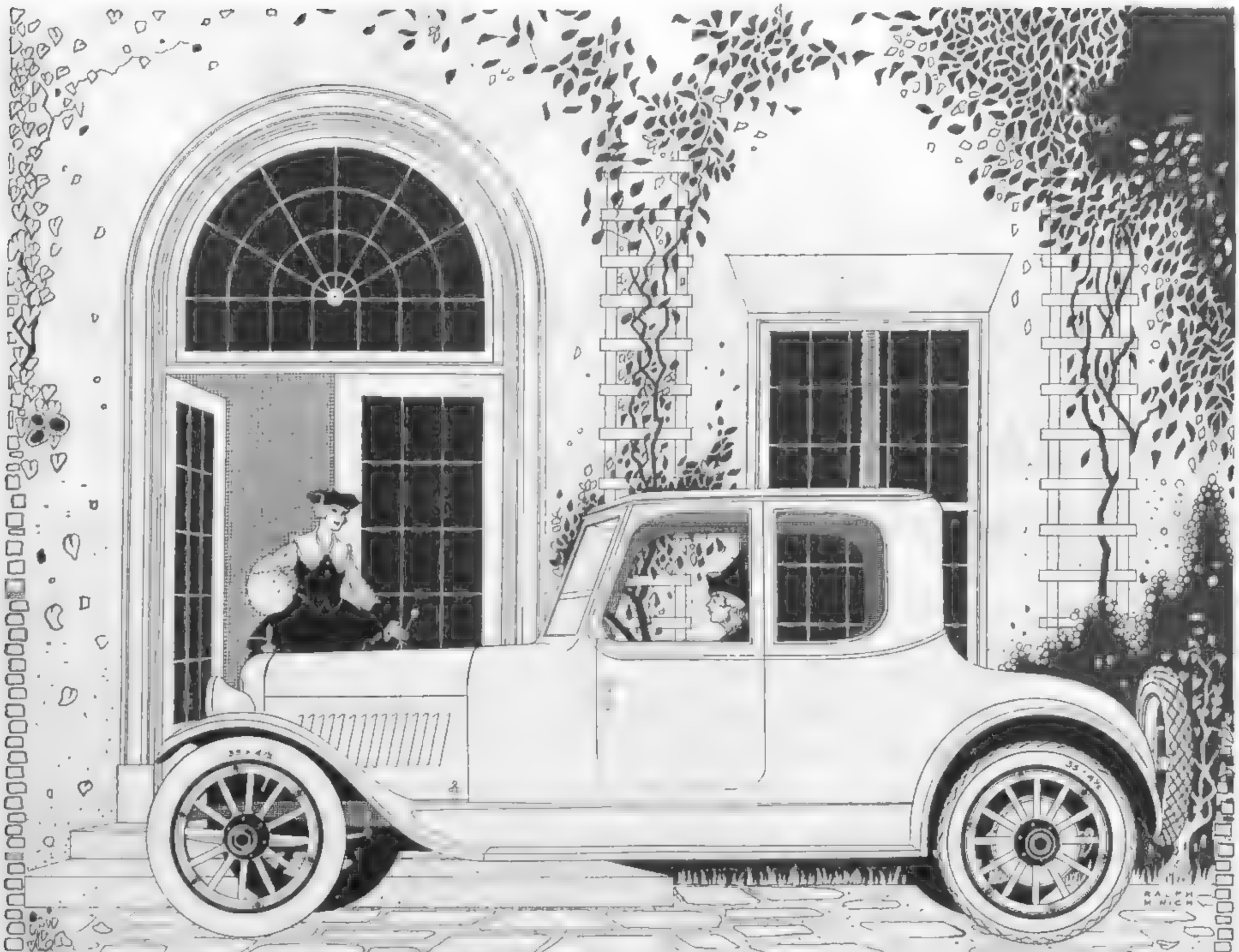

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THE PASSING OF THE EFFIGY

(Continued from Page 9)

the crowd to follow, is a fact of extreme significance and encouragement. It seems to me that the twilight of the half-gods must have come; that we have reached the end of the age when men needed a Personal Figure about which they could rally.

The Kaiser is perhaps the last of that long series of crowned and cloaked and semi-divine personages which has included Cæsar and Alexander and Napoleon the First—and Third. In the light of the new time we see the emperor-god for the guy he is. In the August of 1914 he set himself up to be the paramount Lord of the World; and it will seem to the historian to come, who will know our dates so well, and our feelings, our fatigues and efforts so little—it will seem a short period from that day to this, when the great figure already sways and staggers toward the bonfire.

I had the experience of meeting a contemporary king upon this journey. He was the first king I had ever met. The Potsdam figure—with perhaps some local exceptions behind the Gold Coast—is, with its collection of uniforms and its pomps and splendors, the last survival of the old tradition of pompous monarchy, now that the Emperor at Peking has followed the Shogun into the shadows.

The modern type of king shows a disposition to intimate at the outset that he cannot help it, and to justify or, at any rate, utilize his exceptional position by sound hard work. It is an age of working kings, with the manners of private gentlemen. The King of Italy, for example, is far more accessible than was the late Pierpont Morgan or the late Cecil Rhodes; and he seems to keep a smaller court.

I went to see him from Udine. He occupies a moderate-sized country villa about half an hour by automobile from Headquarters. I went over with General Radcliffe. We drove through the gates of the villa, past a single sentinel in an ordinary infantry uniform, up to the door of the house; and the number of guards, servants, court attendants, officials, secretaries, ministers, and the like, I saw in that house was—I counted very carefully—four. Downstairs were three people—a tall soldier of the bodyguard, in gray; an A. D. C., Captain Moreno; and Colonel Matteoli, the minister of the household.

I went upstairs to a drawing-room of much the same easy and generalized character as the one in which I had met General Joffre a few days before. I gave my hat to a second bodyguard, and as I did so a pleasantly smiling man appeared at the door of the study, whom I thought at first must be some minister in attendance. I did not recognize him instantly, because on the stamps and coins he is always in profile. He began to talk in excellent English about my journey, and I replied; and, so talking, we went into the study from which he had emerged. Then I realized I was talking to the king.

The Hard-Working King of Italy

Addicted as I am to the cinematograph, in which the standard of study furniture is particularly rich and high, I found something very cooling and simple and refreshing in the sight of the king's study furniture.

He sat down with me at a little useful writing table; and, after asking me what I had seen in Italy and hearing what I had seen and what I was to see, he went on talking—very good talk indeed.

I suppose I did a little exceed the established tradition of courts by asking several questions, and trying to get him to talk upon certain points upon which I was curious; but I perceived that he had had to carry on at least so much of the regal tradition as to control the conversation. He was, however, entirely unposed. His talk reminded me somehow of Maurice Baring's books; it had just the same quick, positive understanding. And he had just the same detachment from the war as the French generals. He spoke of it as one might speak of an inundation; and of its difficulties and perplexities.

Here on the Adriatic side there were political entanglements that, by comparison, made our western after-the-war problems plain sailing. He talked of the game of spellicans among the Balkan nationalities. How was that difficulty to be met? In Macedonia there were Turkish villages that were Christian, and Bulgarians that were Moslem. There were families that changed the termination of their names from "ski" to "off," as Serbian or Bulgarian prevailed.

I remarked that that showed a certain passion for peace, and that much of the mischief might be due to the propaganda of the Great Powers. I have a prejudice against the blessed Whig's "principle of nationality"; but the King of Italy was not to be drawn into any statement about that. He left the question with his admission of its extreme complexity.

He went on to talk of the strange contrasts of war, of such things as the indifference of the birds to gunfire and desolation. One day on the Carso he had been near the newly captured Austrian trenches, and suddenly from amid a scattered mass of Austrian bodies a quail had risen. That had struck him as odd; and so, too, had the sight of a pack of cards and a wine flask on some newly made graves. The ordinary life was a very obstinate thing. . . .

He talked of the courage of common men. He was astonished at the quickness with which they came to disregard shrapnel. And they were so quietly enduring when they were wounded! He had seen a lot of the wounded, and he had expected much groaning and crying out; but, unless a man is hit in the head and goes mad, he does not groan or scream! They are just brave. If you ask them how they feel, it is always one of two things: either they say quietly that they are very bad, or else they say there is nothing the matter. . . .

He spoke as if these were mere chance observations; but everyone tells me that nearly every day the king is at the Front and often under fire. He has taken more risks in a week than the Potsdam War Lord has taken since the war began. He keeps himself acutely informed upon every aspect of the war. He was a little inclined to fatalism, he confessed.

A Royal Epigram

There were two stories current, of two families of four sons; in each three had been killed and in each there was an attempt to put the fourth son in a place of comparative safety. In one case a general took the fourth son in as an attendant and embarked upon a ship that was immediately torpedoed; in the other the fourth son was killed by accident while he was helping to carry dinner in a rest camp. From those stories we came to the question whether the uneducated Italians were more superstitious than the uneducated English; the king thought they were much less so. That struck me as a novel idea. But then he thought that English rural people believe in witches and fairies.

I have given enough of this talk to show the quality of this king of the new dispensation. It was, you see, the sort of easy talk one might hear from fine-minded people anywhere. When we had done talking he came to the door of the study with me and shook hands, and then went back to his desk with that gesture of return to work which is familiar and sympathetic to a writer, and with no gesture of regality at all.

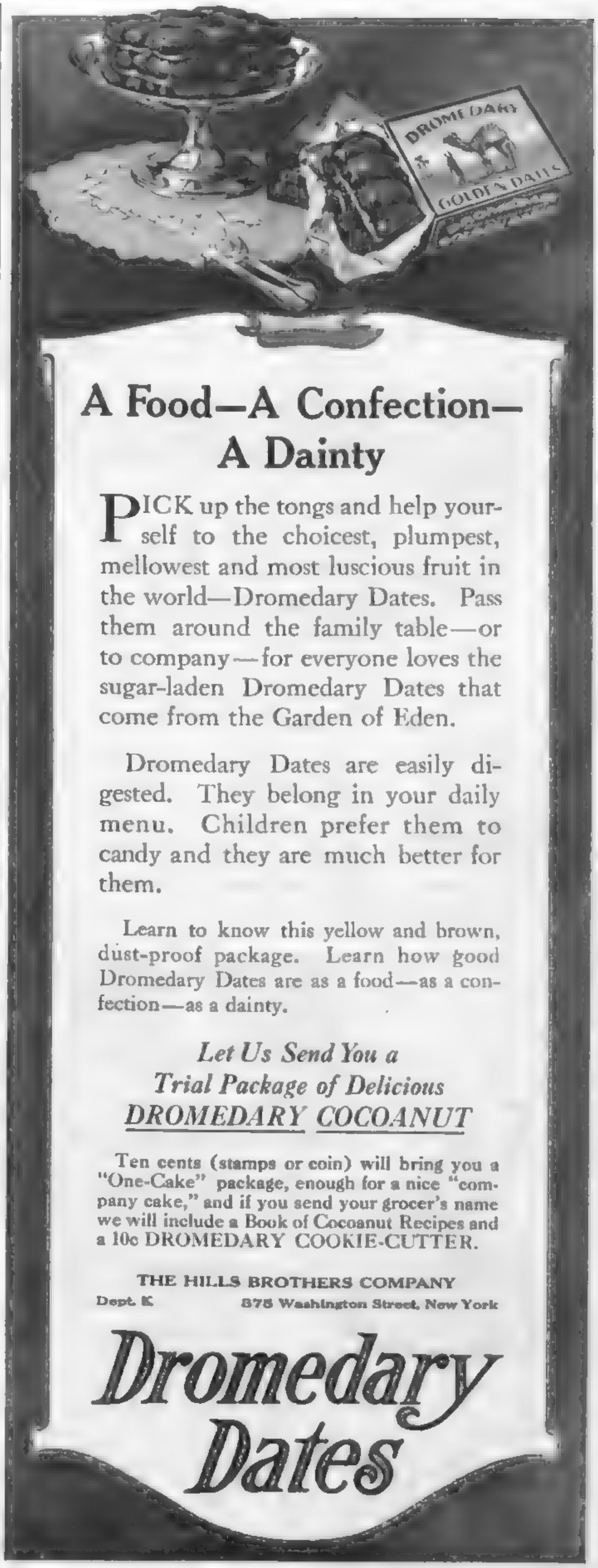
Just to complete this impression, let me repeat a pleasant story about this king and our Prince of Wales, who recently visited the Italian Front. The prince is a source of anxiety on these visits; he has a very strong and very creditable desire to share the ordinary risks of war. He is keenly interested and unobtrusively bent upon getting as near the fighting line as possible. But the King of Italy was firm upon keeping him out of anything more than the most incidental danger.

"We don't want any historical incidents here," he said.

I think that might well become a historical phrase; for the life of the Effigy is a series of historical incidents.

Manifestly one might continue to multiply portraits of fine people working upon this great task of breaking and ending the German aggression, the German legend, the German effigy, and the effigy business generally; the thesis being that the Allies have no effigy. One might fill a thick volume with pictures of men, up the scale and down, working loyally and devotedly upon the war, to make this point clear that the essential king and the essential loyalty of our side is the common sense of mankind.

There comes into my head, as a picture at the other extreme of this series, a memory of certain trenches I visited on my last



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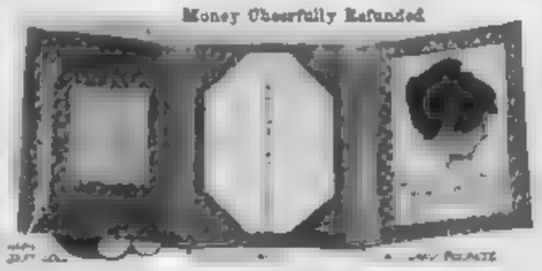

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day in France. They were trenches on an offensive front; they were not those architectural triumphs, those homes from home, which grow to perfection upon the less active sections of the great line. They had been first made by men who had run rapidly forward with spade and rifle, stooping as they ran; who had dropped into the craters of big shells; who had organized these chiefly at night and dug the steep ditches sidewise to join up into continuous trenches. They were now pushing forward saps into No Man's Land, linking them across, and so continually creeping nearer to the enemy and a practicable jumping-off place for an attack. It has been made since; the village at which I peeped was in our hands a week later.

These trenches were dug into a sort of yellowish sandy clay—the dugouts were mere holes in the earth that fell in upon the clumsy; hardly any timber had been got up to the line; a storm might flood them at any time a couple of feet deep and begin to wash in the sides. Overnight they had been "strafed," and there had been a number of casualties; there were smashed rifles about and a smashed-up machine gun emplacement; and the men were dog-tired, and many of them sleeping like logs half buried in clay. Some slept on the firing steps.

As one went along he became aware ever and again of two or three pairs of clay-yellow feet sticking out of a clay hole; and peering down one saw the shapes of men, like rudely modeled earthen images of soldiers, motionless in the cave.

I came, round the corner, upon a youngster with an intelligent face and steady eyes, sitting up on the firing step, awake and thinking. We looked at each other. There are moments when mind leaps to mind. It is natural for the man in the trenches, suddenly confronted by so rare a beast as a middle-aged civilian with an inquiring expression, to feel himself something of a spectacle and something generalized. It is natural for the civilian to look rather in the vein of saying: "Well, how do you take it?"

A Queer Little Figure

As I pushed past him we nodded slightly, with an effect of mutual understanding. And we said with our nods just exactly what General Joffre said with his horizontal gestures of the hand, and what the King of Italy conveyed by his friendly manner: we said to each other that here was the trouble those Germans had brought upon us, and here was the task that had to be done.

Our guide to these trenches was a short, stocky young man, a cob with a rifle and a tight belt and projecting skirts and helmet. A queer little figure that; had you seen it in a picture a year or so before the war you would most certainly have pronounced it Chinese. He belonged to a Northumbrian battalion; it does not matter exactly which. As we returned from this front line, trudging along the winding path through the barbed-wire tangles before the smashed and captured German trench that had been taken a fortnight before, I fell behind my guardian captain and had a brief conversation with this individual. He was a lad in the early twenties, weatherbitten and with bloodshot eyes. He was, he told me, a miner. I asked my stock question in such cases—whether he would go back to the old work after the war. He said he would; and then added, with the events of overnight in his mind: "If Ah'm looky!"

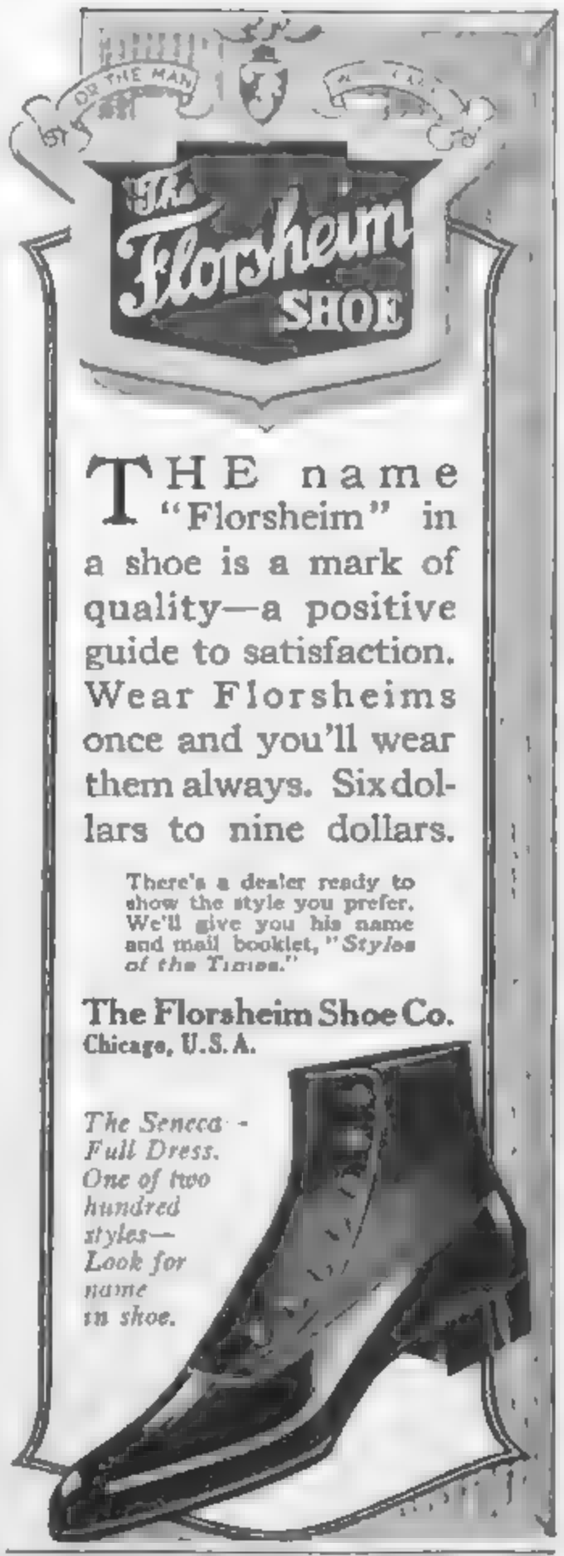
Followed a little silence. Then I tried my second stock remark for such cases. One does not talk to soldiers at the Front, in this war, of Glory, or of the "Empire on which the sun never sets," or of "the meteor flag of England," or of "King and Country"—or of any of those fine old headline things.

On the desolate path that winds about amid the shell craters and the fragments and the red-rusted wire, with the silken shiver of passing shells in the air, and the blue of the lower sky continually breaking out into eddying white puffs, it is wonderful how tawdry such panophies of the Effigy appear. We know that we and our Allies are upon a greater, graver, more fundamental business than that sort of thing now. We are very near the waking point.

"Well," I said, "it's got to be done!"

"Aye," he said, easing the strap of his rifle a little; "it's got to be done!"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Wells. The second will appear in an early number.



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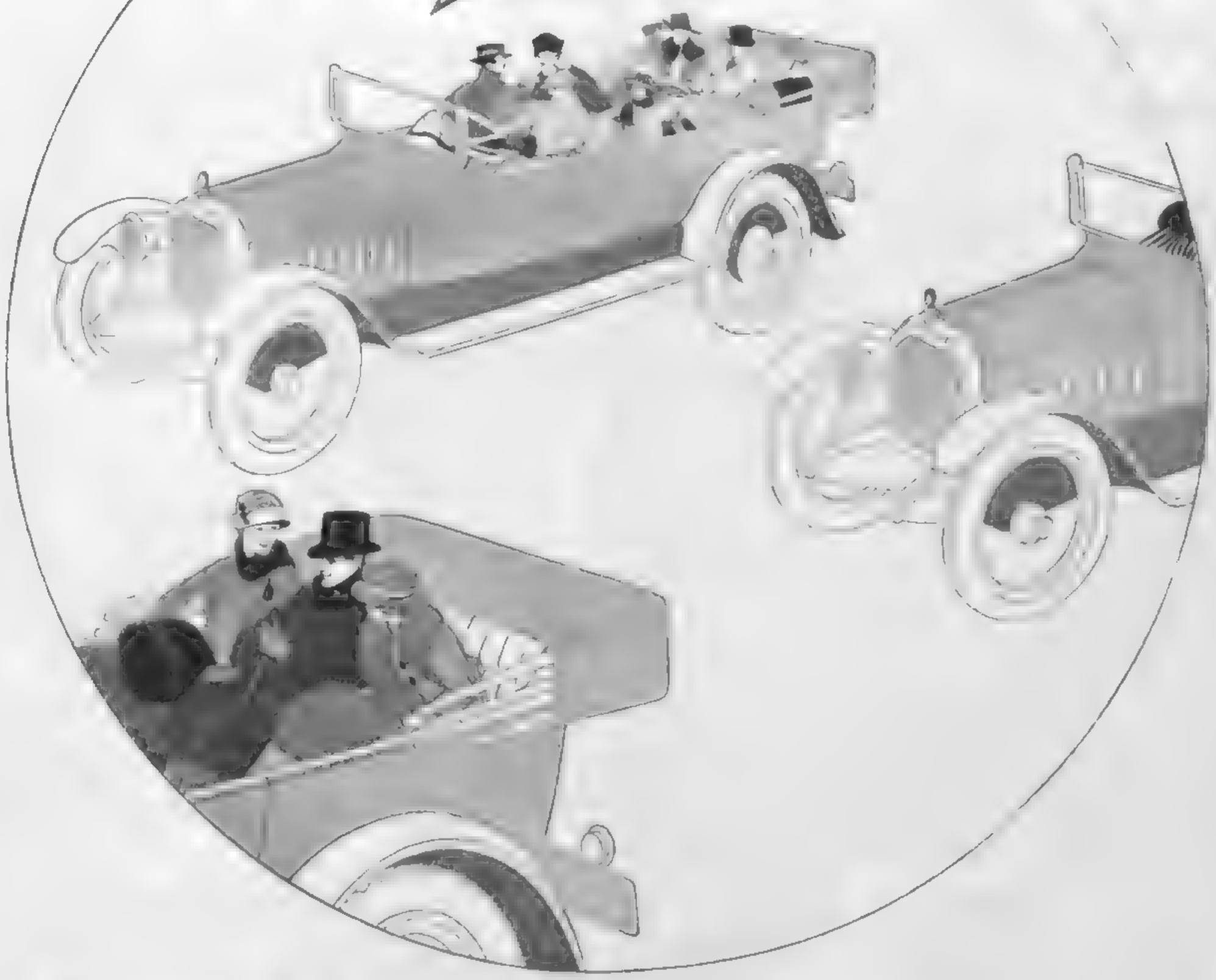

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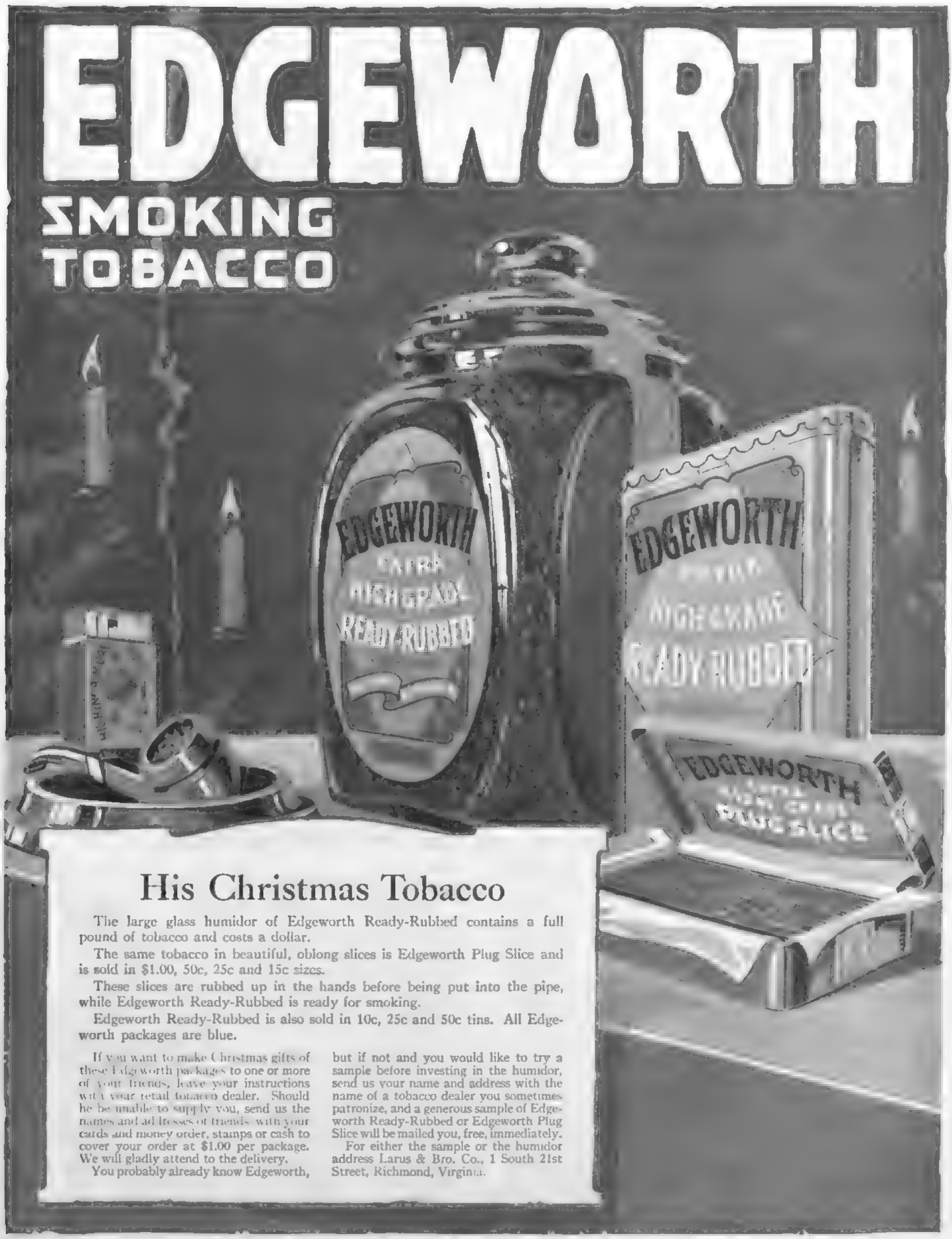

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For either the sample or the humidor address Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

THE PLUGGER WHO LOST HIS PEP

(Continued from Page 17)

of Capital's box, adjoining; and, spurned, he seized his megaphone and bawled.

"'F he falls down, he'p 'im up again; he's a weak an' you're strong.
To leave a pal is wrong.
Plenty good pickin'; don't stop to be kickin';
Just-a he'p everybody—yes, a-he'p ev'rybody a-lo-ong!"

Out of a gallery came a roar of brass. He was creating too much racket to be certain at first what was being played; but he felt a hand on his flesh, and Benny was sternly asking what did Landers mean? Dropping the megaphone, Sammy listened, horrified. The Brass Ladies' Octet was playing Tip Your Hat!

"Hired her? I got her signed contract—play or pay! It ain't an hour since she was doin' Everybody—ain't that right, Princess? I had Sandy an' Izzy down there! Watch this Snogger guy an' you'll see my signs on him."

"I see a sign of Tip Your Hat!" said Benny; and Sammy paled, for Snogger, with a defiant nod, went by, and inclosing the number on his wide bent back was the hated title: Tip Your Hat to Wilson!

"They've jobbed me—it's Sandy done it!" Sammy faltered; and despairingly he resumed the chorus of Everybody.

Benny sang with him, and when the Garden Band smashed into a neutral quickstep they stopped, Benny observing coldly:

"This is what I get for trusting you with my future!"

Sammy blindly nicked a bare shin on a chair. The smartly arrayed pluggers in the other box laughed.

"Ben, come on with me an' face that Landers dame! The night ain't lost yet. Are you comin'?"

Ungraciously Benny said he supposed he was. Sammy muttered an agitated excuse to Penelope, who smiled past him at Benny.

"Wait for me, presh; I'll hurry!"

She nodded, her bright eyes on Benny's unresponsive face. A horrible period began for Sammy. In the crowd, inching forward through the space above the arena seats, he lost Benny; and when he backtrailed irritated people savaged his shrinking ankles and toes. He was sniffish and coughing from being partially unclad, his eyes pained from six days of blinking in smoke; no pockets in the kilts, and he lacked a handkerchief. The Princess was keeping his watch and money in her bag. Viciously he thought, when they went to Greece there should be trousers to his raiment!

To the Garden's highest seats he gradually climbed, ripping his toga in the jam. Wedged into a yelling mob, who were applauding a spurt by a German rider, with Snogger closely trailing, he heard the Brass Ladies and the pianos and megaphones performing Tip Your Hat! Sadie was in a third-tier box! He battled downward, and found only the manager of Swartz & Smith's professional department in the box from which unfaithful Sadie had leaned with her flugelhorn.

"Women!" he thought. "But I got Penelope. She's a different class—genteel an' wonderful. I wish we was in that place now."

Progress in the infield was a crawl, for supporters seethed round the camps of riders. The S. & S. pianos were working again; and abruptly Sammy was beside Izzy, who madly beat out Help Everybody Along; singing, too, though so banked about with people that he had scarcely room to reach the whole keyboard.

"Lay off! We're licked!" said Sammy.

And, exhausted, Izzy stopped, crying:

"Where you been? What come off? Do you glim that Sandy skoit, up on their agony harp with their quartet, singin' their stuff?"

"Lock the pianner an' stick to keep it from bein' broke up. Farewell!"

"Where you goin', Sam? Gee, you're white!"

"I'm goin' to the one true woman," said Sammy, disappearing.

Ten o'clock. A bell clanged; and riders, buoyed by caffeine drinks, quick shots from potent needles, massages, cold-water dashings and the need of gold, lay lower over handlebars and strove to improve positions. The score showed 2769 miles and two laps traveled since the previous Sunday night. The bell meant the start of the fifteen-lap finish, and the contestants were still tied.

"There goes Snogger!"

Corry, the Englishman, was after him. Cremont and Lavalle, and Moran of the Irish-American pair, kept close. Walthour, of the All-Americans, circling the bunch on an upgrade, spilled at the curved embankment of the Fourth Avenue end, as a practiced concealer of fouls stopped pedaling for the seconds needed to effect an "accident."

Snogger waved as he flashed round; and Princess Penelope stood, screaming:

"'Urrah, my Snoggare! Snoggare, he win!"

Sammy tumultuously entered the box.

"Go 'way! I no let you here; you are a no-good," said Penelope, turning. "Me, I fin' out all—liar! My bookang, hey, from that uncle in the West—liar!"

"Oh, queenie, who—who's been a-knockin' me? As to bookin' ——"

"I say to leave-a me! You no write the songs; you no nam' the Von Linden—me, I fin' out from that pretty man, how that *his* name—liar! Go 'way!"

"I ain't agoin' away; an' the party what starts makin' me better be insured heavy," said Sammy, going closer to her. "Song plugger—yes, I am; but I got genius, though nobody kin put a play over if he gits throwed down by them he trusts. S'pose I did lie; it was 'cause I was dotty over you, angel—the both of us are too superior to live like this anyhow; an' with me your ideal, like you said, an' you my queenie girl, leave us fly to Greece an' live our lives!"

"I tell you, go 'way! Me, I hate you, an' love my so strong Snoggare!"

Sammy's tired legs weakened, and he sat limply on a peanut-shelly chair. Penelope spurned him with one of her regal shrugs, and stood there screaming the name of Snogger.

"Have a care!" warned Sammy huskily.

But he did nothing. He sat in a sickish daze, while round him they roared cheers for the speeding riders. He at last looked up and heard men saying that Snogger was drawing away from them; that he couldn't lose unless he fell. There was no music. He felt that if forced to hear another bar of Tip Your Hat! he should flatten out and expire. He had failed to win with Everybody—that noble composition; Benny, Sandowlina, Sadie, and finally Penelope, were gone from him. No happy rush to the House of Sure-Fire Hits, on Monday, to hear from the sheet-music department that orders, fruit of his week's toil, were already coming in. No Princess Penelope Martinoupolis now! Ahead was only darkness; only ——

"Eh?" he said stupidly to a man who was talking his delight.

"My wud! Old Sid's lapping those chaps! And 'im th., too; 'is tucker wouldn't stye down at seven, y'know"

"Lappin' 'em? Winnin'?" said Sammy, blinking and still stupid.

"Aye! We southern chaps got a good pot on 'im. I'm Western Austrylian, m'self. Goo' boy, Sid, old chummie! We're all barrackin' for you, Sidney!"

"Not all of us," said Sammy, suddenly up on his feet.

The field was coming. One machine was a few feet in advance of the others. Penelope heard a snarl as Sammy put a leg over the box rail. She shrieked as in her ear he hissed:

"Vengeance! I'm goin' to bust him to bits!"

Then he plunged. A tremendous sound ascended as he collided with Snogger, who rocked in the saddle an instant, then toppled downward, the bicycle wrecking as it tangled with another, which it struck, pitching the occupant forth. The field rumbled on, and Sammy lay sprawled and silent while police were trying to get near enough to garner him. He was battered, but alive; and dimly noises reached him—a cheer; then a greater one, and more clapping than he had ever heard; din enough to split his aching head. It scraped his nerves. Cheers, cheers, cheers! Then music. The Brass Ladies seemed to be playing Help Everybody Along. A piano tinkled through the clamor and Sandowlina was singing:

"'F he falls down, he'p 'im up again; he's-a weak an' you're strong——"

Much laughter, and many persons singing with Sandy—Sandy, who was an enemy

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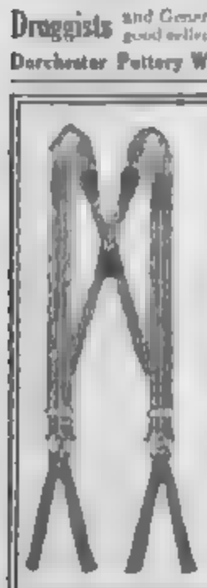

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plugger, because he had treated her so badly! Queer that S. & S. music should sound like that of the House of Sure-Fire Hits! A voice cried:

"Well, he was helped up again, all right! Got some awful cuts!"

There was an incessant clanging of a bothersome bell. And when Sammy was again fully conscious he sat on a cot, within a cell of Jefferson Market Jail. And still there was noise—prisoners rattling doors, and singing—and the song was Help Everybody Along! He smiled bitterly. Nice place to popularize it! This was the Night Court, where wagonloads were brought from the station houses, to be tried at once. Tried? He shivered, shrinking back when one of the cheerful drunks shook his door, singing at him. Maybe Snogger was dead, and he was here on a charge of manslaughter! The rest were yelping about a race, and he quavered to his entertainer, what race, and who had won it?"

"Snogger! 'Stralian cham-champion!"

"Aw, you're daffy!" said Sammy miserably, and turned to the hard wall.

Quaking, he thought of prisons, and of himself, in past days chatting so lightly about courts and cops, and telling folks how he knew the Commissioner. Had barely met the man, was the fact; and the Commissioner wouldn't remember. Once he had gone to a court with Benny, while Benny fixed up a bond for speeding. That hadn't seemed frightening—walking in, Benny talking to the judge, and walking calmly out. But now—bloody from face cuts that he felt stiffening, no trousers, no hat, and no money!

"Oh, mister, wait!" he implored as a guard paused near his cell. "Would they —— Would it be Auburn or Blackwell's Island? And would ——"

"Awake, are you? Thought you was still sleepin' it off," said the guard. "Here." He thrust a flat package through the bars, chuckling: "Most likely Sing Sing."

Sammy burrowed in the cot. And he wept a very little; a man might be excused for it when all hope in life was fled. Sing Sing! A cigarette spilled from the package and the opened box followed. They were his favorite brand. And his shaky hands separated paper and string, revealing dark cloth trousers! With a relieved whimper he rushed into them, dropping the fancy kilts to the floor, where he stamped on them. The trousers were generously large round portions where a man's are usually scant, and he was puzzled. But they were a covering; and the coat, though too long and too large, was a grateful shield.

The guard abruptly returned, unlocking the door, and Sammy was herded into a criminal line that slunk between guards to a corridor. Light through bars ahead showed Sammy the bench, and a judge seated there; policemen and others grouped round. His was the first case; and, passing a red-haired policeman who was in reality the judge's probation officer, a whisper came:

"Say you'd been drinking and fell out of the box."

Sammy returned an agonized look as a voice asked:

"What's this all about, officer? Well, Jones, what do you mean by breaking up the Six-Day Race?"

He must be Jones! The judge was gazing at him—how terrible he was with those eyes, and sitting right above, so that no face could be hid!

"I—I was —— Oh, not Sing Sing! I wish I hadn't done it—honest I do! But he stole her, an' she —— I'm a decent boy, sir!" he gulped. "I don't drink; I ——"

"He didn't give us any trouble, Your Honor. We brought a wagonful of them, all celebrating the race. There's a lady waiting to pay his fine. He's a working fellow."

Cops could be as kind as this! Confusedly Sammy heard the red-haired one tell someone to pay it over there, at the clerk's desk. And to Sammy he said: "Not that way out!" Didn't want to go back to the cells, did he? Freed! A mad stumble through a courtroom scantily populated with worried witnesses and hard-eyed bondsmen, into a downtown street, sweet with the smell of gasoline exhaust. He sniffed it happily. Overhead an elevated train was crashing along. The snow had ceased early and a moon shone from the starry skies.

"Sam! Wait; I've got a taxi for us."

"Sandy!" he gasped as she caught up with him. "You—you saved me!"

Her great cloth-of-gold hat sat splendidly upon her yellow frizzes. That trouser-skirt and coat of purple velvet, with the white-fox trimming, and her diamonds glittering in the street lights, brightened dingy Sixth Avenue.

"Oh, Sandy! Sandy!" he said, with his heart jolting sickishly. "These here are your trousers, that you had in the old act! An' the way I treated you, carryin' on with a Greek woman who ain't fit to —— But I got her number!"

"What, you found out yourself about her bein' married, lambie?"

"Married!"

"She's no princess, Sammy! They had a pushcart for grapes and oranges down in Division Street; but she got the Broadway bug, an' Mike Yanakitsas, her husband, he took jobs as a waiter to help her ambitions; an' he was waitin' in the Garden Caffy; an' she blew in an' told him all was o'er, she'd grabbed a live one at last ——"

"Oh, Sandy—stop! Listen! I hear snorin'; this can't be your cab!"

"Sam, Mr. Snogger's in there; an' naturally he's awful tired—poor soul! You see I was in his camp holdin' the reserve wheel when you piled him; an' I tore onto the track, dug him out an' set him on the new wheel, an' give him a push—an' he won, anyway. An' he insists on me ridin' a patent roller, 'cause the partner can't, at Jones' Palace next week, an' takin' half the salary ——"

"An' he'll take you!" said Sammy fiercely. "No, Sandy, no! I've lost my pep, an' been a sucker; but we're still engaged! Winnin', anyway—what a world!"

"But, Sammy—the second I had him started again I seemed to see the whole awful week, an' how Izzy must have leaked about me lunchin' with Sid while you took her to eat; an' I didn't blame you then, an' saw how wrong I'd been. I hollered to Sadie to have the girls play Everybody like insane, an' the whole mob was singin' it as they left. Get in, lambie; he's sound asleep. He got bandaged in a drug store while I got the pants.

"I'll sit on the little seat, you lean back an' rest. But if you let me appear with him I can do strong stuff, an' it'll be my first go at the Big Time. He likes my judgment, for I got him to do that ridin' up an' wavin' to Penelope—he was laughin' at her, really; but he got the notice, you see. An' I'll sing Everybody an' Tropical Moon—can't I, Sam?"

"There's a grand chancet for press stuff, workin' up how him an' me has the trouble, an' not lettin' on she ain't a real princess ——"

"Sure, dearie! My heavens, business is business in vodeville!"

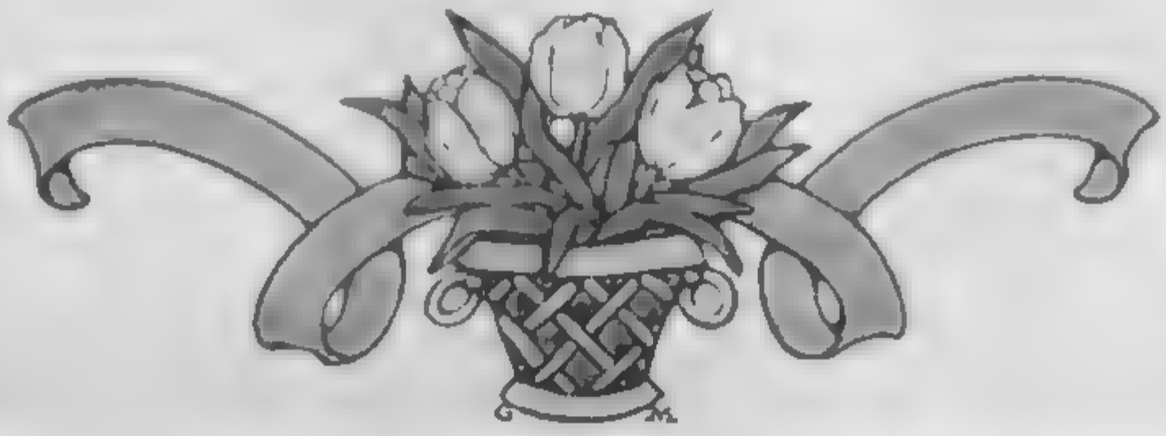
Snogger, a dark bulk in one corner, snored relaxedly.

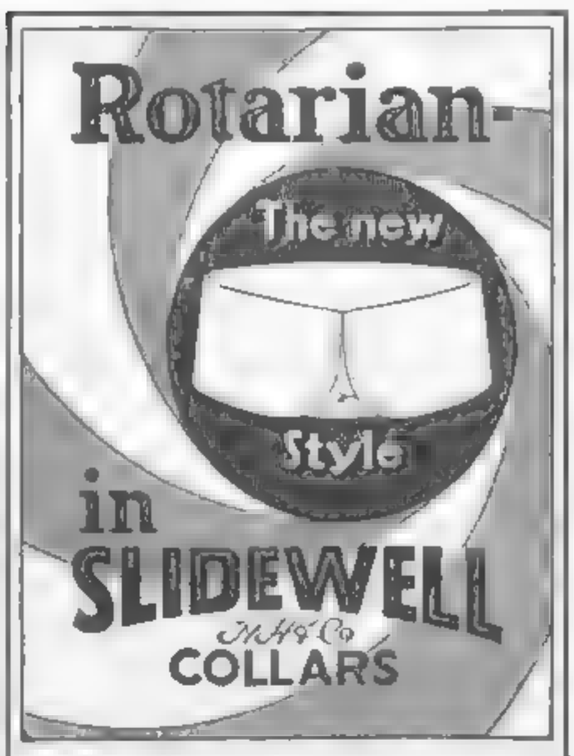
Sammy reached a timid arm toward Sandowlina, who looked at him with large, anxious blue eyes.

"You big little rascal! I kin be settin' in front, pluggin' the act. But, Sandy, that—that party's got your big ring!"

Sandowlina abruptly kissed him; and, joying in the touch of her warm lips, he kissed until she said:

"We're turnin' into Broadway! I dashed up an' simply dragged it off her, lambie. You think I was goin' to let *her* have my engagement ring?"





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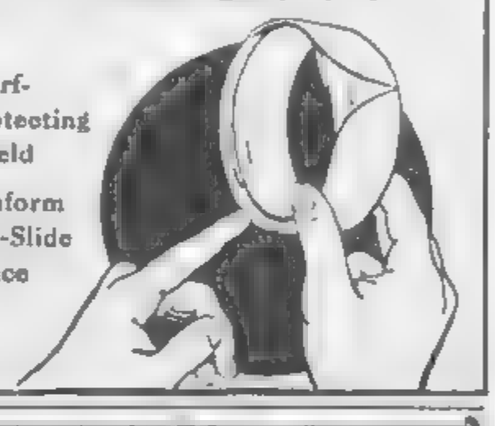

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9 out of 10 Persons Face Loss of Teeth

Unless

you do something to counteract "Acid-Mouth," loss of teeth probably threatens you. For it is estimated that 9 out of 10 persons have "Acid-Mouth"—which is the probable cause of 95% of all tooth decay.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Is The Dentifrice That Counteracts "Acid-Mouth"

Get all your family to use Pebeco twice daily and visit the dentist twice yearly to ward off "Acid-Mouth."

"Acid-Mouth" comes and works in secret. It weakens the enamel and opens a way for bacteria of decay to enter the soft interior of the teeth. Then loss of your teeth will come.

Pebeco polishes teeth beautifully, removes unpleasant odors, purifies the mouth and gives a feeling of freshness and keenness. Pebeco is sold everywhere in extra-large size tubes.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you whether you have "Acid-Mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it. The trial tube will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts.

Made by **LEHN & FINK** *Manufacturing Chemists*
122 William St. New York
Canadian Address: Unity Building, Montreal

· OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND ·
Lehn & Fink New York

What is Thanksgiving without walnuts

California grows the finest walnuts in the world. You can only be sure of getting high-grade California Walnuts if you buy this trade-marked package.

Diamond Brand Walnuts are grown, tested and packed by the California Growers, each package guaranteed to contain an unusually high percentage of full-meated, perfect nuts.

California Walnut Growers Association
Los Angeles, California

Thanksgiving Suggestions

Salted California Walnuts served in individual nut dishes add zest to the Thanksgiving feast.

California Walnut bread is most nutritious and appetizing for Thanksgiving Day and every day.

California Walnut stuffing gives a rich, nutty flavor to the Thanksgiving bird.

Apple-Walnut salad made with California Walnuts is a distinctively Thanksgiving dish.

California Walnut cookies served with ice cream make a delightful Thanksgiving dessert.

And who ever heard of a Thanksgiving Dinner that didn't end with—"just walnuts"—Diamond Brand California Walnuts?

One pound net 25¢

Year-'round Recipes

Salted California Walnuts

Shell two cups walnut meats in halves. Melt two tablespoons butter in a baking pan. Put nuts in this, stir well and sprinkle with one teaspoon salt. Bake in moderate oven until light brown. Stir often, as they burn easily.

California Walnut Bread

One-half cup sugar, two cups milk, four cups flour, one cup chopped walnuts, eight level teaspoons baking powder, a little salt. Mix the dry ingredients, then add milk. Let stand 20 minutes. Bake in a deep pan in a slow oven.

California Walnut Stuffing

Two cups stale bread crumbs, two-thirds cup melted butter, one-half cup raisins—seeded and cut in pieces, one-half cup California walnut meats, broken in pieces; salt and pepper, sage. Mix ingredients in the order given.

Apple-Walnut Salad

Four cups of good tart apples cut in small cubes or chopped not too fine, one cup of coarsely ground or chopped walnuts. Stir lightly into these one cup of sugar and one-half of a nutmeg grated fine. Serve on a lettuce leaf with cooked dressing or mayonnaise.

California Walnut Cookies

Two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half cup shortening, one cup sugar, one-half cup milk, one teaspoon vanilla, one cup chopped walnut meats. Cream shortening and sugar; add vanilla, milk and dry ingredients well sifted, and walnuts. Roll thin on floured board, cut in rounds, bake 10 minutes in hot oven. Cookies made by this recipe will be crisp, but not hard.

Your Grocer *has California Walnuts in the Diamond Brand package, or can get them for you from his jobber on short notice. Order today.*

A happy Christmas thought—

KODAK

The gift that adds to the good times at the moment; that indoors and out gives zest to the merry making *and then*—preserves the happy picture story of all that goes to make the day a merry one.

The Kodak catalogue, free at your dealer's, or by mail, tells in detail about the various Kodak and Brownie cameras — from $1.25 upward. Photography is really very simple and inexpensive. Kodak has made it so.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*